THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

THE WAY TO SPEEDY VICTORY

THE VICTORY WHICH MUST PRECEDE PEACE can be ours next year if we put into the struggle every ounce of our national power in men, money, and materials, and put it there quickly. This is the interpretation placed by our press upon recent optimistic utterances from authoritative Allied sources. Thus Premier Clemenceau is quoted by a United States Senator as predicting decisive and final victory for the Allied arms before the end of 1919; and Lord Reading, British Ambassador to the United States, sees "victory absolutely marked out as certain, provided we don't fall into complacent optimism." Even more impressive is the statement of Gen. Peyton C. March, our Chief of Staff, that "eighty divisions of Americans should be able to bring the war to a successful conclusion in 1919." Testifying before the House Military Affairs Committee concerning the need of extending the draft age, General March further affirmed that "the war will be won or lost on the Western Front"; and he strest the need of an army of ninety-eight divisions, eighty of which, or about 3,600,000 men, should be in France by the end of next June. To do this, he said, "we will need every single man in Class 1, between 18 and 45." Secretary of War Baker, urging before the same committee the necessity for the immediate enactment of the new Man-Power Bill, pointed out that "there are two ways of prosecuting this war," one of which is "to make every possible effort to do it now," and the other "to proceed somewhat more leisurely and do it later." "The obvious advantage from every standpoint, social, military, industrial, and economic," he argued, "is to put forth every effort in this country and win the war as soon as possible."

French official photograph. Copyrighted by the Western Newspaper Union Photo Service.

THE STARS AND STRIPES ON GERMAN SOIL.

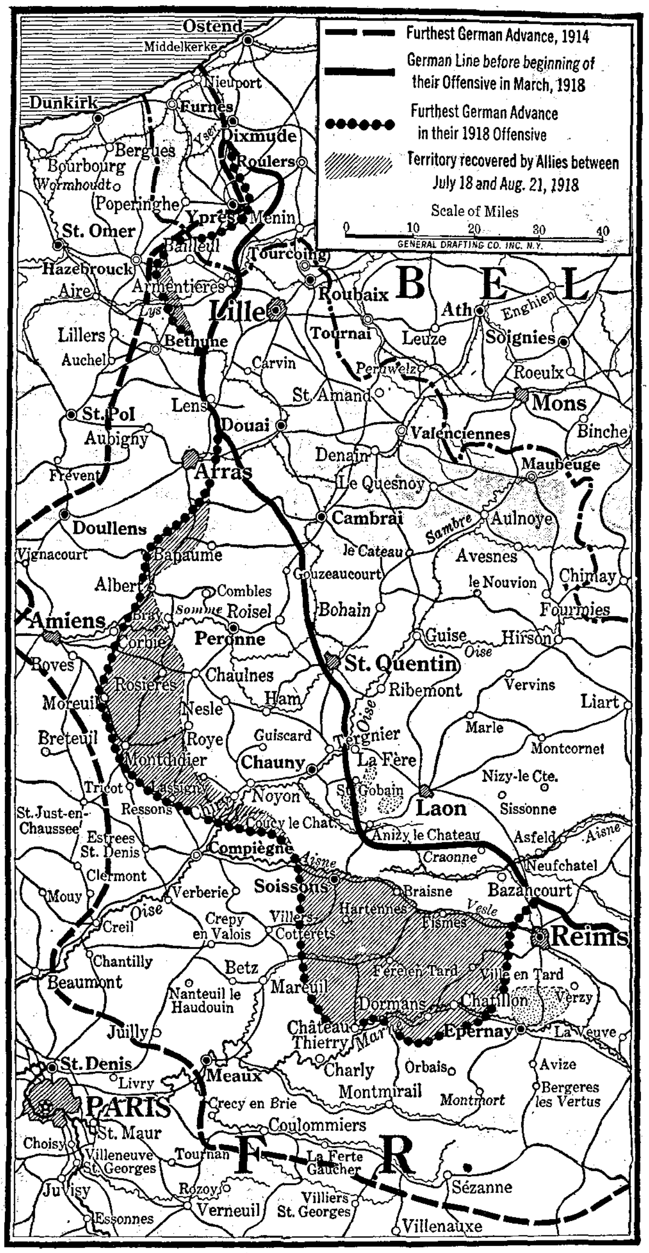
French and American officers saluting the American colors in Alsace.

General March's assurance that eighty American divisions in France by June 30, 1919, would mean victory in that year's campaign is hailed by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* as "the most important military statement which has been heard in this country since we entered the war." This is no chance guess of an optimistic conjecturer, says *The Ledger*, but "the considered, sober, carefully tested, checked and rechecked judgment of our 'pooled' military opinion." The American people, the same paper continues, will rejoice that the carrying out of this program "is now the war-policy of our Government." But it reminds us that this policy, while unquestionably the best, is "a policy of swift, sweating, killing concentration." And it goes on to say:

> "It may be just as well to get squarely before our minds the vital fact that this policy of putting our heaviest possible 'punch' into next year's campaign is not only the wisest policy, the most economical in life and treasure, but is possibly the only policy that will surely win the war.
>
> "Now that our Government has made it convincingly clear that it proposes to do its hitting hard, hot, and heavy, we need have no hesitation in saying that it is quite possible for America, with all her numerical preponderance, her financial and economic strength, and her moral earnestness, to fail to defeat Germany if we should deliver our 'punch' on the instalment plan. It takes more than superior strength to win a war like this—it takes concentration. . . . . . .
>
> "We should not be willing to commit ourselves to the statement that if America does not win the war in 1919 her chance to win it will be gone. But we will say that if America does not win the war in 1919, the price of victory—of liberty—will be enormously higher and heavier and more heart-breaking. We will say that such a failure would present the only possibility of that greater failure to win at all this time—and that dread possibility is undoubtedly there. We will call attention to an even more serious feature of such a calamity, and that is that if

the American forces are flung into the conflict and do not win, there is no other possible reserve in existence. Our lads are liberty's last reserves. If France failed, there was Britain to call in. Then there was Italy—a first-class Power—to cast into the balance. If any of these nations failed—when, for example, the Russian collapse came—there was the United States, which could not see freedom slain.

"But if we Americans do not concentrate and 'go through the German line,' where is there another nation in reserve that can take up our falling flag?"


Furthest German Advance, 1914
German Line before beginning of their Offensive in March, 1918
Furthest German Advance in their 1918 Offensive
Territory recovered by Allies between July 18 and Aug. 21, 1918
Scale of Miles
0 10 20 30 40
GENERAL DRAFTING CO. INC. N.Y.
Ostend
Middelkerke
Nieuport
Dunkirk
Furnes
Dixmude
Bergues
Bourbourg
Wormhoudt
Roulers
Poperinghe
Ypres
Menin
St. Omer
Bailleul
Tourcoing
Hazebrouck
Aire
Armentières
Lys
Lille
Roubaix
B E L
Ath
Enghien
Lillers
Auchel
Bethune
Tournai
Leuze
Soignies
Carvin
Peruwelz
Roeulx
St. Amand
Mons
Lens
St. Pol
Douai
Valenciennes
Binche
Aubigny
Frevent
Arras
Denain
Maubeuge
Le Quesnoy
Doullens
Cambrai
Sambre
Aulnoye
Vignacourt
Bapaume
le Cateau
Avesnes
Albert
Combles
Bohain
le Nouvion
Chimay
Amiens
Bray
Somme
Roisel
Fourmies
Corbie
Peronne
Guise
Hirson
Boves
Rosieres
Chaulnes
St. Quentin
Oise
Moreuil
Ham
Nesle
Ribemont
Vervins
Liart
Breteuil
Roye
Guiscard
Tergnier
Marle
Montcornet
Montdidier
Chauny
La Fere
Tricot
Lassigny
Noyon
St. Gobain
Laon
Nizy-le Cte.
St. Just-en-Chaussee
Ressons
Coucy le Chat.
Sissonne
Estrees St. Denis
Anizy le Chateau
Asfeld
Aisne
Compiègne
Craonne
Neufchatel
Clermont
Verberie
Soissons
Braisne
Bazancourt
Mouy
Creil
Crepy en Valois
Villers Cotterets
Hartennes
Fismes
Vesle
Reims
Chantilly
Betz
Fere en Tard
Ville en Tard
Beaumont
Nanteuil le Haudouin
Mareuil
Dormans
Chatillon
Verzy
Juilly
Chateau Thierry
Marne
Epernay
La Veuve
St. Denis
Meaux
Charly
Orbais
Avize
Livry
Montmirail
Montmort
Bergeres les Vertus
PARIS
Crecy en Brie
Coulommiers
Choisy
St. Maur
F R
Villeneuve St. Georges
Tournan
La Ferte Gaucher
Juvisy
Rozoy
Sezanne
Essonnes
Verneuil
Villiers St. Georges
Villenauxe

THE VANISHING GERMAN SALIENTS.

General March may be right in believing that a decisive victory can be won next year with the eighty divisions we propose to send overseas, remarks the Newark *News*, which nevertheless seems to take an added satisfaction in his statement that "we intend to supply all the men necessary, no matter how many that may be." As this New Jersey paper sees it, "the number necessary will be the number required to win a political victory over a people whose concept of the world belongs to the age of the mammoth and the saber-toothed tiger and the dinosaur." If we carry out the war-program outlined by General March, "the end of the war will be in sight ten months from now," says the New York *Tribune*, which feels that "there is no sacrifice we can not afford to make to bring it off." "What is needed now is quick action by Congress on the legislation that is needed to obtain the men who will verify the prediction of the Chief of Staff," remarks the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which adds:

"The path to ultimate triumph is plain. We may tread it successfully only by making our military effort in the next six months correspond to the greatness of our resources in men and material."

Allied military policy, notes the New York *Evening Post*, "has passed beyond the problem of ultimate victory to the problem of speedy victory." A correspondent of the New York *Evening Sun* predicts that "the great 'battle of the Allies' will probably be fought next summer," and quotes a government official as thus outlining the probable stages by which the war would be ended:

"Maximum man-power in Europe by next summer.

"Mammoth Allied drive, as soon as possible thereafter, surpassing in size and force anything previously attempted, with the view of inflicting decisive defeat on the German Army.

"Peace bid from Germany late in 1919, and sufficient guaranty from her to make possible an armistice.

"Signing of the peace treaty in the winter of 1919 or early in 1920."

Among the men and officers of our expeditionary force, according to Edwin L. James, a New York *Times* correspondent in France, the consensus of opinion is that September, 1919, will see Germany defeated. Says this writer:

"Now the German effective strength is being worn down by constantly repeated Allied attacks all along the front. Of course, during the winter months, when fighting eases off, both sides will replenish their combat forces as best possible.

"The German High Command will have perhaps 600,000 recruits for that purpose, while the Allied High Command will have 2,000,000 or more Americans, in addition to recruits. Who can doubt the relative ability of the two sides when they face each other next spring?

"I repeat that it is the belief of the American Army that six months after next spring's effort starts the Germans may be defeated.

"While the German is still a formidable foe, those in our Army who have the best information say he has shot his bolt. The Allied task in March was to hold the Germans until cold weather hampered active military operations. That task has been so well done that the enemy not only is held, but is on the defensive everywhere on the Western Front. Having completed this year's task, at least two, or perhaps three, months before the fighting season is over, the Allied command is now carrying out a plan to weaken the enemy as much as practicable, so that he will be able to oppose that much less resistance to the Allied victory drive of 1919."

Even so cautious a commentator as Mr. Frank H. Simonds concedes the possibility that the foe "may be pushed to the French frontier before the snow flies." And in the meanwhile, observers agree, it is unlikely that Marshal Foch will give the Germans any rest on the Western Front. Thus in a Paris dispatch to the New York *Times* we read:

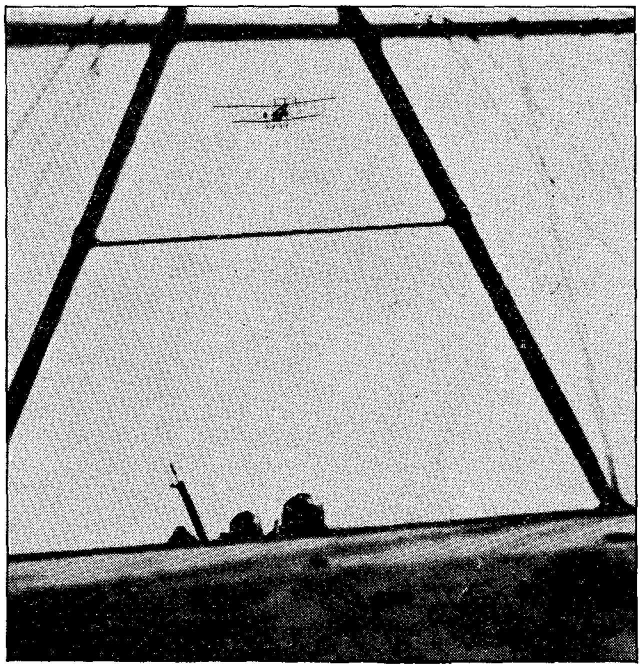
"In the manner in which Foch is now making the Germans dance to his piping every Frenchman sees solid reasons for disputing more than ever the right of the *Boches* to the self-conferred title of the first military nation of Europe.

"The statement of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that Ludendorff is continually giving ground to enable him to regroup his forces is laughed at here. The tactics of Foch are exactly those which render any regrouping of the enemy forces impossible. Foch's method of keeping the enemy busy all the time on one part of the front or another aims precisely at preventing this very thing. . . . . .

"These wearing-down tactics, giving the enemy neither time to organize an attack himself nor a respite from being attacked, must be telling not only on the Germans' morale but also on their organization. The German military machine, good tho it be, was never built with a view to a defensive campaign of long duration, such as Foch is now serving out to the enemy."

Five weeks of the Allied offensive, notes the same paper editorially, cost the Germans 100,000 prisoners, 3,000 field guns, and great quantities of stores and equipment, in addition to most of the strategic towns and railway junctions won in their 1918 campaign. Moreover, "they are losing men in staggering numbers." According to Major-General Sir Frederick B. Maurice, "perhaps the most important of all the results of our recent victories" is that "the Germans now have only sixteen fresh divisions in reserve on their whole front," where a month ago they had more than sixty.

Comparing the present Allied offensive with the German offensive that preceded it, Mr. Frank H. Simonds writes in the New York *Tribune* as follows:



British official photograph. International Film Service.

CHASING A GERMAN AIRPLANE.

This unusual photograph was taken from the pursuing British plane.

"In their great offensives of this year the Germans have followed the plan of other years, attacking on a very wide front after an enormous preparation, and, having exhausted their resources in the attack, spending a long time in preparation for another attack. . . . . . .

"Now Foch seems to be striking a series of rapid blows, by comparison with the German efforts small, relying upon a local effect produced now near Arras, now near the Oise, now between the Oise and the Somme, to produce in the aggregate a general dislocation of the German line. In each of these blows he uses comparatively few men, and the victorious troops are ready for a thrust after a short interval. The German gets no rest, no time to reorganize or regroup his forces; the blows which are rained upon him are none of them knock-out blows, but each adds to his confusion and inflicts serious local injuries."

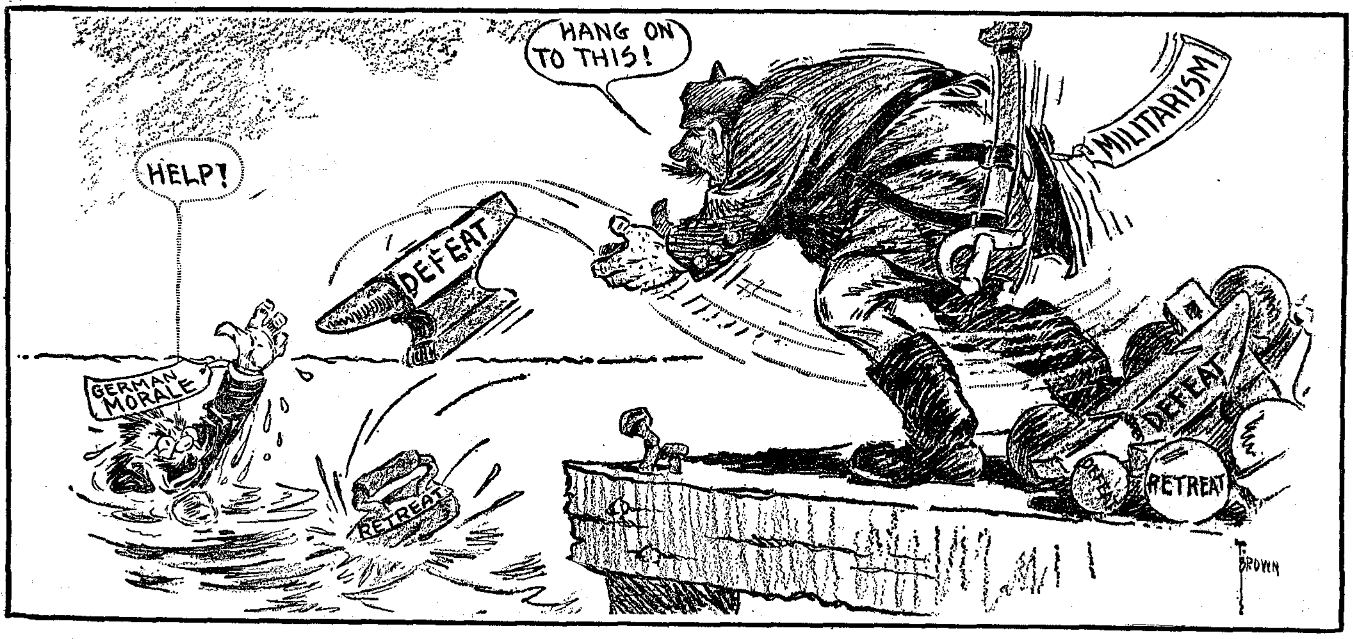
Reviewing the first five months of the campaign of 1918, Mr. Simonds points out that the Germans began their great offensive on March 21, with 220 divisions available against the French and British 180 divisions. Of these German troops "approximately a million have been at least temporarily removed by casualties, and half of this number permanently by death or disability or capture." Turning to the case of the Allies, he continues:

"France and Britain had 180 divisions against 220 last March, and they had also five Belgian and two Portuguese divisions. To this might be added the single American division available in March. To-day, after five months, the recall of French and British divisions from Palestine, Saloniki, and Italy and the transportation of metropolitan garrisons from Britain to France have given the French and British alone at least 190 divisions, while the five Belgian divisions remain. As for the Americans, we had the value of fifteen German divisions, 170,000 men, actually engaged in the second battle of the Marne, and at that moment the equivalent of ten more on the line. Since that time we have begun to constitute a new Army and several more divisions have taken their place at the front. In sum, where 190 French, British, Belgian, Portuguese, and American divisions faced 220 German divisions on March 21, at least 220 British, French, American, and Belgian divisions are now in line, and at least 25 additional American divisions are approaching a state of training where they can be employed.

"Thus the German has lost in five months all the advantage he originally possest in superior numbers. Since his divisions are actually smaller than those of each of his opponents, he has now fewer men on the front, altho conceivably an equal number of divisions, and this inferiority is bound to become more and more marked as our troops arrive at the Front, for the German made his maximum effort in March and can not even bring his existing number of divisions back to their old strength during the present campaign."

After reviewing briefly the events of the German and Allied offensives, Mr. Simonds returns to the statistics of military strength in the two Armies—

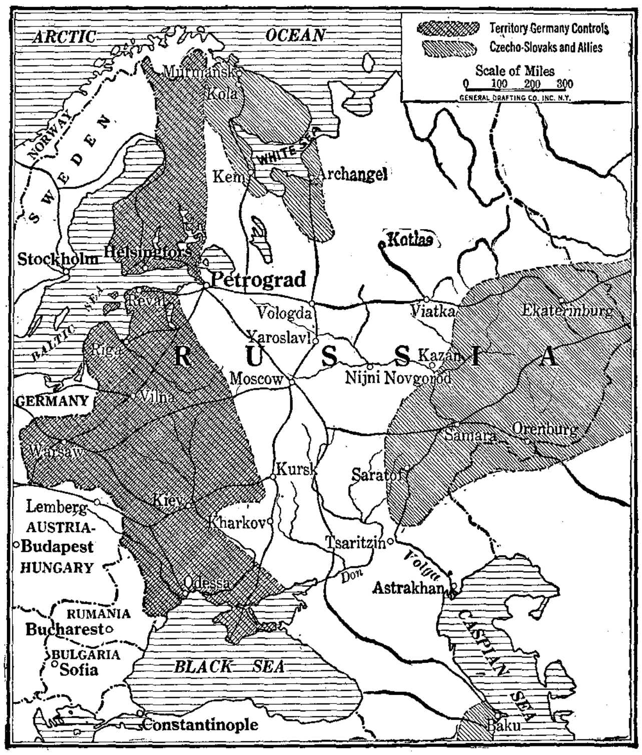
"Moreover, it is a source of profound satisfaction to all Americans that between March and mid-July we were able to furnish our Allies the numbers necessary to restore the equilibrium, for the foundation of Foch's strategy, both in defense and on the offensive, has been the American contingent. While he was outnumbered he waited, endured, avoided supreme disaster; when he had equal numbers he attacked and won two great victories. Hereafter he will have superior numbers. . . . This is what the newly planned American Army will mean in Europe when the campaign of 1919 begins, and Foch will have an excess of 100 divisions, as compared with the 40 on which Ludendorff built his great conception of the present year, which included the taking of Paris and the elimination of France."



THE RESCUER. —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

THE NEW EAST FRONT

WHEN RUSSIA STOPT FIGHTING GERMANY the East Front vanished and Germany was able to concentrate all her offensive and defensive effort on the West. Even so, Allied leaders have declared their willingness and their ability to "win the war" on the Western Front against the concentrated power of the Teutonic nations. But a dramatic series of events in various parts of the far-flung lands once ruled by the Romanofs have led to what our press call a reconstitution of the Eastern Front. It is a truly marvelous movement which is now under way in Russia, and in the opinion of the Brooklyn *Eagle* "the activities stretching from Vladivostok to Archangel and from Murmansk to the Black Sea, even the Caspian, show that they are the result of a definite plan carefully thought out and with the details coordinated as closely as is possible in an undertaking of such magnitude." From east and north and south the armed forces of the great Allied democracies are approaching the task of redeeming Russia. As the Chicago *Evening Post* points out, these expeditions, while military in nature, are "moral and psychological" in purpose, for while "they are not sufficiently strong to oust the enemy or to suppress the Bolsheviki," they are doing a mighty work as "torch-bearers, spreading the fire of resistance among the Russian people and lighting the way back to national self-respect and freedom." "Wherever the Allied or the Czecho-Slovak or the British forces alone have penetrated, behind them," the Buffalo *Express* notes, "have sprung up free republican governments, chosen by and representative of the local populations." That, we are told, is what has occurred at Archangel, at Vladivostok, at Omsk, and "we may be certain that it is occurring in the Caucasus and in Turkestan," and, concludes the Buffalo paper, "as the Russians contrast the security and freedom and justice behind the Allied armies with the terror and devastation and oppression that have followed in the wake of the German armies and of the Bolshevik agitators and their Red Guards, they will soon grasp the great essential truths of the problem of government."



WHERE THE NEW EAST FRONT IS FORMING.

Besides the shaded area at the right of the map, the Czecho-Slovaks are in control of much of Siberia. The Don Cossacks, another anti-German element, control the lower valley of the Don and some adjacent territory. The Bolsheviki still rule central Russia.

The new Eastern Front has not only its military and its political, but also its economic objectives. As our forces move east in Siberia the American Red Cross, and perhaps other agencies, will distribute first aid—food and supplies—and will see that the people "behind the lines" are kept well fed, warm, and happy. The same work will be done as conditions permit on the other parts of the new front, and where possible the people will be helped to help themselves. May not this be our first and greatest aid to Russia, asks *The Wall Street Journal*, "to lift the huge, suffering bulk of this people, with its slumbering conscience, to its feet; to inspire it to organize to feed itself, to clothe itself, and to house itself, so that we may help it to these same dire necessities?" Indeed, the Baltimore *Sun* declares, beside the clear declarations of unselfishness from Washington and Tokyo, the chief influence disposing the Russian people to welcome us "is the fact that we are taking them the material things which they need so much—food, clothes, agricultural implements, as well as the general promise of a new life; this is something that can be understood by the lowest intelligence, and in starving, despairing Russia it is the most convincing form of logic."

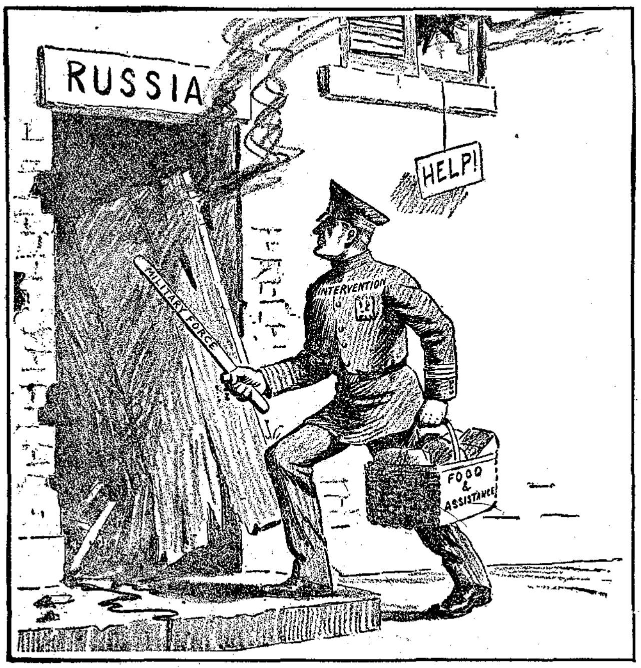
But while President Wilson has emphasized Russia's need for our assistance, our editors would not have us forget the purely military aspects of the reestablishment of the Eastern Front. It is still possible, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* declares, "to win the war in the West and lose it in the East." Germany, we are told, does not forget her Eastern game. Indeed, suggests this editor, "it may be that the weakened military power on the Western Front is due in some measure to their early perception that armed forces will soon be imperatively needed in the East and their prompt preparations to send them there. Several times have the Germans played the game of simply holding in the West while busy exploiting the more plastic and profitable East." The task of the Allies, as the New York *Tribune's* London correspondent sees it, is to "beat Germany in the West and prevent her winning in the East," and the Allies are now "racing for positions which serve best to link up the various pro-Ally forces in Russia, while the Germans are consolidating for themselves strong bases for future activities."

The activities of the Czecho-Slovaks in Siberia and southeastern Russia and the dispatch of the Allied force to Vladivostok have recently been explained in our columns.

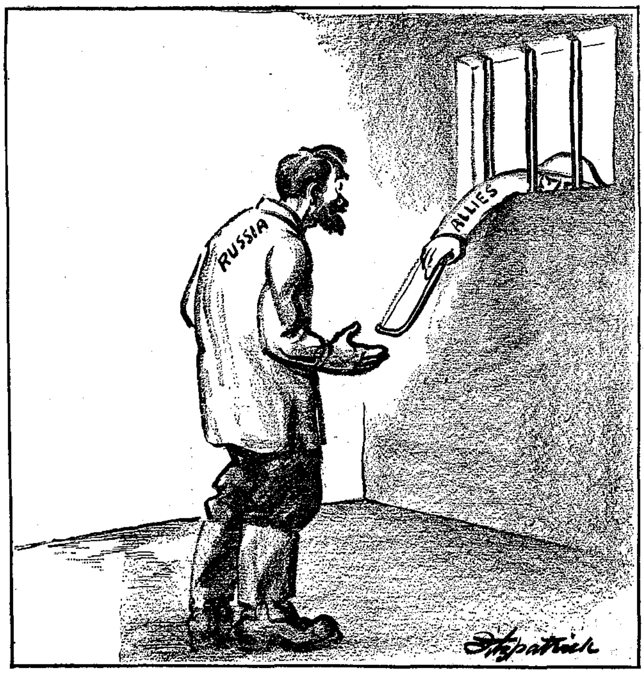
Allied forces in the north of Russia, as shown by the accompanying map, have been working along the railroad south of Archangel in the direction of Vologda. A small British expedition has also made its way up the Dwina River toward Kotlas. The two motives for the establishment of the new Allied right wing in northern Russia are, according to a London military expert, the solution of a problem raised by the adhesion of Finland to the German military system and "the desire to get into contact with reviving Russian nationalism."

But the most startling and dramatic event in the history of the reestablishment of the Russian front was the appearance of the British Army at Baku on the Caspian Sea. Baku, as our editors note, is at once a strategic point on Germany's road to the farther East, the center of a great oil-producing country, and a point of contact with various anti-German elements. Its possession also opens another possible Allied road into Russia. Besides the British force which reached Baku, apparently by way of Mesopotamia, northwestern Persia, and some port on the south shore of the Caspian, there has been a movement of British troops from India to Turkestan, where they have joined forces with various elements hostile to Germany in that country just east of the Caspian sea.

Filling in a gap in the new Russian front are the anti-Bolshevik Don Cossacks, who have cleared the left bank of the Don of their enemies and are in at least partial control of the territory between the Sea of Azof and the Volga.



"WALK SOFTLY, BUT CARRY A BIG STICK."
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.



PRACTICAL HELP.
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

STANDING BY RUSSIA.

WAR-PROFITS AND EXCESS PROFITS

NO MATTER WHAT ELSE CONGRESS DOES in levying the new war-taxes, it will miss the chief requirement of justice if it does not give the country "a sound war-profits tax," in the opinion of the Newark *News*. This demand is echoed by many other editors, who are thoroughly convinced that an "excess-profits" tax like that in the existing law is unsound and unjust and does not hit the real war-profiteers. The New York *World* wonders at Mr. Kitchin's preference for an increased tax on "excess profits" and his reluctance "to deal with war-profits as war-profits." Secretary McAdoo's insistence on a flat war-profits tax without any increase in the excess-profits rate is strongly indorsed not only by *The World* and *The News*, but by most of the New York papers, the Springfield *Republican*, the Chicago *Daily News*, the Rochester *Herald*, and other papers in other cities. The confusion in the popular mind, and perhaps even in Congress, has been cleared up by the Secretary in his suggestions to the Ways and Means Committee, we are told. The distinction, as put briefly by the Omaha *Bee*, "is that 'war-profits' are those arising from the increased business directly traceable to the war or incidental thereto, while 'excess profits' are those accruing above a normal or reasonable return." The Secretary of the Treasury and the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee look at the matter from quite different standpoints, the New York *Tribune* explains. Mr. McAdoo "wants both the sixty per cent. excess profits as it is and also the flat eighty per cent. war-profits tax, with authority in every given case to choose which pair of shears to use," and he wants this "for revenue primarily"; Mr. Kitchin, on the other hand, "represents those who have first of all a feud with great profits as such, who think them antisocial, and who would abate them progressively under the pretense of war-time necessity." Secretary McAdoo's distinction between "excess profits" and "war-profits" is quoted as follows in the dispatches from Washington:

> "By a war-profits tax we mean a tax upon profits in excess of those realized before the war. By an excess-profits tax we mean a tax upon profits in excess of a given return upon capital. The theory of a war-profits tax is to tax profits due to the war. The theory of an excess-profits tax is to tax profits over and above a given return on capital.
>
> "A war-profits tax finds its sanction in the conviction of all patriotic men, of whatever economic or political school, that no one should profit largely by the war. The excess-profits tax must rest upon the wholly indefensible notion that it is a function of taxation to bring all profits down to one level with relation to the amount of capital invested, and to deprive industry, foresight, and sagacity of their fruits. The excess-profits tax exempts capital and burdens brains, ability, and energy. The excess-profits tax falls less heavily on big business than on small business, because big business is generally overcapitalized and small businesses are often undercapitalized."

In another statement Mr. McAdoo declared that—

> "The adoption of an eighty per cent. war-profits tax should render unnecessary, and I believe undesirable, any increase in the existing excess-profits tax-rate. It is my strong conviction that the taxation of genuine war-profits will reach real war-profiteering, and that it is at the same time a thoroughly justifiable measure upon economic grounds as well as a certain and indispensable producer of a large part of the required revenue."

Congressman Kitchin, however, makes a somewhat different distinction, and criticizes the suggestions from the Treasury Department as follows:

> "Under the Treasury scheme the great combinations and firms in gentlemen's agreements to keep up a certain schedule of profits, whether times are dull or brisk, would escape with a minimum of taxation. Their profits would be no greater now than before the war. They would be subject to the moderate excess-profits taxes. Whereas the men who had a small business before the war, and had operated under favorable conditions since, would pay the high eighty per cent. war-profits taxes. The Ways and Means Committee wishes to write a revenue bill that will get those who profited before the war as well as those who are still profiteering. But the Treasury wants to get only present profiteers, and let those who profiteered before the war escape."

The Chicago *Tribune* does not see any special virtue in a war-profits tax "as such," being convinced that an excess-profits tax could readily be devised which "would bring in just as much revenue and exact just as heavy contribution from profiteers." The eighty per cent. war-profits tax plan will, however, according to a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, be vigorously attacked by representatives of large business interests. They will argue, we are told, that the most important consideration just now is to obtain production of war-goods and sufficient quantity, and the imposition of very high rates of taxation is likely to work injustice and certain to discourage production.

But it seems to the Springfield *Republican* that such a combination of excess profits and war-profits as now seems likely to be incorporated into the first draft of the revenue bill "should secure a larger revenue from business and distribute the burden more equitably than hitherto."

BRANDING THE I. W. W.

THE BRAND OF TREASON is burned into the body corporate of the Industrial Workers of the World, say some editors, as they note the conviction of one hundred members of the organization in a Federal court in Chicago for conspiracy to harry the nation in the prosecution of the war and for violation of the Espionage Act. William D. Haywood, commonly known as "Big Bill," chief among those found guilty by the jury after deliberation of one hour and five minutes, is quoted in the press as saying: "It was a great surprize. I can't understand how some of us were not acquitted at a moment's notice. I rather looked for a hung jury on some of us, but that all should be convicted so quickly is the surprize of my life." Conviction followed a trial lasting 128 days, and the four counts on which it was obtained are recorded in a Chicago dispatch to the New York *World* as follows:

> "The first count charges conspiracy to prevent and hinder the Government from executing numerous statutes for the prosecution of the war.
>
> "The second count charges conspiracy to interfere with the production and transportation of food, clothing, and munitions essential to the carrying on of the war.
>
> "The third count charges conspiracy to interfere with the enforcement of the Selective-Draft Law.
>
> "The fourth count charges conspiracy to violate the Federal Espionage Law and to obstruct Army and Navy recruiting.

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD.

The I. W. W. leader who boasts of these "aphorisms emanating from my brain":

"It is better to be a traitor to a country than a traitor to your class."

"A live soldier is a hobo. A dead soldier is a hero."

"A policeman is a pimple; a soldier is a boil on the body politic; both the result of a diseased system."

The free speech guaranteed by the Constitution is not the free speech demanded by "these miscreants," according to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, for it does not mean freedom to organize rebellion or murder or destruction of property. When the nation is at war such acts are described as treason and "if done in Germany the perpetrators would be shot."

Leaving out all question of free speech and all opinion as to their economic theories, remarks the Charlotte *News and Observer*, the I. W. W. picked the wrong time for their line of talk, as have any others who do not talk the one thing, the "support of the Government to a finish of the war." The Los Angeles *Times* expresses the opinion that anybody who still can have sympathy for the I. W. W. "ought to be either on trial himself or else held under mighty close watch." The Pittsburg *Post* avers that democracy nowhere has hope of individuals of the I. W. W. type. In Russia they proved their word as unreliable as that of the Prussian war-lords, for no sooner had an element of the Bolsheviki, masquerading as democracy, a chance to sell out to autocracy than it "embraced it and turned to committing atrocities against other Russians." *The Post* urges that now Americans have found the I. W. W. to be of the essence of treachery and have applied themselves to get rid of it, there should be no halt until the task is completed. The public will read with satisfaction of the conviction of the hundred members of the I. W. W., each of whom faces a maximum penalty of twenty-seven years' imprisonment and $10,000 fine, according to the Washington *Post*, which observes:

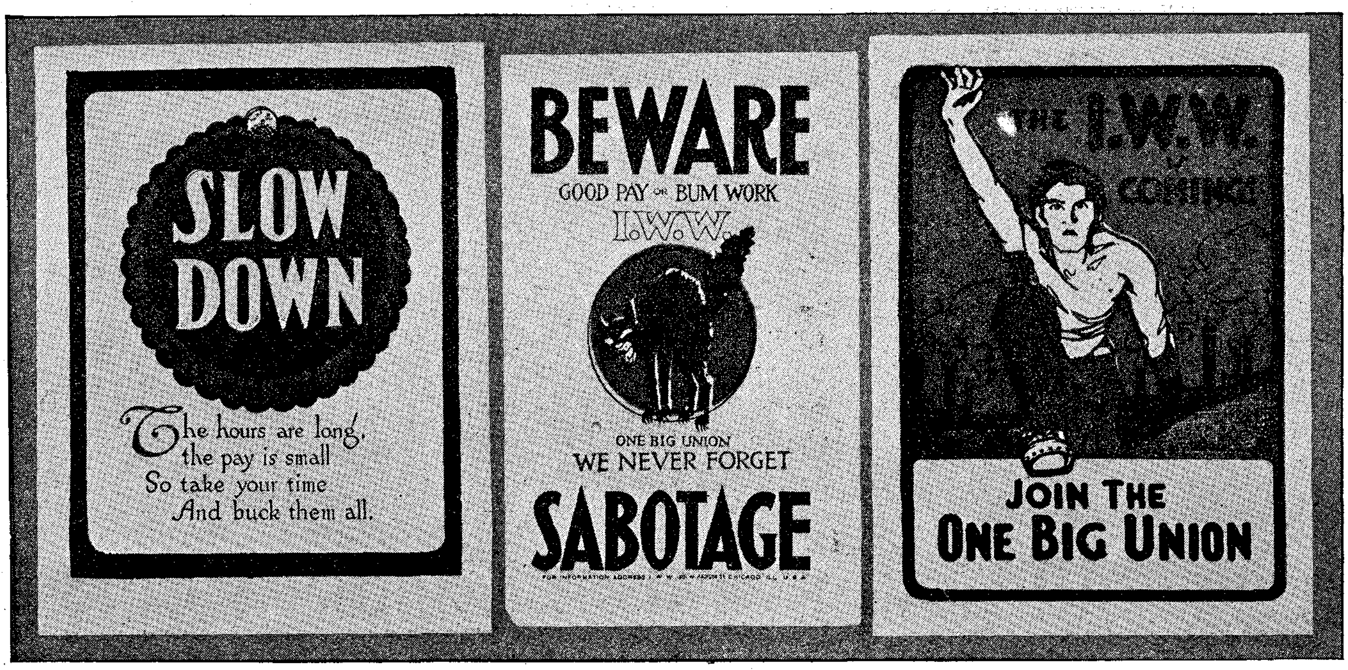
> "The conviction of these men is satisfactory, not merely because it will tend to curb the disloyal activities of the I. W. W. That organization, with its record of treason and sabotage, long since found it could make little headway in a land where the great mass of the citizens were patriotic. It managed to accomplish some mischief in various parts of the country, particularly in the West and Northwest, where the airplane program was hindered by sabotage in the form of great spikes driven into spruce logs and which damaged the saws in the mills. It also aroused opposition to the draft in certain communities where loyalty was not normally strong through the spreading of its vicious propaganda. But it must be admitted that the mischief of the I. W. W. was not serious.
>
> "The chief benefit of the conviction of these 100 malefactors is that it will serve notice to the world that in the United States the law is supreme and that all persons, citizens or aliens, who are not willing to abide by it are entirely out of place within the national boundaries."

Among journals impressed with the fairness of trial afforded to the I. W. W. members is the Spokane *Spokesman Review*, which considers this fact "an effective refutation of their unfounded assertions that they are opprest by our laws and institutions." Tho we are at war and it is known that German spies and plotters expended vast sums to seduce lawless and discontented elements in the United States, this daily goes on to say, the courts have not been swerved from their orderly procedure of giving these defendants the full measure of their constitutional rights and safeguards. The Boston *Transcript* thinks that the trial and conviction of the I. W. W. at a time when the whole people are keenly wrought up to the necessity of winning the war will outlast the war, and the remembrance of their treason will remain to "stamp the organization with infamy in the minds of citizens," nor will the name Industrial Workers of the World ever again have attraction for a self-respecting worker. The I. W. W. stands revealed in all its "hellish character as the Bolsheviki of America," according to the Kansas City *Journal*, which holds that the time has come for this Government "to wipe out the I. W. W., the Non-Partizan League, the radical Socialists, and all other un-American and anti-American organizations on this continent." The Socialist Milwaukee *Leader*, before the verdict was rendered, pointed out the distinction between the Socialist party and the I. W. W., both of which organizations, we are told, are working toward industrial democracy, and we read:

> "The I. W. W.'s believe in the use of sabotage—and they do not believe in political action, tho there are exceptions.
>
> "The Socialists believe in political action—and they do not believe in the use of sabotage.
>
> "The Socialists have at no time been hostile to the I. W. W. They were entirely willing to live and let live—and assist the I. W. W. in strikes just the same as they assisted the American Federation of Labor.
>
> "But the I. W. W.'s were hostile to the Socialists. They continually attacked us in their writings and speeches, and interrupted and attempted to ruin the effect of our meetings.
>
> "Now, when the I. W. W. is in trouble, we Socialists are again doing what little we can—with our own troubles on our hands—to assist it to get a fair trial. It is opposed to capitalism—and so are we. This common bond exists between us.
>
> "Without trying to pass judgment on the case now on trial, if numerous acts of sabotage alone should be proved, it is our belief that they were committed for the purpose of securing better working conditions, and that they did not have the remotest connection with the war. It would require very clear and unmistakable proof to convince us that the war had anything to do with their activities."

On sabotage the Chicago *Daily News* prints W. D. Haywood's testimony in defense of the I. W. W., quoting him as saying:

"Sabotage is the biggest and strongest and most wholesome



TYPICAL I. W. W. PROPAGANDA—STICKERS CIRCULATED IN THE NORTHWEST.

weapon of the working class. Sabotage must be used by the working class if capitalists are to be put out of business. . . . . . .

"Sabotage is not the disgraceful and cowardly thing used only in the dark that the government attorney would have you believe. It protects humanity. It prevents adulteration of foods and materials. It prevents colored poisons being put into canned goods. The adulteration of silks and woolens is the sabotage of the capitalist class. By word of mouth as well as by deed, the industrial workers can prevent such sabotage. I don't approve of the Mickey Finn powders and the stink-bomb kind of sabotage. In the New York hotel strike I preached another kind.

"'Give the patrons extra-large portions of beefsteak and potatoes. Load up their plates.' That's what I got the men on strike to do. The New York *World* carried an editorial about our sabotage. 'If this is sabotage,' said this editorial, 'give us more of it.'. . . . . .

"There has always been sabotage, ever since the time of Moses, when the workingmen pulled the straw out of the bricks."

Whatever sabotage may have meant in the beginning of the I. W. W. movement, writes Will A. Campbell in the Helena *Independent*, it has come to mean nothing more nor less than a threefold conspiracy against organized society, and he proceeds:

"First, the I. W. W. would 'push back, pull out, or break off the fangs of capitalism,' as Haywood says, or rather destroy all industries which they could not take over and operate for their own profit, and abolish the wage system.

"Secondly, the I. W. W. conspires against the various crafts unions, well organized and recognized everywhere, in its mad determination to be the 'one big union.' The I. W. W. is the actual enemy of organized labor and considers a union man who remains loyal to his contract with his employer as big a 'scab' as the man who belongs to no union at all. And they call him a 'scissor-bill.'

"Thirdly, the I. W. W. conspires against the Government of the United States of America and its people by its open efforts to 'keep the soldiers so busy in the Western industrial centers, they will have no time to fight Germany.'"

No understanding of the I. W. W. is possible, we are informed by an observer of the trial, acting under official auspices, without a knowledge of their Preamble or statement of the ideas which are the basis of their activities. In view of references to the "American Bolsheviki," it is worthy of note that the Preamble is said by officers of the I. W. W. to have been translated without alteration and adopted by the *Soviet* Government of Russia. This document, one of the first placed in evidence by the Government, is quoted in the New York *Times* by the official observer as follows:

"The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among the millions of working people, and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

"Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

"We find that the centering of management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade-unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade-unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage-wars. Moreover, the trade-unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the workers have interests in common with their employers.

"These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

"Instead of the conservative motto, 'A fair day's wage for a fair day's work,' we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, 'Abolition of the wage system.'

"It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

What amazed Mr. Vanderveer, chief counsel of the I. W. W. defendants, the Springfield *Republican* notes, was not that some of his clients had been convicted, but that all of them had been convicted, and this daily thinks that if he views the outcome of the long trial in that light, the country "may rest assured that the verdict is a fairly close approximation to justice, even if too inclusive." The present economic and social system was not on trial; the Government did not seek to justify capitalism or discredit syndicalism and socialism, according to *The Republican*, which points out that whatever economic wrongs may exist in the country, "if the Government is attacked or wilfully obstructed while engaged in a foreign war, it has as much moral right at least to protect itself as a Bolshevik dictatorship in Russia has to massacre its enemies in a struggle for existence." Yet there is a view of the case that should not be ignored, and *The Republican* proceeds:

"The I. W. W. champions of industrial sabotage and uncompromising class war disclose the tragedy of an industrial class so weak, friendless, and lowly that it rejoices in this irresponsible and anarchistic leadership.

"Let even the Haywoods teach us something. Let us counteract their passion for anarchy with our own passion for democracy and justice. By reaching down to the depths and rescuing from exploitation and oppression the humblest and most helpless of wage-earners we may put the revolutionary I. W. W. out of business—but not before, by any manner or means."

GERMANY'S INTEREST IN MEXICO'S OIL

THE HIDDEN HAND OF THE HUN was suspected in the decree of the Mexican Government, dated February 22, which imposed such new taxes and restrictions on oil concessions that some observers bluntly called it "confiscation." British and American naval circles were alarmed, we are told, because the operation of the new order promised serious interference with the supply of crude oil needed by battle-ships and destroyers. The situation was made worse by an amendment of July 31 which provided that undeveloped oil-lands might be seized by the Mexican Government upon the failure of their owners to make declaration and refusal to submit to the new taxation. But now Carranza has had safe recourse to second thought, as the Rochester *Post-Express* puts it, for he has in effect canceled the decree of July 31. Washington dispatches advise us that while the modification of the decree will hardly be wholly satisfactory, it seems to make concessions that pave the way for clearing up the situation between the governments concerned. *The Post-Express* is inclined to divine that the President of Mexico "looked ahead to a time when Great Britain and the United States will not be too busy elsewhere to look after their interests in his country." Of Germany's interest in Mexico's oil we learn also from Washington dispatches that representatives of American oil companies quote Manager Ballin, of the Hamburg-American line, as recently stating publicly: "After the war is over we are assured of extensive oil possessions overseas." Of the Allies' oil requirements this year we read in these dispatches:

"The Allies need this year 430,000,000 barrels of crude oil, for which they depend entirely upon the United States. The United States can produce not over 315,000,000 barrels. The Mexican fields can supply 130,000,000 barrels. All the oil in Mexico is owned by American and British companies. Under the newest decree, Mexico attempts to make oil the property of the nation. Mexican petroleum then would become a nationally owned contraband, and as such might not be sold by a neutral country to a belligerent under international law. To endow petroleum with that character and prevent shipment of it to the Allies is said to be the purpose of German propaganda in Mexico."

While the proceeding of the Mexican Government may possibly be technically defended as the right of a neutral nation in such a situation, observes the New York *Journal of Commerce*, it is certain that it will be a poor policy for Mexico to pursue, and we read:

"Her most dangerous enemy is that noxious propagandism which seeks to induce it to use such power as it can exercise to help Germany. If it does that against Great Britain and the United States, which may be its most valuable friends for all time to come, it will be calculated to forfeit their friendship, if not to make actual enemies of them.

"Nothing could be more shortsighted for Carranza and his advisers than to harbor secret agents of Germany and allow them to propagate a policy of aid to that belligerent empire in Europe as against the Allied forces of free government and national independence. There need be no threats of forcible possession and protected operation of the oil-lands by the British and American governments; but surely the Mexican authorities ought to be prudent enough to avoid giving provocation for anything of the kind as a war-measure. They ought to realize who their dangerous enemy is and who their best friends may be."

In defense of Mexico's position Mr. Luis Cabrera, formerly Minister of Finance in the provisional cabinet of President Carranza, is quoted in the New York *Evening Post* as saying that the origin of the present taxation and regulation of the oil-fields is part of a policy long contemplated by the Mexican Government and the logical development of principles embodied in the Constitution of February 5, 1917. Mr. Cabrera declared that the new regulations would not restrict Mexican supplies to the Allies or cause discrimination against foreign interests. He is further quoted by *The Post* as saying:

"Mexico never meant to interfere with the supply of oil to the Allies. Mexico never meant to interfere with vested interests. Her purpose was the opposite of these intentions: she meant simply to increase her output and to open up production to all interests on an equal basis.

"Mexico is to-day supplying the Allies with more oil than they can transport."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

Answer to query: The Ourcq is now pronounced with the accent on the first three letters.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

The Bolsheviki seem to be trying to make it clear that what they stand for is peace with murder.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Sometimes Austria is afraid Germany won't win the war, and sometimes Austria is afraid Germany will.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Labor's attitude apparently is that it is willing to work or fight if it may pretend it doesn't have to.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Unsuccessful authors who want a wider circulation for their output would do well to take a tip from d'Annunzio.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The beauty of it is that the Allies have taken the initiative without giving the Huns the power of referendum.—*Smileyville (Mo.) Express.*

Mr. McAdoo's plea not to tax brains will be read with a feeling of personal exemption by 100,000,000 people.—*Philadelphia North American.*

When next the Kaiser contemplates visiting Paris, he will, it is thought, entrust all the arrangements to Thomas Cook & Son.—*London Opinion.*

Those who have become familiar with the Crown Prince through the cartoons will wonder why he is so anxious to save his face.—*Baltimore American.*

According to Hindenburg, a salient is a military vantage-point a general takes because he does not want it and gives up in order to make the operation victorious.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

The Kaiser is entitled to such consolation as he can find in Dr. William Bayard Hale's statement that he championed Germany's cause because he felt compassion for the "under dog."—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

If you ever looked out the window of an express train and saw an elderly lady with a bird-cage and an umbrella signaling it to stop and pick her up at a cross-roads, you have an accurate picture of how Lord Lansdowne looks to the Englishmen he is calling upon to stop fighting.—*Kansas City Star.*

The watch on the Rhine will soon find its hands full.—*Florida Times-Union.*

That self-determination the Kaiser promised the small states turns out to be self-extermination.—*Grand Rapids News.*

There is a tinge of irony in calling a zone where the thermometer varies 115 degrees in a year temperate.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

It may be true that Germany has lost, but it's the one thing in the world we prefer to take her word for.—*Philadelphia North American.*

It is understood that the offers of the passengers of the *Oscar II.* to stump Michigan for Ford have been declined with thanks.—*Pittsburg Gazette-Times.*

By breaking up all the metal statues in Berlin and converting them into war-material *Kultur* is finally making a worth-while contribution to art.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Charles H. Grasty points out that the Allies now hold all the trumps. Well, we will be content with a little slam this year and the grand slam next.—*Pittsburg Gazette-Times.*

We are informed that owing to the unexpected prolongation of the war, Mr. H. G. Wells will readjust his ideas on the subject quarterly instead of twice a week as heretofore.—*Punch (London).*

The next step in government labor control, it is rumored in Washington, will be government control of unskilled women laborers. This is probably an insidious scheme for setting suffragette "pickets" to work.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

President Poincaré of France sent a note of condolence to Colonel Roosevelt on the death of Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt. The father of the aviator answered by saying that his only regret is that he is unable to fight beside his three remaining sons who are in action. The Kaiser's only regret probably is that he has not twice six sons to preserve from danger in battle.—*Utica Press.*

THE LABORER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE

IN EVERY CRISIS of national life the clergymen of America have stood in the forefront of patriotic endeavor; in every human crisis they have brought support, and guidance, and comfort to souls in desperate need. Now it is time to measure the work and the needs of the preacher and pastor as men in other departments of work to-day are being measured, that their value may be rightly appraised and their needs fairly met.

The cost of living has greatly increased. Clothing, food, fuel, and all the daily incidentals that go to make up American life have gone up from thirty to a hundred per cent. And the loans and taxes for Freedom's war are ever making deeper drives into the purse. Wage-earners in every department of the nation's work have been demanding more income, and their demands have been recognized as just and necessary. Railroad men and miners, lumberjacks, and ship-builders, munition-workers, telegraph-operators, automobile-makers, and all the multitudes of skilled and unskilled laborers have been counted "worthy of their hire," and of higher hire. The United States Government, very recently, has raised the wages of two million railroad workers alone, giving the poorest paid men an increase of 43 per cent. Corporations and individual employers without number throughout the United States have taken similar action. Trade-unions are standing back of their men and using pressure when necessary to gain for them the means to live their lives and do their work as Americans should.

Who stands back of the clergymen of America in these days of pressure? What great organization or compelling authority, what generous heart or spirit of fair play is winning for your minister, or pastor, or priest, or rabbi the salary increase that will give him strength, courage, efficiency, and success in his vital and exalted work for the welfare of the nation, and the Kingdom of God?

Your pastor is not a cheap man nor an unskilled laborer. He has brought long, careful training to his task. He was chosen with scrutinizing care as to his qualifications, and he is being measured to-day by high and exacting requirements in the performance of his work. Carry that measurement to its just conclusion. What salary would you expect to pay to the trained man in business of whom such important work and expert ability were required? Set down on paper some of the qualities and duties you demand of your pastor, and then judge their value.

He must be a man among men, a man of force, tact, and agreeable personality, a good mixer, a man of knowledge, wisdom, and authority, whose presence commands respect and whose word carries conviction. He must be able to influence men and women, win their confidence, kindle their enthusiasm, direct their energies, and organize their working powers. He must be full of sympathy, ready with consolation, a strength in weakness, a bright light in times of darkness, and a never-failing source of inspiration to the souls of his people. You expect all this of him.

Your pastor, also, must be the successful head and center of your organized church activities, business, social, and spiritual. On occasion, or as a regular part of his task, he must be an expert money-raiser. You engage him as your chief and leader, the general manager of your church, if not its actual creator, or savior from its difficulties. You put upon him a burden and a responsibility you would never dream of entrusting to any cheap man in business.

Nor are those his greatest tasks. He must read, and study, and meditate, and commune with the Infinite. He must understand men, and know their work, their trials, their problems, their temptations, their deep inner feelings and aspirations, and the avenues of helpful approach to their sympathies and convictions. He must know something of history, science, literature. He must be familiar with all social needs, and institutions, and methods. He must be able to interpret the Word of God with true spiritual insight, and practical human application. He must stand before you in the pulpit on the Sabbath and deliver messages that search the soul, feed the mind, bring courage to the heart, make plain the path of daily life, and lift you nearer to heaven, or bring heaven nearer to earth.

In these days, also, your preacher must proclaim the ideals and principles of America. He must stir the patriotism of his young men and send them with strong hearts and noble vision into the service of their country. He must pastor them in the camps and follow them with his letters and prayers as they go across the sea to fight. The Government values him so highly that it has already called thousands of American clergymen into active service to shepherd the fighting men and help them win the war. At home the Government calls him to be its mouthpiece in its appeals to its citizens for every form of patriotic service or economy prescribed as needful for victory. You expect your pastor to be equal to such demands and to do your church credit when called upon for public addresses or community action.

When you have listed all the qualities and services you ask of your pastor, *make out the bill* for the amount your church ought to pay for such a man, and then *move things to see that the church pays that bill.* Never mind what *has been* done in the past, nor what long habit has accustomed the church to believe can be done. The standing record of clergymen's salaries throughout this great rich nation is a pitiful shame, and belies the real heart and fairness of the American people. The average salary of clergymen in ten of the largest denominations is only $793 a year. What trade or business would tolerate such a condition?

The minister of your church is a human being like the rest of us, and he is feeling the pressure of increased cost of living just as we do. But no Government decree has raised his salary. No corporation or trade-union stands back of him. He does not go on strike. He simply trusts his people, and works faithfully for them seven days a week, and many nights, and struggles to look respectable, and pay his bills, and perform the miracles expected of him, often for less than the salary of the young girl stenographer who teaches a class in his Sunday-school or the wages of the man who lays the sidewalk in front of his church.

Among the more than two million readers of THE LITERARY DIGEST are active and substantial members of thousands of churches throughout the United States. To them this frank appeal is made, in keeping with the urgent needs of the day, and the American spirit of justice and generosity. Give your minister a lift. Take the initiative now and have his salary increased to an amount which will come nearer to the real value of his services, and enable him to meet the increased cost of living. He is not demanding it, but he needs it none the less, and your own sense of right demands it for him. If his salary is $800, it ought to be made, at once, $1,200. If it is $1,000, it ought to be raised to $1,500. There is scarcely a church, large or small, anywhere in America that can not increase its pastor's salary at least 50 per cent. Money never was so plentiful. More actual cash—gold, silver, and paper currency—is in circulation to-day than at any time in the nation's history, and there is a bigger share for every man, woman, and child. See that your pastor gets his fair share of *your* profits and those of every member in your church.

Back up the soldiers of America who follow the flag to France! Billions for them! Nothing is too much nor too good for our soldiers of liberty. But now remember that your minister is one of the bravest, worthiest soldiers of all. He is fighting for America, for the righteousness that "exalteth a nation." He is fighting for America, as he puts his clean, valiant, patriotic spirit into the youth and into the men and women of his congregation and sends them out into the tasks of the week better fitted to answer America's call. He is fighting for the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, to help win its victories over the arch-enemy of the human race, the destroyer of bodies and souls. He is the soldier of mercy to those in distress, the ever-ready soldier of service to those who need help. Back him up with whole-hearted support and a quick, generous increase in salary.

We have taken this page to speak for the clergymen of America in this supreme crisis of the nation's readjustment, because we know that they are the one great devoted, indispensable body of faithful workers who have no spokesman. Only in this way has it seemed possible to reach the individual consciences and hearts of millions of men and women who, in all our experience, have never failed to respond to any just call.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

British official photograph. Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

OUR BOYS IN FRANCE MARCHING TO BATTLE.

American troops, fighting side by side with the British in Picardy, advancing to the front lines past a British general officer who has halted on *the roadside to review them. These troops will show the Kaiser that war is not a profitable investment.*

GERMANY'S GIGANTIC WAR-PROFITS

THAT SPECIOUS FORMULA, "no annexations, no indemnities," which Germany has been so industriously propounding, is riddled full of holes by that brilliant French critic, André Chéradame, in his new book, "What We Must Know to Win," which will shortly be brought out by Scribners, of New York. The logical Frenchman admits the speciousness of the formula and regrets that it has caught so many of the sentimental altruists, particularly in this country, where, as he remarks, we are apt to fall into the error of believing that because we seek no material advantages as the result of the war any idea of exacting an indemnity from Germany would be an unwarranted harshness. This thesis, Mr. Chéradame explodes with no little effect by showing us that notwithstanding the immense output of capital involved, Germany so far has made a substantial profit out of the war. He writes:

"Tho the Germans have waged war far more cheaply than their enemies, they have already made war-profits which now and in the future would be worth billions of dollars if the essential features of the present situation were to remain unchanged.

"Germany has spent in three years of war per head of population $322.50, or $122.50 less than France. France has spent $444, or 38 per cent. more than Germany. Great Britain has spent $559.75, or $237.25 more than Germany. Thus, while Germany bears a burden of 100, a Frenchman has to bear a burden of 138, and a British citizen has to bear a burden of 174.

"These facts are extremely important. They show that if the formula, 'no indemnities,' were applied to war-expenditure, the result would be that Frenchmen, who were opposed to war, would be obliged to bear a financial burden one-third and British citizens a burden more than two-thirds heavier than that of the faithful subjects of the German Kaiser, who let loose the war.

"The difference becomes still more striking if the war-outlay of the two groups of belligerents be compared for the first three years of the war. During that time the Central Empires spent roughly $38,000,000,000, while the Allies spent $66,850,000,000, or $28,850,000,000 more than the Central Powers.

"This outlay does not include the war-outlay of Servia, Roumania, Greece, Japan, and the United States, which can not be exactly reckoned for lack of precise returns. Thus it is not only France that would be ruined by a peace concluded on the basis of the formula, 'no indemnities,' but all the other European Allies as well."

Our author goes on to draw up an amazing list of war-profits that have been made by Germany, and he divides the booty thus far taken into movable and immovable property. In the former category he includes the 212,000 square miles of territory that have fallen into German clutches, and this he values at $32,000,000,000, which, he says, is a conservative estimate. Turning to the movable booty, he classifies it as follows:

"(*a*) *Capture of 'Human Material.'*—This consists of the 46,000,000 Allied subjects from whom the Germans obtain free labor.

"(*b*) *Capture of War Material.*—Guns, rifles, munitions, vehicles, locomotives, railway-trucks, and thousands of miles of railway. The Belgian railway system alone is worth nearly $600,000,000.

"(*c*) *Capture of Foodstuffs.*—Everywhere the Germans have stolen horses, cattle, corn, potatoes, sugar, alcohol, foodstuffs of every kind, and crops grown by the forced labor drawn from the 46,000,000 Allied subjects whom they have enslaved.

"(*d*) *Theft of Raw Materials.*—Throughout the occupied territories the Germans have appropriated coal, petroleum, iron, copper, bronze, zinc, lead, etc., either in the mines or from private individuals; textile materials, such as woolen and cotton. In the towns of northern France alone the Germans stole $110,000,000 worth of wool.

"(*e*) *Theft of Industrial Plant.*—On a methodical plan throughout the occupied territories, the motors, engines, machine-tools, steam and electric hammers, steel-rolling mills, looms, models, and industrial plant of all kinds have been carried off to Germany.

"(*f*) *Thefts of Furniture.*—The way in which furniture and household goods were stolen and carried off is confessed by implication in the following advertisement published in the *Kölnische Zeitung* at the beginning of April, 1917:

"'Furniture moved from the zones of military operations in all directions by Rettenmayer at Wiesbaden.'

"It is impossible to estimate the money value of the goods thus removed.

"(*g*) *Seizure of Works of Art.*—The works of art collected for centuries in museums, churches, and by private individuals in Poland, Italy, Belgium, and France have been carried off by the Germans.

"(*h*) *War Levies.*—Scores of millions in money have been secured by the Germans in the form of requisitions, fines, war-levies, war-taxes, and forced loans.

"(*i*) *Thefts of Coin, Jewels, and Securities.*—In the occupied regions, and especially wherever they have been obliged to evacuate those regions, as, for instance, at Noyon, the Germans have emptied, by order, the safes and strong boxes of private persons and of banks and have carried off securities, jewels, and silver. In September and October, 1917, they seized at one stroke the deposits of Allied subjects in the Belgian banks amounting to $120,000,000.

"In view of the high prices of foodstuffs, coal, metals, petroleum, war-materials and machines, it is clear that the booty thus secured by the Germans during the last three years in the occupied territories is certainly worth several billion dollars."

Mr. Chéradame then asks the very pertinent question, whether the Allies would be foolish enough to allow the Germans to keep all this wealth, and he thus argues:

> "This booty consists of objects or materials already utilized by the Germans or hidden by them in Germany. Thus the value which they represented in the occupied territories no longer exists there, and those territories have been impoverished to that extent.
>
> "The formula 'no indemnities' would leave to the Germans these immense war-profits which they have already realized. If the Germans gave back the occupied territories they would give back only regions materially devastated and inhabited by people whom more than three years of suffering and forced labor have exhausted physically and morally.
>
> "In these conditions the restoration of the evacuated regions would require immense expenditure that would fall upon the Allies. Even without reckoning the great difference in proportionate war-outlay incurred by Germany and by Allied countries, the application of the formula 'no indemnities' would tend further to impoverish the Allies and to handicap them economically, while Germany would keep her war-profits.
>
> "Despite the collapse of Russia, the Allies still dispose of means to destroy Pan-Germany. By combining American help with the legitimate and efficacious revolt of the 86,000,000 of Slavs, Roumanians, Arabs, and other peoples now subjected against their will to German control, this result can be achieved."

A new formula is supplied which certainly will make a very effective peace slogan:

> "To the lying German formula, 'no annexations, no indemnities,' the Allies must oppose the democratic formula, that is to say:
>
> "Expiation for crime,
> "Reparation for damage,
> "Guaranties against a renewal of war.
>
> "Expiation, reparation, guaranties—these three words constitute the formula of common sense, of justice, and of truth."

WHY WE MUST BEAT THE KAISER—Maximilian Harden in his Berlin *Zukunft* put into a nutshell the reason why it is up to us to bring the Kaiser to his knees:

> "No one in high place in Germany wants a League of Nations, to which the States of North and South America and representatives of England, France, Italy, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and India are pledged.
>
> "All efforts to conceal this fact have become useless since Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest. Now we can see clear. We know what our enemies want and we know that we have a Government—we may call it Pan-German or not as we like—which expects peace only through might, and which is convinced that it will obtain it within a short time. The Government, however, may also be assured that none of its words will any longer be believed by any one.
>
> "It is of importance that the five continents now see in the Kaiser the man who intends to carry out the Pan-German program, and in whose view therefore only 'unconditionally decisive' victory could lead to peace."

DEFEAT SCARES THE HUNS

"THE FIRST SERIOUS DEFEAT of the war," says the Berlin *Deutsche Zeitung*, has now been suffered by the Germans. This from a fire-eating Pan-German organ is no slight admission, but it was evidently forced, for the Huns—true to type—are shaking in their shoes because of this first serious setback, as all cowards and bullies do after one good thumping blow. All Germany is quaking; every section of the press is morose. The *Kölnische Volkszeitung* writes:

> "Agitators are already at work in order by slanderous talk to cause discouragement among the German people. They do not venture as yet to say that Hindenburg and Ludendorff in any circumstances would not save the situation. On the other hand, untruth has been already wilfully spread that an attempt on the life of Hindenburg had been planned, and, according to another version, on the life of the Kaiser. Naturally, this report is only told as 'strictly confidential!'"

This Pan-German and Clerical organ is furious with the Germans for not showing more spirit, and continues:

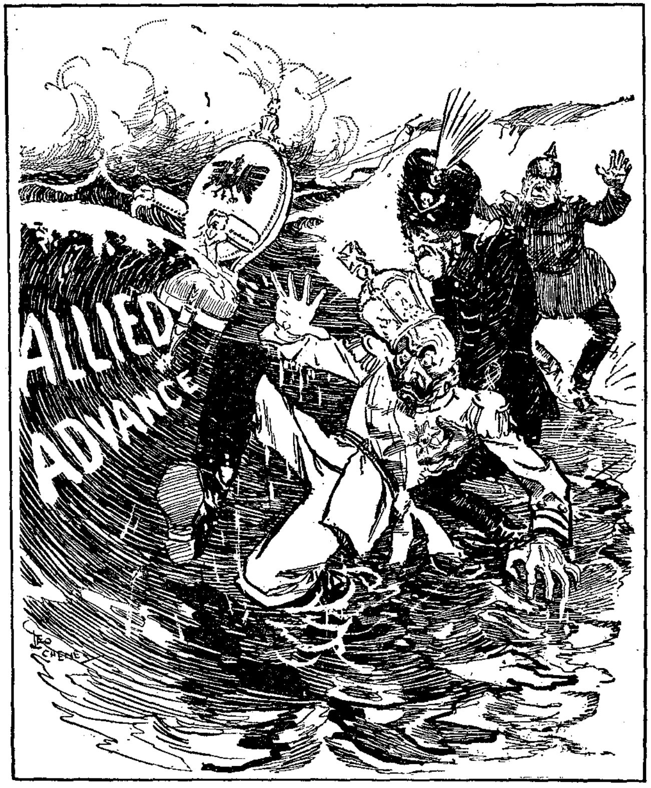
> "Our enemies, especially Frenchmen, might serve as a pattern for many of us. Despite all defeats and failures, they are still fighting with the courage of a lion and a fanatical will to victory. We Germans are spoiled by the preeminent and imperishable victories and brilliant successes of our Army Command. We ought ever to remain stedfast and firm, and not give way to unfounded and unworthy moods and fluctuations."

The *Volkszeitung* is obviously afraid of the temper of the people. It says:

> "Defeatism is rearing its head in Cologne, Düsseldorf, and elsewhere—even in Essen, where the people may be heard grumbling: 'Another defeat for us; we shall lose the war. We have nothing to eat, no clothes, no shoes; we shall starve and be utterly ruined.'"

The powerful neighbor of the *Volkszeitung*, the inspired *Kölnische Zeitung*, lectures the people on how to behave in the face of defeat—and by all accounts they need it:

> "Faint-hearted croakers have not been lacking in Germany who have gone round with long faces because behind the brief statement of the official report they imagined that all kinds of bad events were concealed. Such tendencies can not be too sharply combated, even when based on alleged impressions and statements of participators in the fighting, whose knowledge and credibility are in exactly inverse proportion to their self-importance.
>
> "Open-field warfare brings changes of fortune, and a factor which must always be reckoned with is that the enemy also cherishes and tries to carry out plans which are opposed to ours. The work of the Supreme Army Command must not be made more difficult or even rendered vain by babbling at home and at the front, as has happened in the case of the offensive which began on July 15. Soldiers of the most various grades competed with the civil population in the streets and railway carriages in announcing quite loudly what each had heard, and expert spies only needed to keep their ears open to glean important hints."



THE MODERN CANUTE.

WILHELM—"*Ach, Himmel!* Why did you tell me the infernal lie that these waves could never advance if I forbade them to?"
THE STAFF—"We didn't notice that wave, All-Highest."

—*Passing Show* (London).

Down in southern Germany the depression is as great as along the Rhine. In the chief organ of Bavaria, the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*, Major

Endres, the military critic, tries dispassionate argument and incidentally conceals the numbers of American troops employed on the Western Front. He writes:

"War is a hard trade, and the strategic-tactical result of every single operation, as of the whole, is bound up with assumptions that, with the best good will, do not always materialize. . . . The more the country learns that France is still very strong, that America has more than half a million soldiers in France, and that by the *U*-boat war alone can not be prevented from continually sending material and transports to France, that, finally, the English Army is in good condition, and, with strength made up, stands prepared for battle, the more will the country appreciate the enormous performance of our troops. But all the more will it be in a position to look things in the face, as they really are, with iron determination.

"It has never hurt an efficient people to have seen clearly the difficulties of a position. Here in the West it may be weeks before the initiative which General Foch has seized comes again to our side. In this situation any undue haste would be amateurish and dangerous, and, therefore, will certainly be avoided; and any nervousness at home would be useless and also unnecessary."

Another military critic in the Jingo *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag* prepares the people for more reverses and withdrawals:

"If to avoid further fighting we are withdrawing to new positions, thereby allowing the enemy to attack with great losses, we are serving our aims better than by sacrificing our best men in an obstinate struggle for pieces of ground. The decisive moment has not yet come. Therefore, all the recent fighting and that to come must be regarded only as mile-stones on the road to the final goal. Notwithstanding the abandonment of ground, precisely for these reasons our position has become such as to retain mastery over our actions."

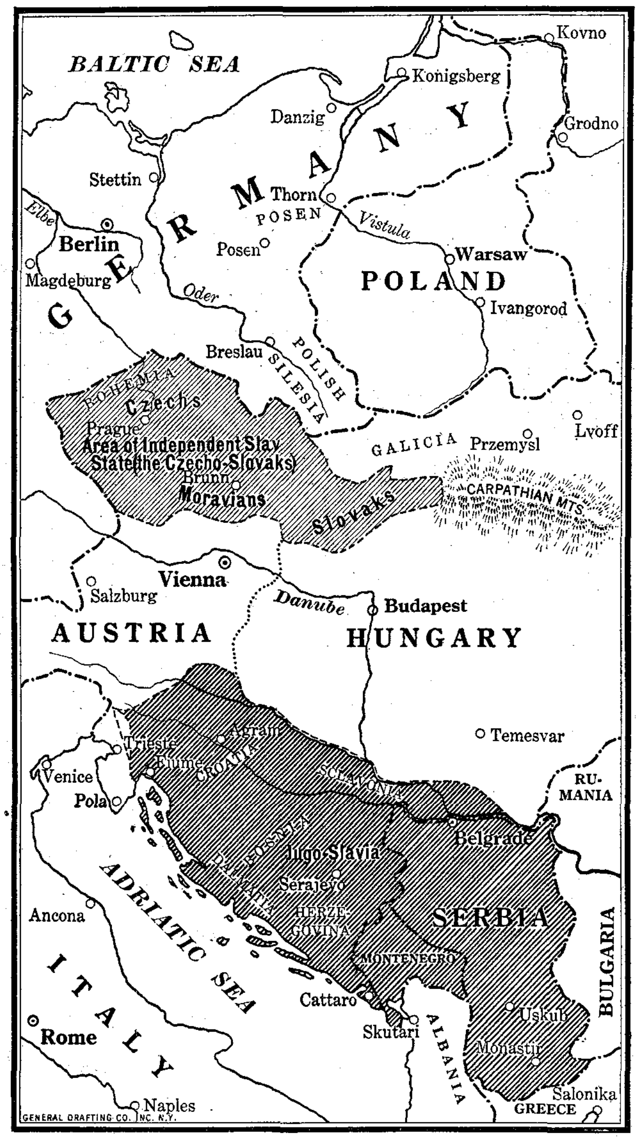
These admissions in a heavily censored press are of no little significance, and disclose a state of feeling which leads some who know Germany well to anticipate something like a revolution should another defeat come before the fall is over. A vivid account is given by a neutral correspondent who was in Germany when the news came. Writing from The Hague to the London *Daily Mail*, he says:

"The pessimists had everything their own way, and attempts to check the wave of despair were futile. Orders were issued throughout the country to public authorities, the press, theaters, and directors of orchestras to make every effort to restore public confidence, and, as usual, the government agents went about explaining that much blacker nights had overshadowed Germany at different periods of the war, and persistently repeated their stock argument that German soil had not been invaded, and that Allied countries had faced far greater losses without a whimper.

"In some places, notably Metz, quarrels arose between Prussian and south German troops, and it is significant that even the Socialist press now warn the people that they must hold fast, and that if they fail to do so absolute ruin will be their portion."

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE JUGO-SLAVS

NOTHING CAN SUPPRESS the legitimate aspirations of a nation for a statehood of its own, and since the war began the opprest Jugo-Slavs of Austria have been holding out to us Allies suppliant hands and begging us to assist them in joining their Servian brothers in the formation of one great Jugo-Slavic state. So far, the only nation that has taken any effective action has been Italy, who at one time thought that her interests in the Adriatic clashed with those of the Jugo-Slavs. Italy has now come to an agreement with her neighbors across the Adriatic and has announced her intention of giving her support when the time comes to the founding of a Jugo-Slav nation. The London *Daily Mail*, in an article entitled "The Importance of the Jugo-Slavs," gives us some very necessary information regarding this historic but martyred people. It says:



THE NEW SLAV STATE.

The northern shaded area is the new Czecho-Slovak state that will come into being with the defeat of the Huns. The lower shaded area is the proposed new Jugo-Slav state, which would comprise Servia, Montenegro, and the Servians, Croats, and other Servian-speaking Slavs now under the oppressive rule of Austria.

"But few people have more than a hazy idea as to who the Jugo-Slavs are and why the understanding between them and Italy is an event, and the good relations between them and the Czecho-Slovaks and Poles of the happiest augury for the Allies.

"The word Jugoslav is the Servian for South Slav, and before the war the South Slavs numbered about 12,000,000 people, occupying the independent states of Servia and Montenegro and the following provinces of Austria-Hungary: Bosnia and Herzegovina, annexed as recently as 1908; Dalmatia, which became Austrian after the Napoleonic wars; Croatia and Slavonia; the territories of the Slovenes; the Banat of Temesvar, Batchka, and Baranya, in south Hungary. These provinces, for political reasons chiefly, were under a variety of administrations.

"The Turkish tide which in the Middle Ages swept over the Balkans and destroyed the old Servian Empire swept later over Hungary, and was only arrested at the gates of Vienna. Then the tide gradually ebbed and province after province became liberated. The Jugo-Slav provinces, freed from the Turks, fell under the power of Austria, all except Servia and Montenegro, and it was the desire of Austria for Servia, which stood on the high road of 'Eastern Expansion,' that precipitated the European War.

"The importance of the Jugo-Slavs lies chiefly in the fact that they are, or were before the war, a larger racial unit than either German Austrians, Hungarians, Austrian Poles, or Czecho-Slovaks. Their political understanding with Poles and Czecho-Slovaks is fraught with great potentialities, since these three races, without counting the Jugo-Slavs of Servia, form about two-thirds of the Austro-Hungarian population.

"The significance of the understanding with Italy lies in the fact that the ill-feeling between Italy and the Jugo-Slavs at the beginning of the war was acute. Italy claimed, and by secret treaty was promised, not only Austrian territory occupied by Italians, but also territory occupied by Jugo-Slavs.

"Italy has now moderated her attitude with something of the Mazzini vision."

THE CZECHO-SLOVAKS RECOGNIZED

A NEW ALLIED NATION has come into existence by the recognition accorded to the Czecho-Slovaks by London, Paris, and Rome, and most authorities are of the opinion that in a very short time Washington, too, will welcome this heroic people as a member of the brotherhood which is fighting for the liberation of the world. It was on August 13 that Great Britain as the last of the three European great Powers formally recognized the new Bohemia as an Allied country which had—altho in exile—a Government of its own. The declaration put forth by the British Government runs:

From "L'Illustration," Paris.

CZECHO-SLOVAK TROOPS IN ROME.

These sturdy warriors are singing the national hymn of Bohemia on the occasion when Italy recognized the Czecho-Slovaks as a nation.

> "Since the beginning of the war the Czecho-Slovak nation has resisted the common enemy by every means in its power.
>
> "The Czecho-Slovaks have constituted a considerable army, fighting on three different battle-fields and attempting in Russia and Siberia to arrest the Germanic invasion. In consideration of its efforts to achieve independence Great Britain regards the Czecho-Slovaks as an Allied nation and recognizes the unity of the three Czecho-Slovak armies as an Allied and belligerent Army waging regular warfare against Austria-Hungary and Germany.
>
> "Great Britain also recognizes the right of the Czecho-Slovak National Council as the supreme organ of Czecho-Slovak national interests and as the present trustee of the future Czecho-Slovak Government to exercise supreme authority over this Allied and belligerent Army."

This declaration means the death-knell of the ramshackle Austro-Hungarian Empire, as is made abundantly clear by the message sent by Dr. Masaryk to Mr. Pichon, the French Foreign Minister. As reported by the Paris *Temps*, the message ran:

> "Recognition of the independent Czecho-Slovak state means the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary, reducing Germany to her own national forces. The independent Czecho-Slovak state is the final check to Pan-German schemes of a Berlin-to-Bagdad route. The anti-German barrier formed by the Czecho-Slovak state—Poland, Jugoslavia, Roumania, and Italy—is also the surest help to Russia and the small nations now under Austro-German domination. Russia, separated from the Germans and the Magyars, can develop without direct German interference."

Ever since the war began the Czechs who are still under the domination of Austria have been a thorn in the side of the Vienna Government; and, to obviate trouble, the Austrian Government attempted to divide Bohemia up in such a way as to give a German minority absolute control over local affairs. The following speech on the subject by one of the Czech Deputies in the Austrian Reichsrath shows pretty clearly that the Czechs who remain at home in Bohemia are heart and soul with their brethren who are fighting for their liberation abroad. As reported by the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger*, this Deputy, Dr. Stranski, said:

> "The Czechs declare that they will hate and fight Austria for ever, and, God willing, they will in the end destroy her completely, because Austria embodies a century-old crime against the liberty of mankind. The highest national duty of the Czechs is to harm Austria, wherever and whenever possible. This we owe to the Czech people and to our loyalty to the Bohemian crown, which loyalty can only be put into practise by betraying Austria. We are, therefore, determined to betray her whenever we can.
>
> "Austria is no state at all, but a bad century-old dream—a nightmare, and nothing else. It is a state without patriots and without patriotism, which came into being by the piecing together of eight unredeemed countries, Germany included. It is a monstrosity. We no longer expect in this miserable state which is called Austria that the righteous cause of the much-insulted Czech people will ever be defended. Only after the death of two-thirds of the population of this state will there be no two-thirds majority against the Government. You imagined that by first creating districts which would become German centers, the end would be the establishment of a province of German Bohemia. The way to Germany is free, but we must ask you to take nothing with you that belongs to us."

The London *Daily Chronicle*, commenting editorially on the military and political importance of the recognition of the Czecho-Slovaks, says:

> "On the strictly political side the step is an important commitment in the direction of the 'breaking up' of Austria-Hungary. The phrase is a somewhat misleading one because it suggests that some Austro-Hungarian unity naturally exists. This is not the case, for the tie which binds Czechoslovakia to the Hapsburgs is one of external German force only.
>
> "If we leave that force operative, Germany is not defeated and the foundation for her aggressive ambitions in Europe remains intact. If, on the other hand, we remove it and the Czecho-Slovaks obtain self-determination, there is no question of their remaining subject to the Hapsburgs' domination. To a man they have resolved to secede from it and establish themselves as an independent state."

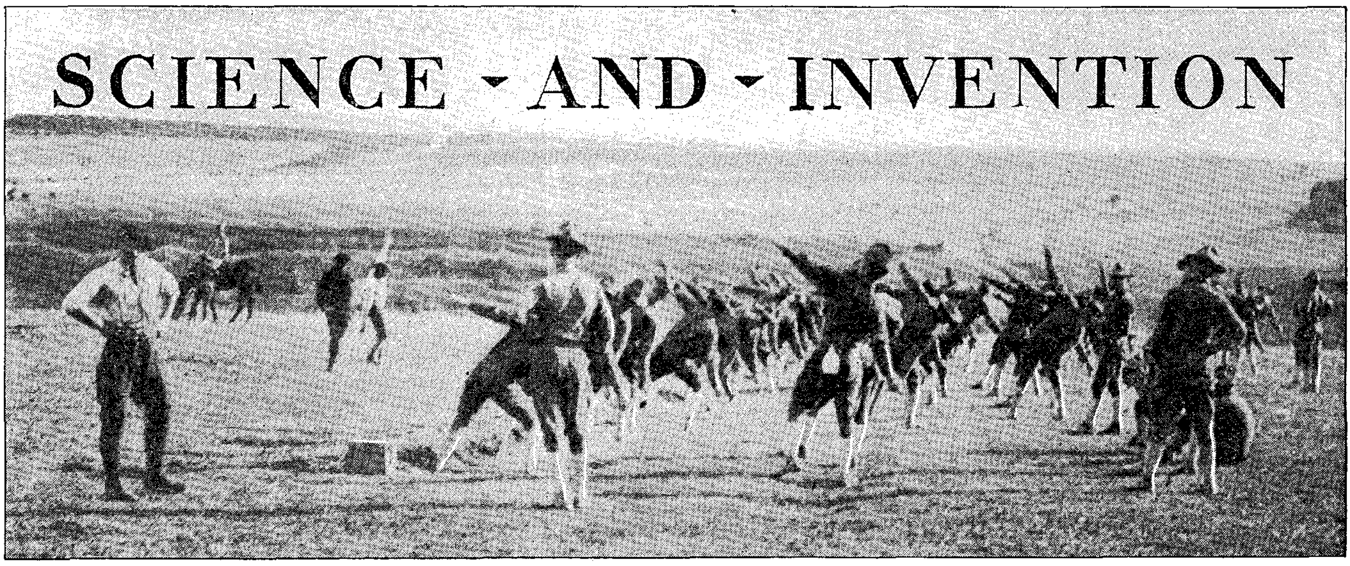
This London organ then goes on to point out that the recognition of another important group of Austrian-opprest Slavs has been unduly delayed, and that the Jugo-Slavs ought to receive the same recognition as has been accorded to the Czecho-Slovaks and the Poles. *The Chronicle* says:

> "What is needed to complete the policy exemplified in the Polish and Czecho-Slovak cases is parallel recognition of the Jugo-Slavs. Their case has for a long time presented some anomalous features, owing to their relations to the Servians on one side and their disputes with the Italians on the other. The former were successfully settled by negotiations with Mr. Passitch, which resulted in the pact of Corfu, and the latter have since been adjusted at Rome by a compromise between the Italian and Jugo-Slav claims.
>
> "There seems no valid reason why these results should not now be embodied in an official recognition. The position of the Allies, and, not least, of the Italians, would be materially strengthened thereby, especially if the Italian Government could see its way by a gesture of fine and unforced generosity to take the initiative in the matter."

The Austrian Government announces that it will shoot out of hand any Czecho-Slovak captured. An official announcement runs:

> "These disloyal elements, guilty of perjury, will, notwithstanding the Entente's recognition, be regarded and treated as traitors. It can not be permitted that the peoples who have always fulfilled their duties as Austrian and Hungarian citizens, and whose sons as members of the Austro-Hungarian Army fought bravely against the Entente, shall be subjected to the suspicions cast upon them by such methods as employed by the British official declaration. The Austro-Hungarian Government reserves its steps in this regard."

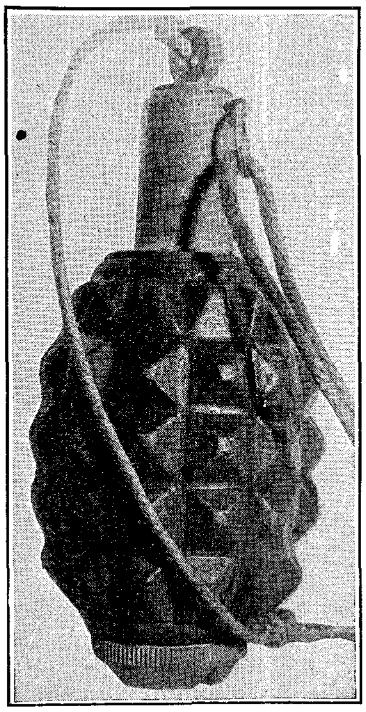
SCIENCE AND INVENTION

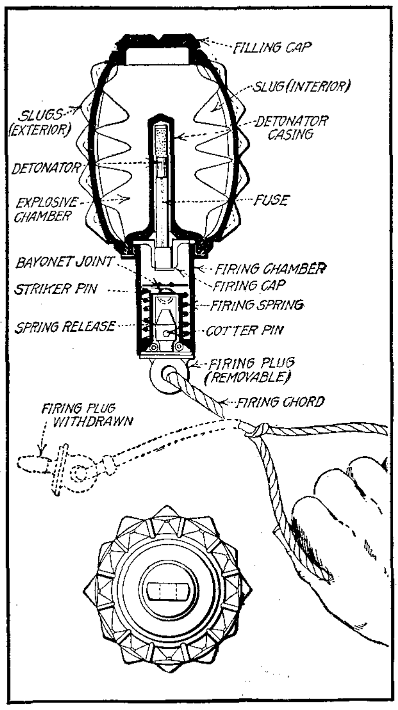


AMERICAN SOLDIERS AT HAND-GRENADE PRACTISE.

GRENADES TO SUIT EVERYBODY

THREE HUNDRED VARIETIES of hand-grenade have been patented in the United States alone. The revival of this almost forgotten missile is one of the curious features of the present war. It dates back at least to the sixteenth century, and the grenadiers, or grenade-throwers, have retained their name even during the period when their weapon was obsolete. The old grenade was abandoned on account of its weight, clumsiness, and danger to the user. Its lighted fuse went out if it fell into water or soft earth, and the enemy was sometimes able to pick it up and throw it back before it exploded. The modern revival of the grenade, we are told by Rudolph C. Lang, in *The American Machinist* (New York, July 25), dates from the siege of Port Arthur in 1894. Since then it has been developed into a weapon of most delicate mechanism. Says Mr. Lang:





Illustrations by courtesy of "The American Machinist."

A GRENADE OF THE CORD-OPERATED TYPE.

"While long strides have been taken, much remains to make the grenade safer for its thrower and more deadly to its object, and to attain this condition the following are perhaps the most essential factors: Proper weight, so as not to strain the thrower's arm; proper shape, so as to fit the hand, thus preventing accidental dropping; if detonated on time the attachment of an accurate timing device; if detonated on impact the attachment of a delicately balanced apparatus actuated by striking water, soft earth, snow, or marshes; imperviousness to moisture; it must operate in extreme temperatures; it must not explode on accidental dropping at less than five feet; it must show perfect fragmentation of slugs; it must have strong penetrative possibilities, and must be easily charged and be safe when in this condition if subject to severe jolting from transportation. . . . It should also be inexpensive to manufacture. However, most grenades in use are composed of a cast-iron shell with the mechanical parts of die-casting metal which make them quite satisfactory and inexpensive as well. . . . . . .

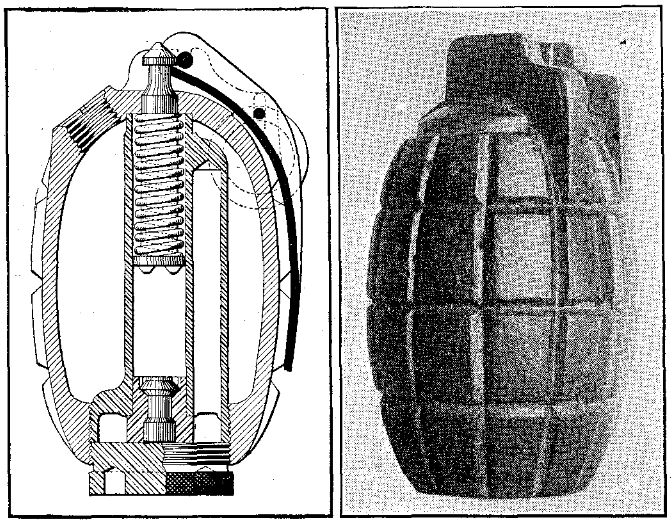
"There are scores of designs of hand-grenades, about three hundred having gone through the Patent Office. In these have been used almost every conceivable means for detonation. Some release the striking part by dislodging a weight actuated on impact with some object; others with a timing device set for a predetermined period (usually five seconds), while still others use the twirling action of a baseball to release some component part. One type used the match-tip idea and advocated that the soldier should have a piece of sandpaper fastened to his sleeve for lighting a match prior to throwing."

Following is a description of the Mills grenade, extensively used by the British and operated by a timing-device set for five seconds:

"When ready for use it is placed in the palm of the hand so as to hold the lever securely at the side. Then by extracting the cotter-pin and ring which held it in place during shipment it is thrown. The lever then automatically ejects itself, thereby releasing the striking pin. Care must be taken not to liberate this lever until it automatically does so itself after being thrown. The striker-pin thus released forcibly connects by a cocked spring to a 0.22-rim fire-cap from which the wad and powder are omitted and which merely retains the fulminate of mercury in the rim. In place of the wad and powder a fuse cut just long enough to consume five seconds is crimped in and connected to a No. 6 Nobel detonator placed in a very thin casing of die-casting metal alongside of the tube containing the striker-pin, spring, etc., this being as near center to the interior of the shell as is possible with this particular construction. This type . . . leaves ample room for improvement in the direction of safety."

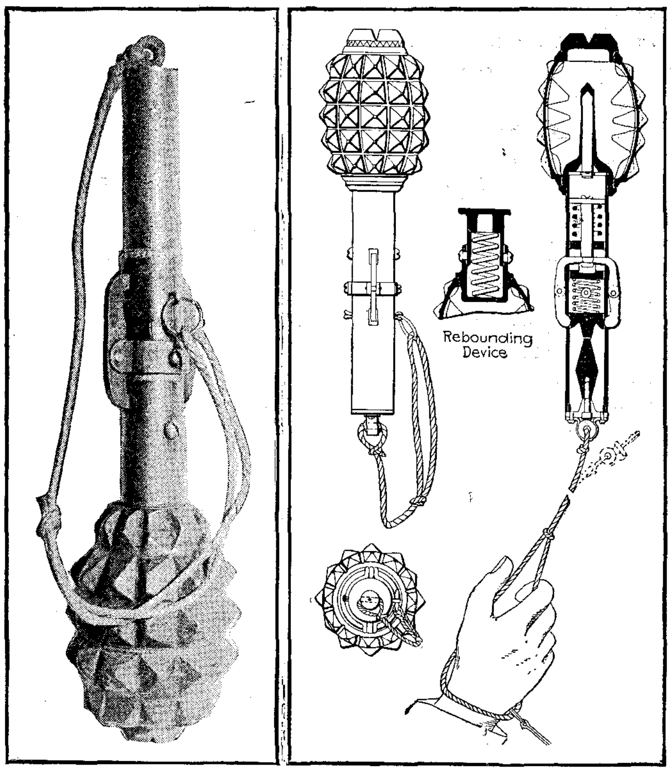
Another style of grenade has an ingenious method of firing designed to safeguard the user and is operated by a cord attachment which is retained when throwing the bomb, thereby releasing a pin and effecting detonation. We read:

"The unique part of this contrivance is that it requires just enough momentum to overcome a slight resistance when extracting the plug to insure its leaving and traveling a safe distance away. Should the thrower be shot or accidentally stumble the grenade drops the length of the cord, but remains there hanging on his wrist without exploding, as the force of the grenade dropping the length of the cord is not sufficient to release it. . . . The weight of these grenades is about one pound each, when they are complete and ready for use, which is about the weight an ordinary man can throw thirty-five yards. After a little practise improvement as to distance and aim is thus developed, some being able to hurl them fifty yards. It is said that Americans are most adept in this art, probably owing to the fact that their national game is baseball. An article on hand-grenades would be incomplete without describing a certain style, which is operated on impact and which is perhaps the most important because it is the only practical type for airplane use. The great differences in altitudes from which it is used necessitate anywhere from five to twenty seconds to drop, making this bomb or hand-grenade suitable for either hand or aerial purposes. . . . For air work, where weight is not such an important factor as when thrown by hand, larger shells with heavier charges are used. This type . . . is also operated by extracting a cord which in the grenade does not effect detonation as before, but removes a pin, thereby allowing a double conical weight to be delicately held at its ends. This extraction is done when thrown. . . . The rest of the parts function in the regular way as described, the only slight change being in the fuse, which is now made as short as possible, merely being used as a means for connecting the cap and detonator."


AN ENGLISH MILLS GRENADE.

In conclusion, the writer reminds us of some of the peculiar conditions of trench warfare that have led to the revival of the grenade. He says:

"Never before have so much time and energy been expended in excavating trenches and making them habitable. Extending, mile after mile, they are deep, strong, and purposely irregular, with sometimes not more than thirty or forty yards intervening between opposing trenches. Artillery at this range would be ridiculous, machine guns and rifles often little better, as the great velocity would send their missiles singing over the top. So hand-grenades became an invaluable part in the struggle. It was not a difficult matter to heave them in high trajectories so that their detonation would take place either in or over the opposing trenches. They were also found to be helpful when charging trenches, especially those which were being vacated, as it often occurred that in charging a trench or fortification of some kind, thinking that the artillery- and rifle-fire had thoroughly cleaned it out, there would still be a few left who were unable to make the retreat or were stubbornly courageous and who could only be captured or killed after a sacrifice of one or more lives. A few grenades thrown in these trenches or dugouts prior to entering served to either kill any one lurking in its dark corners or wound them beyond any possibilities of retaliation. So the grenade has come to stay, at least until some very radical change is made in the methods resorted to by warring people."



A GRENADE OF THE IMPACT TYPE.

AUTOMATIC LIGHT CONSERVATION

IT CAN NOT BE TOO OFTEN INSISTED that saving does not necessarily mean skimping. The simple prevention of waste in hundreds of different fields will give us much of the money, materials, and energy that we need in the present crisis. This is particularly true of electric energy. Its increasing production is giving us a source that is extremely convenient and correspondingly inviting to wasters. The push of a button or the twist of a key gives it to us when we want it, and another push or twist cuts it off. Only it is easier still to omit this latter, and the energy that we need for seconds or minutes goes on being supplied wastefully for hours. A writer in *The Electrical Review* (Chicago) calls attention to the automatic time-switch, a device too little known, which supplies the place of the lacking memory or judgment in human wasters of energy and turns their current off for them when they forget to do it. To quote this writer:

"The automatic time-switch is a piece of apparatus that deserves greater publicity at the present time than is accorded it. It can be a powerful factor in conserving man-power, time, and fuel. It is a piece of apparatus that can often be used by the central station, the city and municipality, and the individual owner of a building to good advantage, in each instance enabling a saving of fuel and labor, a reduction of electric-light bills, safeguarding against legal claims for damages, or some other saving. It is surprizing to what a large extent the electric time-switch is being used in accomplishing some of these things.

"The hallway and stairway lights of flat buildings are often left burning from dusk until the janitor or owner of the building turns them out in the morning, usually an hour or two or even more after dawn, and therefore after they are really needed. The time-switch would save the waste of kilowatt-hours burned in this way, also the lamp-hours by which the life of the lamps are shortened, items worthy of consideration in a flat, big or small. Press reports tell of an effort being made to curtail home lighting 50 per cent. The automatic time-switch may prove a necessity then for extinguishing lights at midnight or at dawn.

"The shortage of fuel again promises to cause curtailed use of signs this coming winter. Perhaps store-window lighting and signs will be allowed to be illuminated only until after the theatergoers have gone home. The time-switch takes care of this nicely.

"For the automatic substation and isolated transformer house serving small villages and townships, and the arc and tungsten street-lighting circuit, the electric time-switch does away with attendance, economizes light and lamps and energy. For the rural or railway water-tank it is sometimes found preferable to install a time-switch and have the tank filled at definite times rather than to start the motor automatically according to definite water-levels. Such an arrangement is particularly convenient when the tank is far removed from supervision, and the demand for water definitely known.

"Some of the larger utilities employ men to go round and turn off the flat-rate customers having signs or store-windows illuminated till late at night. Often the men are late in getting around; men are now difficult to obtain and women are not advisable for this work of traveling the streets of our cities late at night. The time-switch takes care of this situation, without worry, without delay, saving cost of labor and reducing energy consumption.

"Another case where the automatic electric time-switch is recommended is for controlling the lamp clusters in passenger depots and track-crossings of trolley and steam-railroads. These lights are often required by State law to burn from dusk to dawn, but can often be seen burning long after the sun is up, in fact, until a train-crew or some passer-by turns them out. The time-switch takes care of this, requiring only a change of setting with the season, a matter of a little attention.

"Another case that comes to mind is that of lighting up dangerous sections of road , bridges, and curves. The congestion of the railroads and terminals has diverted much traffic to the highways and the motor-trucks. With increased traffic comes the need for better illumination of our roads. Out in remote localities, served by the rural line, the automatic time-switch permits the lights to come on and go off with the coming of dusk and dawn, without trouble, but with entire reliability.

"The instances where the automatic electric time-switch can be used to good advantage to save light, save fuel, labor, and material are endless. And the greater the load and the longer the hours saved by the use of the switch the sooner the time-switch pays for itself. The present time, with everything at inflated prices, makes the time-switch a good investment for those that want to save themselves trouble and keep down their light bill."

CHINA'S TRANSPORTATION NEEDS—About seven per cent. of the workers in the United States are employed in transportation. In China about fifty per cent. are so employed. This is because China is deficient in roads and railways so that half her workers must be continually busy in "wheeling and carrying things about," to quote an editorial writer in *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago, July 17). According to this writer, Chinese poverty is largely due to this necessity for employing a large part of the population in moving produce from place to place. Before China "can enjoy a prosperity worthy of the name," he asserts, a great mileage of roads and railways must be built. At present nearly all Chinese roads are mere footpaths used by men with wheelbarrows or by donkeys and mules. The cost of haulage by this method, even with wages at 15 cents a day, is 4 to 12 cents per ton-mile, whereas our own Government is now paying not more than half a cent for carrying freight by rail. We read:

"With the present primitive methods of transportation it is evident that a very large part of the population must be engaged in moving produce from place to place. Perhaps half the workers in China are busy wheeling and carrying things about. In America only seven per cent. of our 38,000,000 workers are employed directly in transportation, and of these about half are steam-railway employees. If we include those who are indirectly engaged in transportation, that is, in mining coal and metals and in manufacturing plants for transportation purposes, about ten per cent. of all our workers are occupied in transportation. To this should be added the time of farmers spent in hauling crops, etc., to and from shipping places. If we estimate that the farmer spends one-sixth of his time in such hauling, then less than two per cent. is to be added to the ten per cent., making a total of twelve per cent. of our total working time spent directly and indirectly in hauling produce and passengers on steam- and electric-railways and in horse-drawn wagons, motor-trucks, and delivery autos. If by the building of roads and railways China could release, say, thirty-five per cent. of its entire working population from present transportation services, and divert them to manufacturing, mining, and agriculture, Chinese poverty would cease to exist. A great social problem confronts the Chinese, and they seem to be about to undertake its solution. Once they begin intelligently to rescue themselves from penury, American engineers, manufacturers, and financiers should be able to assist them beyond measure."

NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAYS

EUROPE AND AMERICA may think that they have enough transcontinental railroads for their needs, but Africa and Australia have no such opinion, and Asia is yet to be heard from. Africa is building what will put her ahead of the American continents—a through north and south line which will link Cairo to the Cape long before our projected Pan-American line has passed the limits of talk. The Australian transcontinental, just finished, has been recently described in these columns. The Bagdad Railway, once the buttress of Pan-Germanism, will be completed under other auspices. The Siberian line, Asia's first transcontinental, may yet be the means of saving Russia. And the centenary of the railroad is yet to be celebrated! Some of the trips that may even now be taken by rail, in these days of world-war, are described by an editorial writer in *The Evening Post* (New York), in the following words, under the heading "New Railway Building":

"Five months ago an inconspicuous dispatch announced the completion of the first transcontinental Australian railway—the line from Port Augusta to Kalgoorlie, with the longest straight stretch of track in the world. It was built under the Federal agreement made when western Australia entered the Commonwealth. A few days since another dispatch stated that the Cape-to-Cairo Railway has now reached Bukama, in the Kongo Free State, at a distance of 2,600 miles from Cape Town. Such items furnish interesting evidence that peaceful construction still goes on in time of war, and even in an empire racked by it. Whoever consults a map can see that the extensions are important. The new Australian line makes it possible for the citizen of Perth, Freemantle, or Northampton, on the west coast, to step aboard a train and a week or ten days later step off another at Melbourne, or Sydney, or Brisbane, having covered between the farthest removed cities a distance exceeding that from San Francisco to New York. The future M.P. headed for the capital, Canberra, need fear no stormy voyage. By the South-African line the traveler can ride from Cape Town, a distance north more than equal to that from New York to Salt Lake City; he steps off where the Kongo is navigable, and can then journey by boat, with another 250 miles of rail thrown in, to the mouth of the Kongo, or 4,850 miles in all. Or, turning east, he can go by boat to a point on the Kongo connected by rail with Lake Tanganyika, and by rail and steamer through Albertville and Ujiji to Dar-es-Salaam and Zanzibar.

"These railways directly point the way to greater achievement. In Australia the builders will now turn to the projected railway to connect the northern and southern extremities of the continent; and for this a good beginning has been made. From the central part of south Australia a line now runs north about one-third the way through the continent, to Oodnadata; and from Port Darwin on the north coast a line stretches down 150 miles south to Pine Creek. The remaining distance has been surveyed, and, tho running through the Macdonnell Range in the heart of the continent, would offer no greater obstacles than has the east and west line, which was built at the rate of nearly a mile a day. Water-supply will be the chief problem. A line belting the east coast and turning inward toward the north to reach the Gulf of Carpentaria could be even more easily finished, as large sections are already in place. Rails now run four hundred miles northwest of Brisbane to Rockhampton, and a little work will connect that port with Townsville and Croydon, whence a railway already runs on to the Gulf."

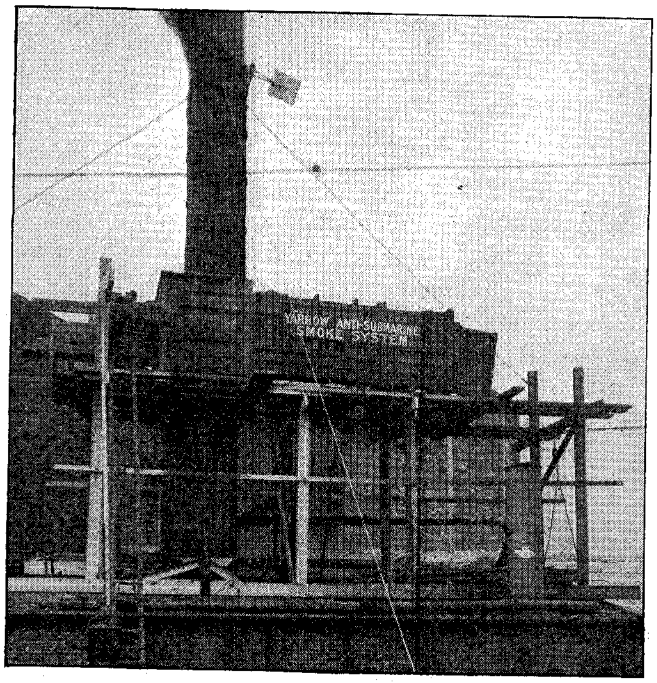
In Africa the British hope of an all-red line from Cape Town 5,000 miles north to Alexandria has been revived, we are told, with the conquest of German East Africa. The route traverses almost the whole north and south length of the Belgian Kongo to Stanleyville on the Upper Kongo River. With the unit just completed, the traveler using the Kongo and Nile need go on foot only through 550 miles of wilderness between Stanleyville and Lake Albert. This is not a longer stretch than the British have covered from Mombasa to Victoria Nyanza; and it is not nearly so long as the German railway from Dar-es-Salaam to Tanganyika. We read again:

"If the builders move rapidly, the railway might celebrate its first centenary about 1925 with a position in the world that would seem to make water transportation subsidiary. Asia has been traversed in the north by rail for more than a decade. In the south a double line now extends from the Black Sea across to the Caspian, and one from the Caspian far east to Samarkand and Tashkend. It should be no insuperable task to carry this across Afghanistan to link up with the British line that runs up to Peshawur, on the Afghan border near the Khaibar Pass. More immediately in view has been the extension of the Constantinople-Bagdad Railway through Persia to a point in Baluchistan, where it could join the British railway tapping that country. Given either line, and the Londoner could go from Calais to the Burmese frontier, not by a steamer trip which retains much of the tedious emptiness that enabled Macaulay to read a small library on it, but by rail. In the Malay Peninsula construction gangs have been busy, and a line is not far from complete between its point, opposite Singapore, and Bangkok. From the latter city another runs far northwest into the interior of Siam, penetrating near the Burmese frontier, and it and the Burmese line could easily be brought together. Gages differ, and some railways may be in bad condition. But it is not at all visionary to look forward to a day when the new British Governor for Singapore will start for his post by rail. Some who line up with him at Victoria Station will doubtless ask for through tickets to the Cape of Good Hope, perhaps inquiring about side trips to Zanzibar and Tripoli; or if the French carry their projected railway across the Sahara, it may be possible to choose an alternative across North Africa on the way to South Africa. Soon, as human affairs go, the three continents of Asia, Africa, and Europe will be bound closely by rail.

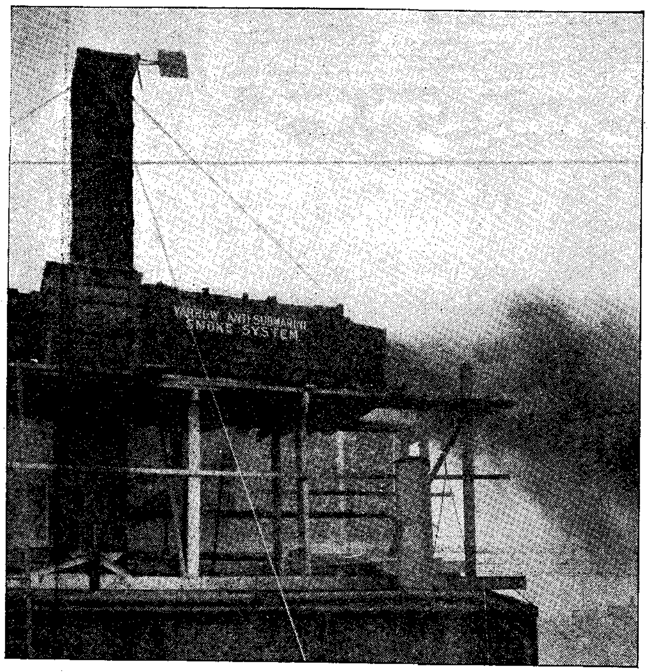
"In the American continents striking new departures seem further away. Men may now go from Halifax or Prince Rupert to Oxaca, Mexico, or Guatemala City, or to Santiago de Cuba, practically without losing sight of a railway-car. Hudson Bay will very soon be linked up. In South America passengers may go from Victoria, some hundreds of miles north of Rio de Janeiro, to points far beyond Buenos Aires into lower Argentina; and they may cross the Andes from Buenos Aires to Valparaiso in two days of wonderful travel. But the northern part of South America and nearly all Central America are very poor in railways, and it will be long before the American or Mexican can visit the South American except by sea."

SPRAYING SMOKE OUT OF SIGHT

THE DISTANCE OF VISIBILITY of a steamer from the periscope of a submarine may be lowered from 17 to 10 miles by spraying its smoke downward toward the water. This plan was adopted thirty years ago in some of the earliest torpedo-boats built by the Yarrows in England, but seems to have fallen into abeyance for some unaccountable reason. In a recent lecture by Sir Alfred Yarrow before British shipowners and underwriters at Lloyd's in London, the speaker again directed attention to this means of evading attack. The results of his experiments and the means of applying the smoke-spraying device to merchant vessels are described in an illustrated article in *The Scientific American* (New York, July 27), in which this method of dissipating steamer-smoke in the submarine zone is commended to the attention of the naval authorities of any of the Allied nations who may wish to use it. We read:



SMOKE ESCAPING NORMALLY.

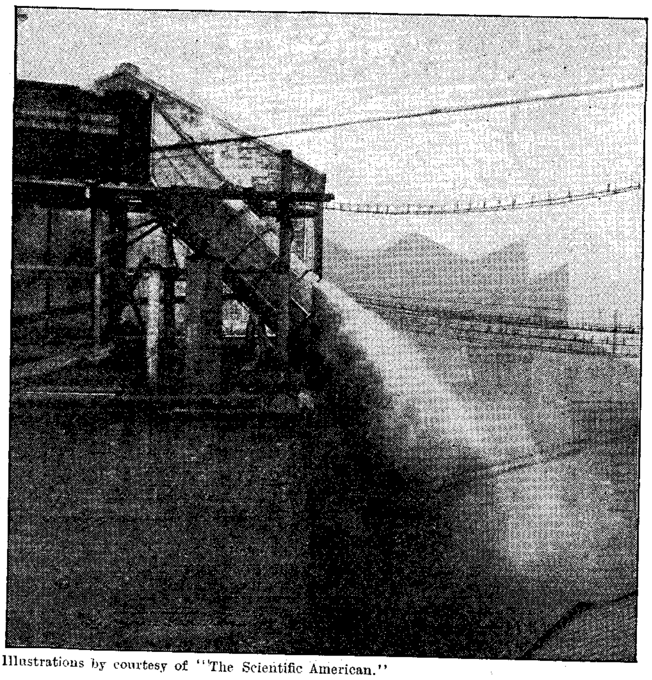


SMOKE DELIVERED HORIZONTALLY.

"It is well known that the first indication, on a fine day, that there is a steamer in the far distance is the trail of smoke which, under certain conditions, reaches high into the heavens. It is estimated that, on the average, the smoke will rise to about one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. At this height it can be seen from the bridge of a submarine at a distance of over seventeen miles, the eye of the officer in command of a boat being assumed as about fifteen feet above the level of the sea.

"If the smoke, instead of ascending, were caused to descend so that it never rose above the level of the bridge, an ordinary cargo vessel would first become visible above the horizon at a distance of ten miles. From this it follows that, if some means could be found for driving the smoke down toward the water instead of permitting it to rise skyward, a vessel of the average type would be able to pass between the 10- and the 17-mile radius from a submarine without being observed."

When the officer in command of a submarine or a raider sees the smoke of a vessel in the



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Scientific American."

SMOKE DRIVEN DOWNWARD BY COLD SPRAY.

distance, he at once heads for her at full speed so as to place himself in position for attack. As an indication of how immediately and regularly this is done, the writer quotes several extracts from the log of the German raider *Karlsruhe*, recently printed in translation in the Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute. He then goes on:

> "The plan for keeping smoke down which Messrs. Yarrow have adopted consists in carrying a horizontal duct from the base of the smoke-stack, at an elevation of about six feet above the deck, to the gunwale of the ship on each side. The slope of the duct is about forty-five degrees from the horizontal. Just above the point of union of the ducts and the smoke-stack there is a damper in the latter, which prevents the smoke and waste gases passing upward, and causes them to flow out, either on the port or starboard side of the vessel.
>
> "A most important element in the device is the introduction of a spray of cold water, delivered at high pressure, at the mouth of the duct, the spray passing out with the products of combustion. It cools the gases and has the effect of causing them to fall toward the water in place of ascending.
>
> "It would be expected that, by doing away with a portion of the smoke-stack, the draft would be diminished; but that is not the case. The spray, issuing at high velocity, produces an induced draft, which is even greater than that due to the loss of height in the funnel. In an ordinary merchantship the vacuum in the smoke-box is from two-tenths to three-tenths of an inch of water; but with this device the vacuum varies from four-tenths to five-tenths, and thus the combustion is actually accelerated. This is an important point, particularly if we remember that a merchantship is liable to be chased by a submarine at a time when the fires may not be in good condition. The spray of cold water is supplied by a pump in the engine-room at a pressure of 150 pounds per square inch.
>
> "Sir Alfred Yarrow states that the estimated cost of putting in this device is about one-half of one per cent. of the total value of the vessel; and the time occupied in fitting it on board should not exceed one week, provided the necessary parts and plant, such as the pump, the ducts, and the sprayers, are at hand when the ship makes fast at her wharf.
>
> "Here is a device which we commend to the consideration of the United States Shipping Board. It is not so much an engineering as a common-sense proposition, and it is the work of one of the most famous shipbuilders in the world, who, by the way, refuses to accept any remuneration in connection with the proposal, but makes a free gift of it to the British or any of the members of the Entente who may wish to make use of it."

HORSES AND TYPHOID—An assertion made recently in print by Arthur Brisbane, that the typhoid germ develops only in the horse, is declared editorially by *The Journal of the American Medical Association* to be utterly without scientific foundation. Says this paper (Chicago, July 27):

> "Last week in *Tonics and Sedatives*—probably where the matter belongs—appeared part of a column of editorial comment called 'To-day,' written by Arthur Brisbane, of the Hearst papers. This column deals with simple and clearly understood matters like government ownership, the proper development of an aeroplane program, and the meaning of Prussian peace talk. As a sort of climax were the few paragraphs on the eating of horse-meat, which the *Tonics and Sedatives* reprinted. After confounding a 'scientist,' who was said to have declared that there is no reason for not eating horse-meat, by telling him that he was 'mistaken,' the omniscient one continues: 'The civilized world as a whole opposes the use of horseflesh, and there is usually a substantial reason for a feeling so wide-spread. The typhoid germ develops in the horse, not elsewhere. Man can get typhoid only from the germ that has lived in the horse's body.' It is hardly necessary to state that not one of these statements is approximately correct, that no single case of typhoid has ever been traced to infection from the horse, and that there is no evidence whatsoever that the typhoid germ must pass a necessary stage of its development in that animal. The only experiments of which we are aware that bear on this matter are those in which calves were fed large numbers of typhoid bacilli and were entirely unaffected, the bacteria dying out promptly in the alimentary tract of these animals. Reckless misinformation may do harm if confined to unverifiable politics; but if allowed to display itself in the field of natural science, it can only raise ungodly laughter."

DOCTOR SUN

SUNLIGHT IS NOW BEING SUCCESSFULLY employed in the treatment of wounded men in many of the military hospitals in France, notably in the American Hospital. This we are told by Dr. Willis C. Campbell, of Memphis, Tenn., who has himself used the sun-treatment for five years past with marked success in diseases of the bones and joints, and believes that it may profitably be extended to the treatment of other disorders, especially in military surgery. Dr. Campbell, who is professor of orthopedic surgery in the University of Tennessee, describes 127 of his cases in an article contributed to *The Journal of American Surgery* (New York, July). He gives credit for the modern development of the sun-cure to Dr. Rollier, of Loysen, Switzerland, whose high-level sanatoria for sun-treatment were described in these pages several years ago. Dr. Rollier now has three of these, at altitudes varying from about 4,000 to 5,000 feet. He regards the ultraviolet rays as the curative ones and seeks the high altitudes where these are more abundant. Dr. Campbell's results, however, and those of the French military hospitals, have been obtained at ordinary levels. We quote from Dr. Campbell's article only paragraphs containing no technical descriptions of his cases. He writes:

> "The sun as a therapeutic agent was used by the ancients, and for centuries mention of this measure may be found in medical literature. Various savage tribes and animals, notably the dog, seem to divine the beneficial action of the sunlight, exposing their bodies when ill to the direct solar rays.
>
> "The exposure of a part of the body affected by disease, 'local heliotherapy,' has been employed with some degree of success for many years in the treatment of various disorders of the skin and bones, but the systematic and scientific dosage to the entire body, 'general heliotherapy,' is a comparatively new method, evolved and perfected by Rollier, of Loysen, Switzerland, to whom full credit should be given. General heliotherapy, in contradistinction to local heliotherapy, is of paramount interest at the present time on account of the number of 'war-wounds' amenable to the solar treatment. In fact, the measure is now being employed in many of the military hospitals of France, notably the American Hospital, with excellent results.
>
> "The administration of the solar rays is by no means a simple task, especially in private practise. The closest scrutiny is necessary at all times or the treatment will rarely if ever be carried to a successful termination. I have seen many failures resulting from a lack of appreciation of the importance of employing the measure in a scientific and rigid manner. Dosage and the reaction on the part of the skin and the general condition of the patient must be observed constantly.
>
> "We would not expect curative action of the solar ray by bidding our patient to go out in the sun with the instruction 'expose yourself as much as possible.' Each case must receive detailed instructions as to length of time, the amount of body surface, etc. The greatest care must be taken to avoid dermatitis. The effect on the hemoglobin, white and red cells, should be noted. *X*-ray examinations must be made at intervals. The correct dosage for each patient should be worked out by experience. Some can stand frequent exposures for short intervals, others continuous exposure. Many are seriously affected by the midday sun, while some do well, regardless of the heat.
>
> "About five years ago, I became interested in heliotherapy, and first used the method on an apparently hopeless tuberculous spine and hip joint of an adult, with such a rapid and remarkable cure that I at once instituted the solar treatment in the orthopedic service of several local hospitals. Since which time I have been convinced that the beneficial effect on the diseased process is chiefly due to the action of the sun's rays on the skin surface of the entire body, for there is no comparison in the local and general improvement of patients simply living out of doors in the fresh air and sunshine and those on whom systematic heliotherapy has been properly administered. . . . . . .
>
> "In special institutions for the purpose, much undoubtedly could be accomplished in the way of military surgery at the present time, as the method must be carried out under most rigid discipline in order to effect the desired results.
>
> "Heliotherapy is far-reaching in its effects and undoubtedly will be found of great value, not only in the treatment of affections of bones and joints, but for the cure of various disorders elsewhere in the body."

LETTERS - AND - ART

WHY GERMANY DESTROYS ART

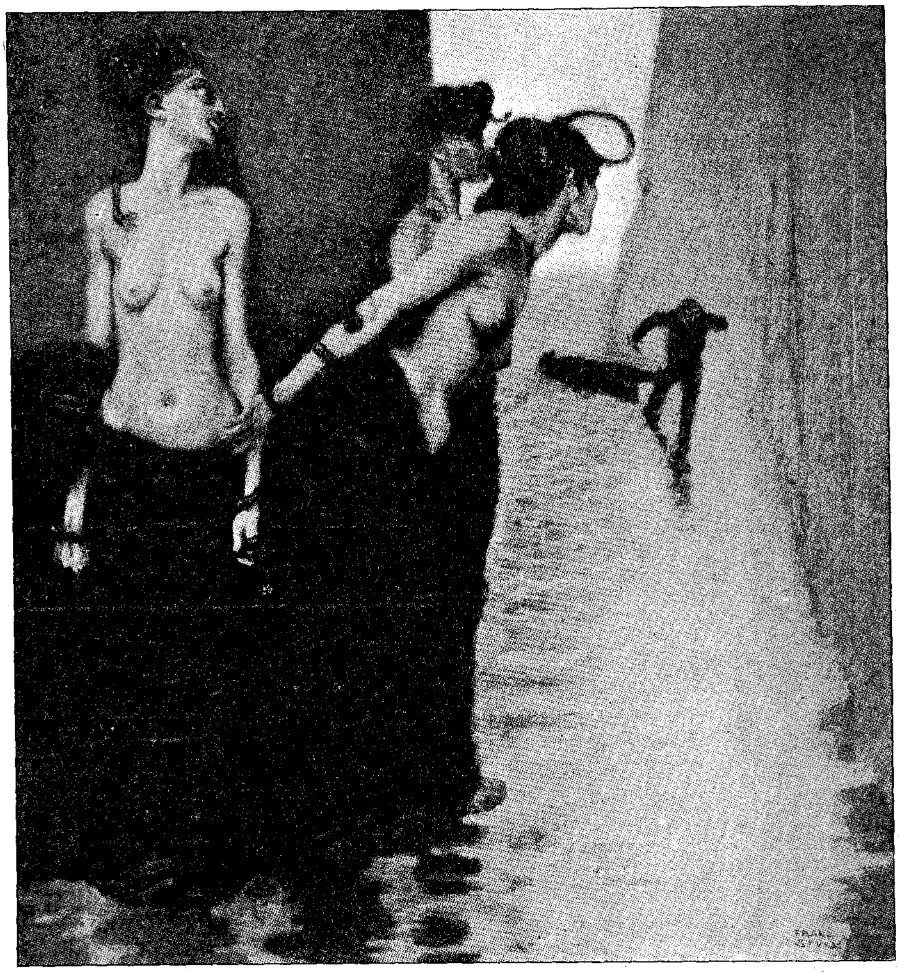
THE TRUE ORIGIN of the German atrocities committed upon the insensate bodies of works of art is not in any military expediency, tho the German General Staff have pretended to find expedients in many and devious ways. For the art critic of the New York *Tribune* the solution of the ghastly problem is found in the progressive degradation of the taste and morals of the German people as plainly in evidence for a decade or more before the war broke out. Mr. Cortissoz turns back to his recollections of a visit paid to Germany in 1906, whither he went "for the express purpose of making a survey of the modern art of the country." His program was deliberate and carefully formed beforehand. It was to see every one of the great exhibitions, explore the larger cities, pay careful attention to buildings and public monuments, and, in a word, identify the leading characteristics of contemporary German painting, sculpture, and architecture. In the New York *Tribune* he gives us a citation from the journal he then made, giving first a note, written in Berlin, not long after landing:

"A queer place, Germany. It so struck me the moment I saw the shores of the Weser. The landscape is flat and tame. Red roofs and windmills give a hint of picturesqueness to the very green meadows and woods, but there is nothing of the romance of the South, and I felt nothing of the gentle, sweet charm that belongs to the similarly simple landscape of England. Something vaguely impress me in those first glimpses, something that smug, tidy Bremen made clearer, and that Berlin has finally explained to the full. It is all exprest in the old phrase, 'Made in Germany.' We know how skilful they are in making a solid, durable, tasteless, and *cheap* article of commerce. I see now that they take the same material—which I figure as a kind of cement or powder, a preparation of some kind—and make everything in the world out of it. They use it in their buildings and in their flower-beds, they paint their pictures with it and they put it in the soup; it comes out in their monuments and in their manners, for what they have left of this disgusting composition they use in the manufacture of Germans.

"One likes the comfortable pavements, made by some cheap process, until all of a sudden you feel that you would give anything for a New York flagstone, cracked in six places, but, at any rate, human, or some Italian cobbles—anything that would break the appalling monotony, as of a city and a civilization made to order. Everything is so hopelessly new. It's splendid, in a way, to see everything so well made, everybody so well disciplined, but you get to hunger for atmosphere and for the sense of beauty. I feel that the Germans have immense strength, that they know what they are about, that they are thorough. I do not feel that there is an atom of artistic instinct in their blood. They come out pretty well in big official buildings; that is, in sheer bigness. But then, as in the huge Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial here, they will set colossal bronze groups on shiny red granite, so that you want to weep for the horror of it."

The above was written, he tells us, at the end of a week or ten days in Germany, and "steadily, thereafter, for weeks and weeks," his journal "received similar observations, only deepening in feeling as the 'inquest' went on." We read:

"In Dresden, even in Dresden, which has some charming aspects, I find myself saying: 'That idea of everything being made out of some cheap composition keeps growing in intensity in my head. What a world!'



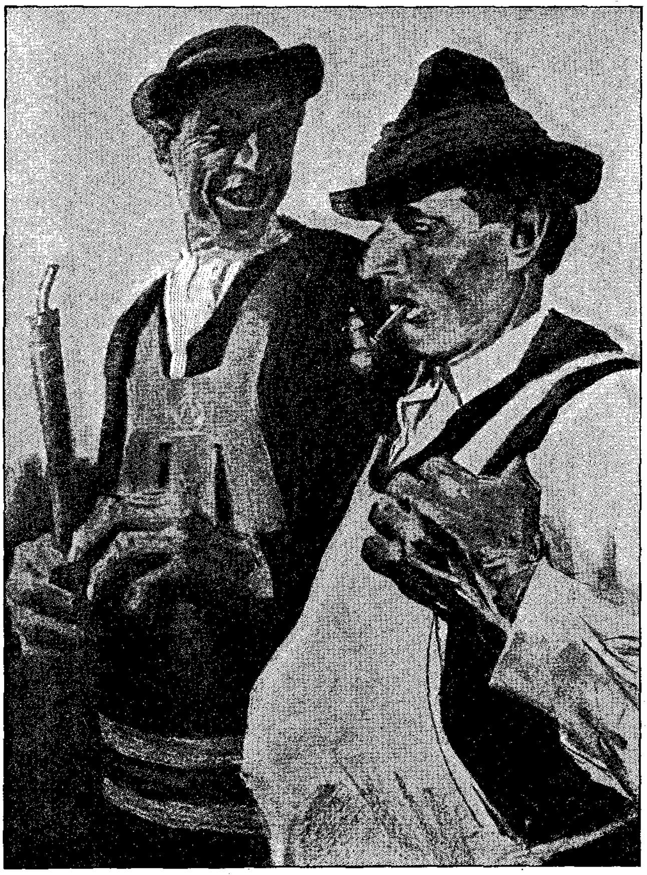
GERMANY INTERPRETING HERSELF.

It is, appropriately, to a German artist, Franz Stuck, that we owe this perfect interpretation of the German spirit, says Mr. Cortissoz, which he here defines as "ruthless in crime and rushing headlong upon the Furies that await the criminal."

"If it had only been an idea of cheap manufacture I would still have been puzzled when the Hun broke loose in August, 1914. But this was the mildest of the evils which seemed to me to be afflicting Germany in the summer of 1906. What soon was apparent, and became more and more obvious as accompanying the current degradation of taste, was a deadlier degradation of morals. This stared you in the face in every exhibition, it was rampant in the theaters, it was held up to view in all the bookshops, and by and by I came to feel it in the gross, overfed faces of the people about me. The 'nudes,' as we call them in our exhibitions, were not 'nudes' in the exhibitions of Munich or Berlin—they were naked indecencies. I remember one popular picture in the Berlin 'Secession,' immensely popular if one could judge from the attention it received. It represented a lumpy bacchante in the forest luring a mob of men to her feet. The leering, bestial men were simply portraits of so many German types. Classical in motif, there was nothing in the least classical about the picture. It was pure pornography. In that it was absolutely characteristic. The illustrated periodicals I overhauled were full of stuff in the same vein. The subject was always of the earth earthy, and, what was worse, the dirtier elements in the German artist's thoughts and emotions had somehow got into the very grain of his style. Those elements, too, were merely dirty, merely offensive, like a bad smell."

Of course "decadence" was not found before the war in Germany alone, but in their particular brand Mr. Cortissoz found "nothing witty, nothing brilliant," as there is, for example, "about a master like the Belgian, Felicien Raps." On the other hand:

> "The German decadent is simply a groveling beast. In Paris, along the Rue de Rivoli, the bookshops flaunt their *risqué* little pictures for the edification, chiefly, of the visiting tourist. These pictures are naughty, but at least cleverly done; they are touched with French wit and grace. The same things in a German bookshop, stuck even more aggressively under the nose of the passer-by, are unqualifiedly revolting. I can imagine the pious wrath of a German professor, say one of the signers of the famous manifesto on the war, if he were confronted by these base post-cards as a sign of his nation's spiritual downfall. But they have a certain validity as documents in the case. They are trifles, if you like, but they are of a piece with the great mass of what I saw in modern German art twelve years ago. They exprest what the painters, sculptors, and architects were expressing: a vulgarity of soul so profound as to be symptomatic of nothing more nor less than moral rottenness.
>
> "I left for Vienna and Italy with a feeling as of having escaped from contact with some loathsome disease. I felt that the soul of the country was sick, if not dead. Rude bodily vigor was still there, a perfect torrent of physical energy, but of the humanities not a trace. Matthew Arnold used to laugh over the German deification of Goethe. Having created the greatest standing army in the world, he said, the Germans were bound to have a world-poet to match. So I found it in the realm of art. They were doing everything on a huge scale, making huge pictures and monuments, producing them in great numbers, plunging furiously into the new movements aforesaid, and altogether endeavoring to prove that art, too, could be 'Made in Germany.' And this art, as it seemed to me, was filthy at the core. That is why, I repeat, I have been able to understand what the German has done since he swept across Belgium and northern France. He entered those regions like a burglar and he has behaved in them like a Dead Sea ape. In the light of what I saw in 1906 I do not see how he could have done anything else. The impulse was even then in his blood, an instinct of race."



AFTER CHURCH.

By Eduard Thöny.

Peasant life depicted in a canvas brought to America by the late Hugo Reisinger in 1909 for the exhibition of contemporary German art.

D'ANNUNZIO'S LATEST EXPLOIT

D'ANNUNZIO, the Italian dramatist and novelist, has found fame added to fame in his war-exploits, but nothing of his doings seizes the imagination like his leading the air-flight from Italy to Vienna to drop a message to the people of that city. "Already a poet of more than continental fame at the outbreak of the war," says the New York *Sun*, "d'Annunzio has won the stature of a world figure—earlier as a propagandist in favor of his country's entering the war, later as a spectacular and daring participant in the conflict." "The whole range of sensation," fearfully observes the New York *Evening Post*, "lies between the murk and swelter of 'Il Fuoco' and 'Trionfo della Morte' and the clear, hazardous air over Vienna whence the former apostle of fetid sensuality showered down upon the gaping populace appeals to rise against its Hapsburg masters, appeals most likely of d'Annunzio's own composition." The manifesto was cabled to *Il Progresso Italo-Americano* (New York), and the New York *Times* furnishes this translation:

> "People of Vienna: You are fated to know the Italians. We are flying over Vienna and could drop tons of bombs; on the contrary, we leave a salutation and the flag with its colors of liberty.
>
> "We Italians do not make war on children, the aged, and women. We make war on your Government, which is the enemy of the liberty of nations—on your blind, wanton, cruel Government, which gives you neither peace nor bread and nurtures you on hatred and illusions.
>
> "People of Vienna: You have the reputation of being intelligent; why, then, do you wear the Prussian uniform? Now you see the entire world is against you. Do you wish to continue the war? Keep on then, but it will be your suicide. What can you hope from the victory promised you by the Prussian generals? Their decisive victory is like the bread of the Ukraine—one dies while awaiting it.
>
> "People of Vienna, think of your dear ones, awake!
>
> "Long live liberty, Italy, and the Entente!"

One newspaper story has it that people are eagerly paying as high as fifty dollars for a copy—whether from a burning desire to possess the means of effecting a revolution or from the fascination of so unusual an air-message. If a wag did not invent the story of the high prices paid for the leaflets, we might surmise that perhaps Austrian profiteers were eagerly collecting d'Annunzio's first editions. However, not to be frivolous over the matter, we turn back to the *Evening Post's* more sedate consideration of the episode:

> "D'Annunzio's is not the case of the man snatched by catastrophe from the cultivation of his own walled garden of pleasure or thought to a realization of his kinship with humanity at large. War has always done that to the decadents, the cynics, and the rebel anarchs of art. We are not surprized that a man like Maxim Gorky, whose very name means 'bitterness' and whose preoccupation was always with the victims of a society he scorned, should turn into an ardent pamphleteer for national unity and for reasoned social progress. During the first days of the war Gerhardt Hauptmann emerged from the dank atmosphere of neuropathic literature to put Germany's case before the world as stoutly as the best of the junkers. The war has brought Anatole France out of his cloistered skepticism to utter the same execration of German designs that the simplest of his fellow Parisians might give expression to. This, by the way, was the second time Anatole France came down from the higher atmosphere to march shoulder to shoulder with his fellow man; the earlier occasion was Dreyfus, twenty years ago. The war

has swept that most 'European' of all critics, Georg Brandes, from a state of lofty neutrality to hearty condemnation of German imperialism. Of international literary figures Romain Rolland alone remains 'above the turmoil'; and with him, too, there was a moment when he more than wavered."

But the writer here finds a little higher credit for d'Annunzio from the fact that "it has not been a sudden conversion":

"Long before the war he gave signs of wearying of his musky arbors of passion. From the sensations of his own body he turned to sing the 'Laudi' of nature and of heroes. It was, to be sure, still the glorification of the individual in his infinite capacities, but the step was easier to the next stage—from sky and sea and heroism to the specific Italian sky and sea and the heroes of the Latin soil. The egoist became aware of his fellow men and of a higher entity than his own body and soul, namely, his country, its past and its future. As early as 1908 we find him at work on a trilogy of national greatness beginning with 'La Nave,' which symbolized the glory of Venice. It is to d'Annunzio's credit that the failure of his new venture, from the point of view of material success, did not drive him back altogether to the enormously profitable romances of lust and flesh and sultry death.

"The Italian's evolution is closely paralleled in France by the career of Maurice Barrès, who about twenty years ago forswore the epicureanism of the 'Jardin de Bérénice' to identify himself passionately with his fellow countrymen and his native soil. In 'Les Déracinés' ('The Uprooted') he wrote the condemnation of his own intellectual type. With a thoroughness which we used to think of as German, but which we are learning to recognize as being just as much Latin, he set to work on the epic of 'national energy' in numerous volumes. The war completed the process; it finds Barrès the pagan writing 'The Glory of the Churches of France.'"

Less imprest with the spiritual revolution which *The Post* notes in d'Annunzio, the New York *Sun* finds him as declaring himself in his latest feat as the glorified type of all the poets who have taken a hand in war:

"Some persons think of poets, particularly of great poets, as living withdrawn, secluded from the rude noises of the world. This is not always, nor even generally, true. There is abundant and striking precedent for d'Annunzio's quitting the study for the battle-field, if not for the air. Æschylus himself, the father of them all, fought at Marathon and Salamis, and if legend is to be believed acquitted himself with distinction. What is more, at his death he requested that his monument and inscription commemorate, not his accomplishments in literature, but his military achievements.

"In the history of d'Annunzio's own country similar precedents come to mind. Petrarch, the greatest of Italian lyrists, quit his scholarly pursuits and the praise of incomparable Laura long enough to do some swashbuckling. And Ariosto, who is to be mentioned in the same breath with the sonnet-master, successfully put down a rebellion for his prince between composition of cantos of 'Orlando Furioso.'

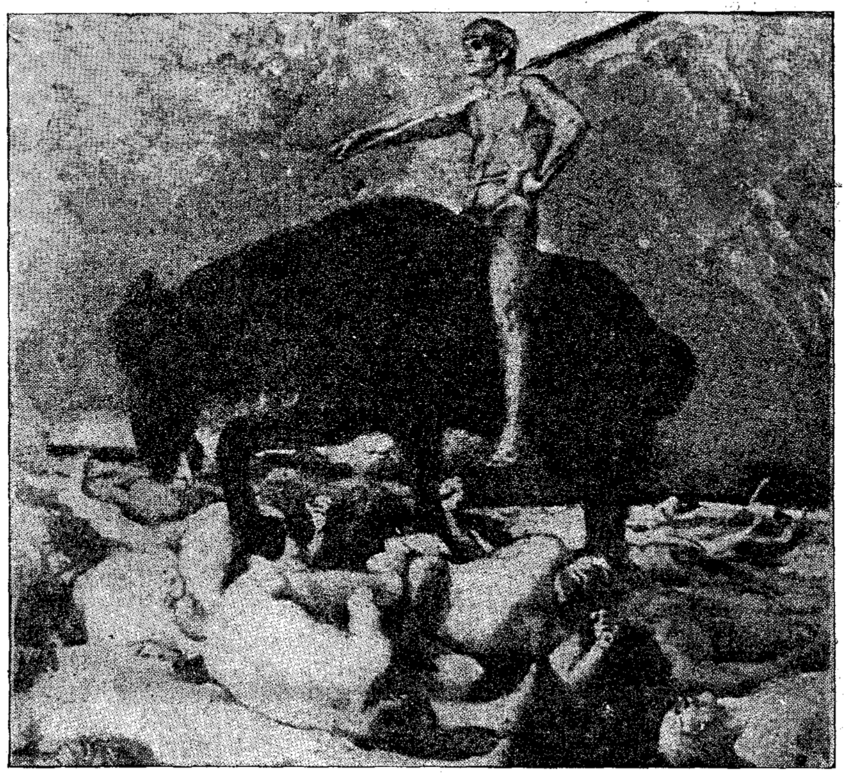
"No figure among the Elizabethans so takes the imagination as Sir Philip Sidney, favorite of Elizabeth, scholar, poet, and soldier. Is it generally known that this same Sidney was the ancestor of our own O. Henry, that splendid courtier of the Four Million? Or that Sidney, too, was as gallant with the sword as he was graceful with the pen? No single line in his songs to Stella touches the heart like that story of his yielding a canteen to a dying soldier on the field at Zutphen, when, wounded, he was burning with thirst.

"One inevitably remembers Brooke, Seeger, and all the other singers of our own generation. All belong to one shining company.

"Somewhere Aristophanes has it recorded that a poet's chief value is that 'he makes more beautiful the life of men in their cities.' Certainly if lofty thought and expression is one way of doing this, sweeping the Italian heavens free of Huns is another."

UKRAINE IN LITERATURE

THE WAR HAS TAUGHT US no longer to group that huge congeries of disparate elements under the name of Russia. When we remember that only forty-eight per cent. of the peoples formerly owing allegiance to czardom were "Great Russians," and therefore real Russians, we will realize how important are some of the other component parts now emerging as dominating individualities. Ukraine is one of these, and her writer best known outside her borders, Nikolai V. Gogol, must hereafter be thought of as Ukrainian instead of Russian. The novels of this well-known "Little Russian," together with those of some others not so well known, like Taras Shevchenko, reveal more clearly than anything else, asserts *The Athenæum* (London) the soul of this "forgotten kingdom of Ukraine," whose political ideals are now being thrust forward into public attention. Perhaps those whose hunger for new languages has turned their attention eastward will find, if they essay any Russian at all, that it is the tongue of Ukraine that will best repay them esthetically as well as practically. "An Englishman who wanted to give his fellow countrymen an idea of the beauties of the Ukrainian tongue," says *The Athenæum*, "once advised his readers to combine mentally classical Greek with modern Italian." But, so it continues:



"DER KRIEG" (WAR).

Germany could never have had illusions as to the real nature of war, for here is her great cynic-artist, Franz Stuck, again telling her the truth.

"Probably neither Greek nor modern Italian, with their softer tones, possesses the force of Ukrainian, a force derived, says Vladimir Stepankowsky, a well-known authority, from its strange consonantal combinations and an abundance of the deep sounds of *y* (*ui*) and *u*. It is this peculiarity which has made a modern English authoress speak of its 'haunting musicality.' One of its distinguishing features is its unparalleled aptitude for forming diminutives. They are made not only from substantives, as in other languages, but also from adjectives, adverbs, and even verbs. This gives that singular charm referred to by P. Chevalier in 1781: 'The language of Ukraine is very beautiful, abundance of diminutives and pretty fashions of elegant speech making it very delicate.'

"Among its other peculiarities, the fleeting accent of its words, as well as an aptitude for its deliberate extension or cutting down of the number of syllables in the majority of its grammatical forms, together with the retention of some very archaic features, as the dual number, must be mentioned. These qualities make the language wonderfully adapted to verse, and the possibilities of its expressiveness and harmony when handled by a native are almost unbounded.

"Another very important feature of the Ukrainian tongue is its curious homogeneity. Spoken by forty million souls, in an area larger than Germany, it exhibits no traces of dialect or differences in pronunciation worth mentioning. Even the fact that the nation has been dismembered for centuries has not affected this remarkable unity of its language. A Cossack of Kubagne, the most eastern member of the race, when talking to a Galician of the sub-Karpathian region, will hardly notice any difference in the other's speech.

"A natural question that may occur to students of language is how far Ukrainian is removed from Polish and Russian, its two neighboring languages. But to those who do not know at least one of these languages it is very difficult to define exactly the extent of its remoteness, unless one employs a comparison. The position of Italian with regard to French and Spanish may illustrate very nearly the relationship between Ruthenian (as Ukrainian is often called in the Austrian part of Ukraine), Polish, and Russian.

"These remarks refer to the spoken Ukrainian language, the literary use of which began to be considerable from no later date than the end of the eighteenth century, when a rich and varied vernacular literature sprang up. Until then, in Ukraine as in other Slavonic countries, the literary means was supplied by the so-called Church-Slavonic, the rôle of which in eastern Europe may be compared to the part played in the west by Latin. As is well known, Church-Slavonic was a scholastic product, artificially evolved, under the influence of Greek, from the Slav dialects of Macedonia."

The use of the spoken tongue as the literary language of Ukraine is, we are told, "gaining fresh ground every day and triumphantly marching toward complete victory:

"Just before the outbreak of the world-war there were no fewer than several hundred daily, monthly, and weekly periodicals published in it. Thousands of books in Ukrainian were published yearly. In the Austrian part of Ukraine it became the language of the state. In the local parliament, or Diet, of Galicia the debates were carried on in Ukrainian and Polish. Ukrainian became the language of the state railways, the post-office, the courts, and the administrative offices of the province. Public instruction in the elementary, secondary, and high schools was, and is still, carried on in Ukrainian. But before the revolution the Ukrainian language was in Slavonic Russia banned from every official or public use, and was barely suffered to appear in the press and literature of the day. Even such employment of it is of recent date, since Ukrainian was strictly prohibited until 1905, the year that saw the decreeing of the Russian Constitution. Up to that time its use was confined by a ukase to poetry and tales, and even then it had to be spelt in accordance with the Russian mode of spelling. It is a curious fact that the Bible in vernacular Ukrainian, published, after its prohibition, by the British and Foreign Bible Society, was regarded as a revolutionary publication, and any one found in possession of a copy was punished accordingly."

Of Ukrainian origin were Chekhov, Korolinko, and Dostoyefsky, but the problem of the literary language of Ukraine was solved by Taras Shevchenko, who in the middle of the last century wrote in the spoken language of his country:

"The centenary of his birth was celebrated in 1914 in all the towns and cities of Ukraine, and especially at Kief and Lemberg.

Dig my grave and raise my barrow
  By the Dnieper-side
In Ukraina, my own land,
  A fair land and wide.
I will lie and watch the corn-fields,
  Listen through the years
To the river voices roaring,
  Roaring in my ears.

"So sang the exquisite poet who, as has been well said by Mrs. E. L. Voynich, whose admirable translation I quote, 'has done for the Dnieper country what Burns did for Scotland.' His wish, written in the disciplinary brigade, in the first or second year of his martyrdom at the hands of those who accused him of 'composing in the Little Russian tongue verses of a most abominable character,' was carried out. There, on the banks of the mighty and beautiful river, in view of Kief and the steppes, he lies.

"There is no need to relate once more all the incidents in Taras Shevchenko's dolorous life. They have been given in sufficient detail in Mrs. Voynich's little volume. ["Six Lyrics from the Ruthenian of Shevchenko," rendered into English verse with a biographical sketch by E. L. Voynich (Ekin, Mathews).] Suffice it to say that these six masterpieces sum up a whole life of misery and shattered hopes, while at the same time they express the writer's love for his 'dear lost Ukraine.'

"A Ukrainian never forgets his native land. However far away he may travel to the north of Russia, however long he may live away from his homestead, his thought always returns to Ukraine, the banks of the Dnieper, and the steppes. The songs of his native land are ever singing in his heart. . . . . . .

"'It was born out of the beauty of the Ukraine, and it is beautiful; it was born on the steppes, and as the steppes it is wide; it was born in battles, and it is free; it was born of the tear of a lonesome girl, and it rends the heart; it was born of the thought of the Kobzars, and its harmonies are pregnant with thoughts—this is Ukrainian song.'

"Rudansky, Vorobkievich, and Fedkovich are also singers of Ukraine. Tho of lesser importance than the great poet of the Ukrainian movement for autonomy, they have written many poems which are treasured throughout their country."

PROLIFIC ANZAC POETS

THE POETRY SOCIETY OF AMERICA is credited with seven hundred members—of course not all poets. But Mr. W. M. Reedy, of the St. Louis *Mirror*, observes that "that isn't all the poets there are in America—not even all the free-verse poets." He ventures to believe "there must be at least seventy million poets," and figures "the rejection-slips sent out to poet contributors by editors in the course of a year would make a pile higher than the Woolworth Building." Something less than Mr. Reedy's hyperbole is doubtless the truth about the number of our poets, but we must believe their number is very great in comparison with Australia, for example, whose population falls far short of our hundred million, tho her acreage may exceed our own. Yet Australia has a plentiful number of poets, too, and the publication of the "Oxford Book of Australasian Verse" is noted by the London *Daily Mail* as the sixth anthology from this quarter that has been published in recent years. Poetry out there is a national habit, we are told:

"It began when William Charles Wentworth competed in 1823 for the Chancellor's Medal at Cambridge with a poem on 'Australasia,' and it became confirmed with the late Sir Henry Parkes, who left six volumes behind him. Since then the *Bulletin* school of writers have followed in the wake of Gordon, Kendall, and Brunton Stephens, and new volumes of verse appear in rapid succession every year.

"The number averages nearly one a week, a good percentage for a country with a comparatively small population. In 1917 there were 43 books of poems issued as compared with 25 novels, 14 works of science, and 12 histories and biographies. When he was editor of *The Lone Hand*, Mr. Arthur Adams stated that while he was always sure of getting good verse, he was never certain of getting a good story, and the editor of *The Anzac Bulletin*, the soldiers' paper issued from Australia House, rarely gets a prose screed of any kind. The contributions are invariably in some form of meter.

"A few particulars of the sales of books of Australian poetry will be sufficient to show that there are many readers as well as writers of verse. 'In the Days When the World Was Wide, and Other Verses,' by Henry Lawson, has reached its twentieth thousand, and Will H. Ogilvie, with his 'Fair Girls and Gray Horses, has scored the same number. A. B. Paterson's 'The Man from Snowy River, and Other Verses,' started with a modest issue of 1,250 copies. Within a fortnight an edition of 1,000 followed, and within the year the total copies printed numbered 11,000. The number of copies is now 57,000.

"But the most extraordinary success has been achieved by C. J. Dennis with his 'Sentimental Bloke.' It started in October, 1915, with an issue of 2,500. It was followed monthly—November, December, 1915, and January, 1916, each with editions of 5,000. These were followed in February by an edition of 7,000; in April by an edition of 8,500, and in May by an edition of 11,000. The new edition this year completes 97,000 copies"

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

JEREMIAH'S WARNINGS FOR TO-DAY

WARNINGS AGAINST THE CRY of "Peace, peace" are more than ever timely. Had Jeremiah written for our day he would have need to change no syllable of his warning against the nation who makes herself our enemy:

> "For from the least of them even unto the greatest of them every one is given to covetousness; and from the prophet even unto the priest every one dealeth falsely.
>
> "They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace."

Citations from an article by Professor Delbrück in the July *Preussische Jahrbücher* are made by the London *Times* which might stand as the inciting cause of Jeremiah's warning. The German professor recognizes that "there is no more profit in attacks on the Allied governments and the war-party behind them," and urges that material be supplied for the Allied pacifists. Thus:

> "The diplomatic offensive which must go side by side with the Hindenburg offensive must be a real offensive; it must aim not at an agreement with the English War party, but at making the War party impossible. In order to achieve this, it is necessary to place weapons in the hands of the decent elements in the enemy peoples, and that is by no means difficult."

By such means, the eminent German soliloquizes, "the growth of the Peace parties can be so far promoted that Germany's enemies will be greatly hampered in the continuation of the war." In calling attention to these statements, Mr. Paul Dana, writing to the New York *Times*, points out that "nothing can prevent the success of the Allies in their war-aim—Germany's defeat—except a recovery of influence by the gathering of very varied emotions known as pacifism." He goes on to insist that "with the serious renewal of pacifistic efforts, which must be counted on as Germany's failure becomes more manifest and Germany's plight more pitiable, the pacifists might conceivably do more harm to the cause for which we are at war even than the Germans. It is worth calling attention to this possibility of the future because the Germans themselves have shown signs of a change in tactics." Some of the contributing evidence is brought forward in Mr. Dana's letter:

> "This eminent German is satisfied that the Allied governments, and under them the Allied armies, can not be diverted from faithfully carrying out their orders, so Germany's last hope is to hamper them through the aid of pacifists. Lord Lansdowne's second appeal for peace, his recently exprest opinion that 'No moment can be inopportune for considering reasonable proposals,' followed close upon the remarks by Professor Delbrück. When we remember that Germany has made no proposals from which either reason or justice wouldn't turn in indignation, Lord Lansdowne's worthy utterance sounds much like a cry to the Army to raise the white flag and invite the Kaiser to a talk. Certain it is that only Lansdownes, peacemakers with conscious or unconscious liking for the Bolshevik formula of 'No annexations, no indemnities,' can make the Delbrück plan effective.

NOT A SOLITARY INSTANCE.

This scene from a new Fox film called "The Prussian Cur" is vouched for by a Baltimore clergyman who gives the instance where four Canadians were crucified in one room.

> "Holland's leading Germanophil Socialist, Troelstra, recently published in the Cologne *Gazette* an open letter to Arthur Henderson, his counterpart in England, saying that since America holds the balance of power between the two groups of belligerents, it becomes 'her duty to cooperate at the right moment for the conclusion of peace by agreement.' Other minor signs may be noticed. For example, Maximilian Harden, to whom your attention was called two years ago as the one honest man in Germany, the first and then the only one to declare the incontrovertible truth that Germany willed the war, has begun to repeat himself after a long period of total silence on the subject. The *New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung*, once as stanch a supporter of Germany and German views as any German paper published in the United States, now sides with Harden. The German aspect is to be made less repulsive to the world's eyes."

In the same issue of *The Times* another warning is voiced by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who finds her danger-signals nearer home than Mr. Dana.

> "It is not necessary to fear the effect of the glaring signals that Germany herself will shoot up. They will be red and blue, green and yellow—all the violent primary colors, yellow predominating. We may be trusted to regard them with equanimity and contempt. But what we are not at all likely to classify will be the

> signals compounded of virtue and sentiment that will play lambently in our midst; in other words, an appeal to our 'highest instincts,' our 'humanity,' and a few other qualities we are proud to possess—the prouder as they have been extinct in Germany for forty years, if they ever existed at all.
>
> "For the pacifists are still with us. And by the pacifists I do not mean societies existing under that name. They shot their bolt and are frightened into quiescence besides. I mean thousands of secret pro-Germans who are waiting their moment to work upon our sympathies and insure the ultimate triumph of their otherwise doomed Fatherland.
>
> In this city of New York there is a powerful group of women of German extraction who are now—to use a sadly overworked word—camouflaging themselves magnificently, and it may safely be said there are corresponding groups in every city of any size in the Union. These women contribute heavily (and with the utmost publicity) to war-relief organizations. Before we went into the war they were equally blatant pro-Germans, or, seeing that didn't work, gave thousands to the 'cause' of pacifism — in other words, to keep the United States from settling the fate of Germany. Now their new pose with their high encomiums, the average citizen not realizing that any one who remained a pro-German after the sinking of the *Lusitania* (charitably assuming that they did not know all the circumstances during the early months of the war) is hopelessly defective or crooked. Pro-Germans they must remain until the end of their days. They have inherited all the vilest mental attitudes of Prussianism, and God himself would not take the trouble to change them. However, he permits us to match our wits with theirs.
>
> "Now, the moment the Prussian hierarchy realizes that it is in its last precarious hole, and makes the Allies a 'reasonable offer,' these women not only will make a passionate sobbing protest against any more 'useless slaughter of our boys in Europe,' but, what will be even more difficult for the soft-hearted Americans to resist, a plea in their sweet, reasonable voices (it is a curious fact that the German woman's voice is often as sweet as her eyes are small and crafty) for the 'poor little children of suffering Germany.' Listen, O you mothers, to the wails of those starving little ones, dying by inches, when peace with a conquered country could save millions of them! Oh, if you only knew what hundreds of thousands of them have suffered already! Tens of thousands have died of malnutrition. They are walking shadows. They are tubercular. They lie, living skeletons, gasping for a drop of milk. O ye mothers of America, think of your own children in a similar plight and have mercy! . . . . . .
>
> "It is not to be forgotten, when this insidious appeal is made to our sympathies, that German babies grow up into German men and women, who, if the present system of government persists, will be taught, as their millions of dead and maimed brothers were taught, that their only object in life is to follow the Kaiser into a war for conquest of the world. Better extirpate the whole breed, root and branch. And this, unless the German people come to their senses, is what we propose to do."

The causes for such firmness as both these writers recommend do not wholly date back to the early days of the war, when Belgium's woes filled the world's eyes. Evidence is being collected by our workers behind the line that Germany's "frightfulness" is a continuous policy. The Rev. George A. Griffith, an Episcopal clergyman of Baltimore, now serving as chaplain with the 5th Field Artillery, the regiment that fired America's first shot in the war, has written a letter to a Baltimore friend which *The Manufacturer's Record* of that city gives publicity to. It will be seen that the clergyman's sentiments are no less unrelenting than Mrs. Atherton's:

> "I feel that I express the sentiment of those who have seen and heard over here when I say that were I in America to-day, priest as I am, I should do my best to have put to death any *Boche* in America or any so-called American who would apologize in any way for what the *Boche* has done.
>
> "All that you have heard in America about them does not approximate the truth. There are little children right here in France with their little stumps of hands; there were some not far from my last camp, and young men with all the fingers of their right hand cut off. The other day a British officer and three Tommies told me that a short time ago they went as an advance party into a little village from which the *Boche* had been driven back, and in a large room there were four young Canadians crucified, one on each wall of the room. Also, when I was with the British they told me the *Boches* had taken young Belgian and French girls into their first-line trenches and tortured them until their screams made the Scotch and the Canadians so crazed they would go over into the machine-gun nests which the *Boche* had set up, using the women's screams as a decoy.
>
> "And I have it on the word of a British officer that they have stood (the officers) with guns leveled at their men to keep them from going over when the women scream, and being needlessly slaughtered. I can not tell you what the Tommies told me they found when they drove these hell-fiends out of these positions; it is too awful even to think about. I also have it on the word of one of the greatest French *abbés* that the *Boches* were specially instructed to destroy convents — and kill or outrage the nuns; and he says that all through France and Belgium are ruined convents and that the nuns were given to the soldiers to be outraged in the camps.
>
> "These are not isolated cases nor abnormal conditions which prevail here and there where troops were drunk or without restraint. Go along the French or British front, and the only conclusion you arrive at is that they are just the ground principle of *Boche* efficiency in action. I don't believe there is one of us here who wouldn't like to be home. But there is not one of us here, I believe, who does not want to see *Bocheland* devastated from one end to the other, with Berlin a blackened ruin—with the *Boche* exterminated, militarists and all, before we come home.
>
> "It is American blood that is flowing now, and God grant it may give America some strength to realize what we are up against. To talk of terms until the *Boche* is exterminated is to league with Satan for a corner in hell. Privations, sacrifices! What can you do at home to compare with what these men of ours are doing over here? Meatless days, wheatless days, sugarless days, good women knitting, benefits for the Red Cross—or all your social diversions with a charitable object sandwiched in!
>
> "When you are out on a shell-swept hill and the shells are going by like bats out of hell, as the soldiers say, and it's as dark as the grave, and every man, God bless him! stands strong and true, camouflaging all his own feelings for your sake and for the sake of what he has back home, meatless days and wheatless days, and Liberty-Bond campaigns seem cheap as your support of him in such an hour.
>
> "Loathe the *Boche*—preach against him—work against him, wherever he is, ostracize him socially and commercially. Take no chance—even tho his reputation for loyalty has been a long-standing one. The leopard can not change his spots—neither can the *Boche* demon lose his horns. I'm begging you now—as the *Boches* are trying to murder us—to help wake every one up to the fact that America must realize what the world is facing over here. Can't you see it—can't America see it—how everything is hanging in the balance—and I know that the weight which shall cast it down is when your loathing for the *Boche* will so burn in you as to make you count nothing—consider nothing—but his extermination."

NON-ZIONIST JEWS—Not all Jews in America look with whole-hearted approval upon the Zionist movement, which received such an impetus from Mr. Balfour's declaration that "Palestine is to be a national homeland for the Jewish people." At the time that Jerusalem was delivered from the hands of the Turks there were Jewish voices in England raising a demurrer. Now the Central Conference of American Rabbis have passed a resolution that is printed in *The Modern View* (St. Louis) to much the same effect:

> "The C. C. A. R. notes with grateful appreciation the declaration made on behalf of the British Government by Mr. Balfour as an evidence of good-will toward the Jews. We naturally favor the facilitation of immigration to Palestine of Jews who either because of economic necessity or political and religious persecution desire to settle there. We hold that Jews in Palestine, as everywhere else in the world, are entitled to equality in political, religious, and civil rights, but we do not subscribe to the phrase in the declaration which says, 'Palestine is to be a national homeland for the Jewish people.' This statement assumes that the Jews, altho identified with the life of many nations for centuries, are, in fact, a people without a country. We hold that the Jewish people is, and of right ought to be, at home in all lands. Israel, like every other religious communion, has the right to live and to assert its message in any part of the world. We are opposed to the idea that Palestine should be considered the homeland of the Jews. Jews in America are

part of the American nation. The ideal of the Jew is not the establishment of a Jewish state, not the reassertion of Jewish nationality, which has long been outgrown. We believe that our survival as a people is dependent upon the assertion and the maintenance of our historic religious rôle and not upon the acceptance of Palestine as a homeland of the Jewish people. The mission of the Jew is to witness to God all over the world."

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS IN ENGLAND

MUCH MORE IS HEARD of these in England than among us, and their lot has not been a pleasant one. Men like Bernard Shaw have frequently championed their attitude without espousing their principles. Dr. J. Rendel Harris speaks of them in the Manchester *Guardian* as forming "a 'contemptible little army' of those who thought freedom the first and greatest thing for which they had to stand, and were determined to save from Prussianism both the country of their birth and the churches of their adhesion." He gives some figures to show the size of this little army:

"There are some 5,000 men who refuse to accept military service; some, say a score, have died under the treatment they have been subjected to; another score have become insane under the treatment. Contrary to every sense of equity, they have been tried and recondemned for what was really the same offense, so that their condemnation has been practically a sentence of hard labor for life. The number court-martialed once was 3,771; 623 have been court-martialed twice, 491 three times, 202 four times, while 18 have been five times condemned to periods of imprisonment with hard labor. Conscientious objectors are fighting for the right of self-determination of small groups in great communities."

Another view, one not merely statistical, is to be found in the correspondence column of the Socialist organ, *The Clarion* (London), where a woman writes:

"The cheerfulness of those who have lent and lost all, and the lamentations of those who have stood on the shore and not sent even a cheer across the wave, are two of the amazing things in this amazing war. Two instances lately occurred on my own doorstep. A mother who had just had the dread W. O. telegram that her son was killed smiled all the way through her tears, and said he helped to save the Asiago Plateau that day. Next time I saw her she was all smiles and no tears. Women have learned by this war one of the hardest lessons in life—not to keep on dying on the same old cross for the same old cause.

"The other was a conscientious objector whose language nearly set the ivy alight round my door. England was lovely once. No good of a country now. All blighted munition-factories and blasted tree-stumps. Where would he and all those who funk fighting be now if our splendid forests had not given up their splendid trees as ungrudgingly as our splendid men have given up their splendid lives?"

An objector of another breed is also quoted, this one a Canadian soldier who writes to *The Clarion* to mitigate his loneliness. He was occupied felling trees:

"A tree to me is a thing of life and beauty, and I can never put an ax to one without at least thinking that this war is ravaging not only human life, but that some proud denizen of the forest has had to die also. And not only the trees, but the life they support and protect."

He conscientiously objects to his work right enough, says the editor, "but when it's a question whether to crucify himself or his country, he knows a brave man's duty and does it."

IMPULSE FOR DAILY WORK

A PLEDGE TO THE HIGHER SERVICE of humanity is offered by the Missouri Council of Defense in a journal called *Missouri on Guard* (Jefferson City), devoted to the "activities of the State in the aid of the nation." It aims to keep before the mind the facts which have impelled nations to war in order "to make the world a decent place to live in." In setting forth this pledge the paper declares that any person desiring to know the authority for statements of German atrocity made therein may obtain the information by writing to the Conference Committee on National Preparedness:

Let the Work You Do Every Day be Dedicated—

To the memory of the little boys in the invaded districts of Europe who have been crucified—that your own boy may not be in danger of being crucified.

LET the work that you do every day be dedicated—

To the memory of the babies of France and Belgium who have been impaled on bayonets and carried off over the shoulders of German soldiers—that your baby may never be in danger of a like death.

LET the work that you do every day be dedicated—

To the memory of the little girls of Belgium and France who have been carried into a slavery far worse than death—that your daughter may not be in danger of thus falling a victim to German barbarians.

LET the work that you do every day be dedicated—

To the memory of the mothers of Europe who have seen their children slaughtered and their husbands with bound hands driven away to a fate unknown, that the mothers here may not see similar processions in your own streets.

LET the work that you do every day be dedicated—

To the white-haired women of Belgium and France who have seen honest men dig their own graves—that the white-haired of your family may not suffer a like agony.

LET the work that you do every day be dedicated—

To the memory of the Allied soldiers who have been crucified upon doors because they fought for civilization and justice—that justice may be done you and yours.

LET the work that you do every day be dedicated—

To the memory of the beautiful cities, villages, orchards, and fields of Europe, now blackened wastes—that your own beautiful towns and fields may not be turned into places men will avoid.

LET the work that you do every day be dedicated—

To the memory of the once happy homes of Europe which the Hun burned after murdering the inmates—that your home may not become the funeral pyre of your family.

LET the work that you do every day be dedicated—

To the memory of the nations that have been crusht and scattered—that your own nation may not be destroyed and that your people may not be driven forth like the exiled multitudes who have died in the fields and the highways.

LET the work that you do every day be dedicated—

To the manhood that is in you—that you may not desert your brother who has gone to the battle-front, that you may not desert your nation now that it needs you, that you may not be tricked into imperiling the safety of your wife, your daughter, your mother when the smooth-tongued enemies of your country come whispering to you.

LET the work that you do every day be dedicated—

To the manhood that is in you, that you shall have no remorse when broken men come back from the battle-front—so that empty sleeves and sightless eyes shall not as instruments of your own conscience reproach you by day and haunt you by night because you at home failed to support our men while they fought in France.

FUEL-PROBLEMS-IN-WAR-TIME

Prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST by the UNITED STATES FUEL ADMINISTRATION.

RELATION OF COAL TO WAR-NEEDS OF STEEL

Copyrighted by Harris & Ewing.

DR. H. A. GARFIELD,
United States Fuel Administrator.

THE betrayed Russian armies went bare-handed into battle without arms or ammunition. Between our soldiers and a similar fate stand the great American industries. Behind these stand the thousands of blast-furnaces and rolling-mills, and beneath them all, as a foundation supports a house, stands the coal-supply. Insufficient coal means insufficient steel, and insufficient steel means such insufficiency of arms and ammunition as martyred the Russian armies. "The war-work of the world waits on coal."

A WAR OF STEEL—This war is a war of steel, and to-day the production of both steel and munitions is limited by our ability quickly to expand coal-production. *It requires from four to five tons of coal to produce a ton of finished steel.* The war's demand for steel is increasing much faster than man-power and transportation facilities for coal-production can be increased.

As showing the enormous demand for steel in this war, it is stated that in seventy-eight minutes of the Flanders offensive last spring the Germans used six hundred and fifty thousand shells, which equaled the total number used by them throughout the whole Franco-Prussian War, and that during the battle of Verdun the French fired from their cannons sixty million shells containing one million eight hundred thousand tons of steel, the production of which consumed nearly nine million tons of coal. *A three-inch or a seventy-five centimeter shell takes twenty pounds of steel, or eighty pounds of coal.*

Mr. Leonard Replogle, Director of Steel Production, stated recently that our government requirements for steel covering the last six months of this year will reach twenty-one million tons, while the present prospects for production during the same period is only sixteen million tons. The steel-mills are not running to their full capacity and they can not reach their full capacity until they can get more coke. More coke, in turn, depends upon more coal.

STEEL-MILLS DEMAND MORE COAL—The daily addition to steel specifications entered by the Government's war-making departments points to immediate necessity for developing new furnaces and mills, but such new equipment would be absolutely useless until sufficient coal could be mined to run those mills. In spite of intensive effort on the part of the War Industries Board to increase steel production, the United States is producing less steel in 1918 than it did in 1916 before we entered the war. It well may astonish the uninformed that the greatest steel-producing nation in the world, at a time of its greatest steel need, is falling down in its output of steel.

There is only one answer—shortage of coal. Not shortage in the sense of diminished production, for the production of coal in this country has to-day reached a rate never before dreamed possible. It is a shortage created by the infinite necessities of the gigantic war-preparation. A thousand articles of supply must be manufactured at record speed. Thousands of new factories have been built and thousands of old factories have doubled and quadrupled their output. Coal for these, for explosive plants, for cantonments, for shipyards, and for ships must be provided and that without an instant's delay. The railroads, the largest coal-users of all, are taxed to capacity to move troops and supplies and must have forty to fifty million tons more coal than before. When all these imperative demands made by the war upon the coal-supply have been added together, the total is astonishing. The steel-mills must compete for their supplies of coal with thousands of other manufacturers of necessary supplies.

PRODUCTION AND TRANSPORTATION PROBLEMS ARE GIGANTIC—Those who believe that American energy and enterprise should be able to increase upon the instant the output of coal to meet the demand, however large, have little conception of the magnitude of the coal industry. It is thought of as comparable with the other major industries. The fact is, however, that the physical problems of production and transportation of coal in the United States are so far beyond the problems of any other of the country's activities as to render utterly inapplicable any comparison of the considerations involved.

As an illustration, consider the cotton crop with its millions of bales. Every bale of cotton raised in the country last year amounted to no more than the coal moved in one and one-third days. Or take the wheat crop for comparison. We hear of the immense preparations made during the fall months for moving the wheat crop; yet the weight of America's enormous wheat crop of 1917 is equaled by the coal mined and transported every eight days.

Every year the miners go into the ground and dig out coal and the railroads ship it for hundreds of miles, dragging back the empty cars, until the amount mined equals two and one-fourth times the earth and rock removed in digging the Panama Canal. *It took sixteen years to dig the Panama Canal. Our miners will dig two and one-half Panama Canals this year.*

In the mining of coal we are dealing with a task so gigantic that the wonder is not why we have not increased production to meet the demand, whatever that might be, but how, with the men and equipment overtaxed by the multiplicity of the demands of the war, we were able to increase the output fifty million tons in 1917, and will be able to add a probable fifty million tons to that high record the present year.

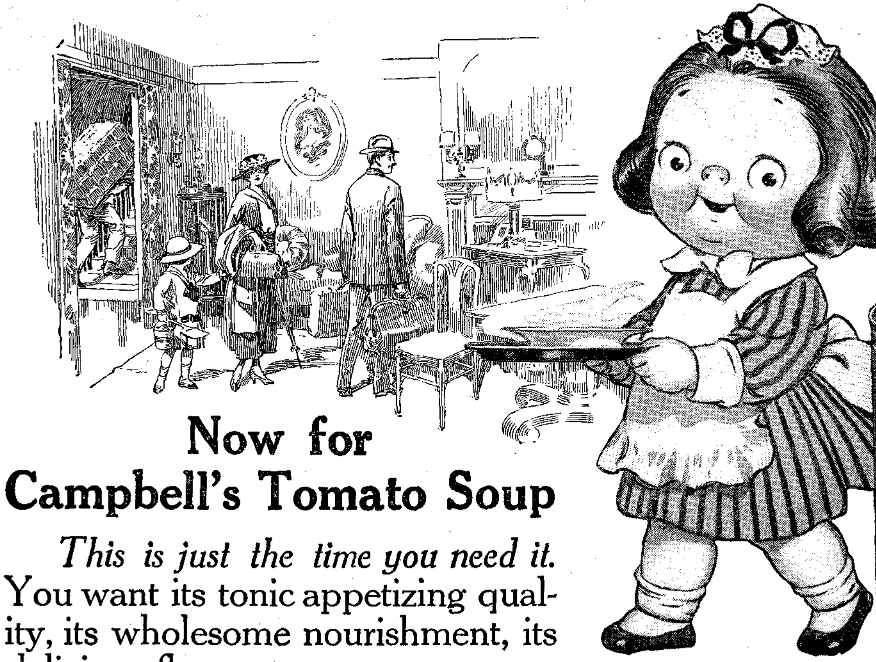
The wonder is increased when we note that every other coal-producing country now in the war found it impossible to maintain the prewar production of coal. In every case the output is less now than before the war. In England seven and one-half per cent. less coal was produced the first year of the war than in the previous year and five per cent. less than this reduced output in the following year. America alone has been able to increase its production of coal in addition to meeting the thousands of other increases demanded by war-preparation.

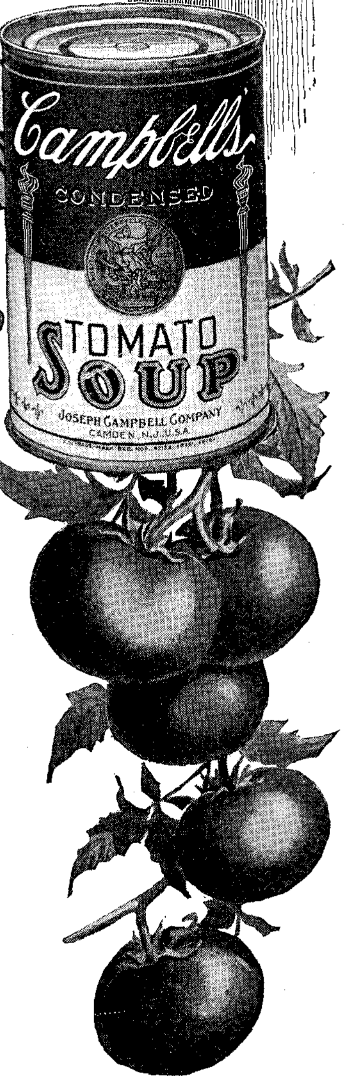
TRANSPORTATION DIFFICULTIES ARE THE GREATEST—As every one knows, coal-mining is very largely a matter of coal transportation. The most difficult task involved in an increase must fall upon the railroads. The wonderful work these railroads are doing is brought into bold relief when we remember that in 1914, when the Great War started, the output of bituminous coal in the United States was four hundred and twenty-three million tons, and that in 1918 it promises to be nearly two hundred million tons greater.

Apparently, this country to-day can furnish the steel required if only it can get the necessary coal. The work of the Fuel Administration during many months has been directed toward increasing coal production. These efforts have borne much fruit, miners are approaching one hundred per cent. service, while the railroads are outdoing themselves expediting the movement of coal-cars from the mine to the consumer and back again.

But war's demands mount so rapidly that even with full speed ahead production can not make the pace. *A fuel deficit can be averted only by the most intensive conservation.* Conservation, economy, savings, sacrifice must fill the gap between the possible increase of production and the greater increase of demand. If every user of coal will join the army of fuel conservationists, realizing that the need for steel to carry on this war is practically unlimited and that every ton saved means an additional five hundred pounds of steel, there is prospect—the figures show it—that the work of the miners will not be in vain. Our increased production, plus conservation, the Fuel Administration believes, can furnish the coal, and hence the steel needed for the war, and still leave none of our people cold.

"Here is the acme of flavor—
An appetite-maker and saver!
Superlative soup of a nourishing group
Which I strongly commend to your favor."





Now for Campbell's Tomato Soup

This is just the time you need it. You want its tonic appetizing quality, its wholesome nourishment, its delicious flavor.

There is nothing like it to put your digestive powers on edge and give a keen relish to everything you eat. Your whole meal goes better, digests better, does you more good—when it begins with this tempting soup.

Serve it as a Cream of Tomato

You never tasted anything more satisfying.

The United States Department of Agriculture asserts that such a soup yields fifty per cent more energy than the same amount of milk.

You could not produce a finer soup in your home kitchen—nobody could. But yours would cost you more.

In Campbell's you get selected red-ripe tomatoes fresh from the fields, blended with choice butter and fine herbs, and delicately seasoned. You use nothing better on your table.

Using Campbell's you have no materials to buy nor prepare, no marketing, no labor, no cooking cost. It comes to you completely cooked, blended, ready for your table any time in three minutes.

You can make it as hearty as you like simply by adding boiled rice or noodles. Served in this way, it is almost a meal in itself. Think what a help and comfort—especially at this time of year.

Order it by the dozen. This saves time and extra deliveries. And you have it right at hand.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

CURRENT - POETRY

A GOLD STAR must now be added to the service flag of THE LITERARY DIGEST—Joyce Kilmer has made the supreme sacrifice for his country's cause. For nine years he was connected with this company, first as a member of the editorial staff of the Standard Dictionary, and then as editor of this department, which he conducted with singular distinction up to the day he left for France. The world is the poorer for the loss of a very gallant gentleman and a poet who never wrote a line that was not pure, and sweet, and clean. In his memory the New York *Times*, with which he also had a long and close connection, publishes this poem:

JOYCE KILMER

BY ELSA BARKER

The singers of a nation
  Weep as one soul this day.
Our glad child-hearted comrade
  Has gone the patriot's way;
A grave in grave-encumbered France
  Now wears his wreath of bay.

His youth and self forgotten
  When the Great Summons came,
He knew the soldier's purpose
  More than the poet's fame.
Does he know to-day a thousand throats
  Choke as they speak his name?

The candles in St. Leo's
  Have flickered with dismay
Each noontime for the long year
  He has not come to pray.
To-day they burn with steady flame
  To light him on his way.

When Joyce came home the white ships
  Stirred with the moving tide—
The spectral ships he visioned
  Washed clean and glorified.
But one red ship sinks deeper
  Because of him who died.

Perhaps the best-known poem of Sergeant Kilmer's is that he wrote upon the sinking of the *Lusitania*. This poem, "The White Ships and the Red," we quoted from the New York *Times Magazine* in our issue of May 29, 1915. We reproduce here the last three stanzas:

THE WHITE SHIPS AND THE RED

BY JOYCE KILMER

. . . .

I went not forth to battle,
  I carried friendly men,
The children played about my decks,
  The women sang—and then—
And then—the sun blushed scarlet,
  And heaven hid its face;
The world that God created
  Became a shameful place.

My wrong cries out for vengeance;
  The blow that sent me here
Was aimed in Hell. My dying scream
  Has reached Jehovah's ear.
Not all the seven oceans
  Shall wash away the stain;
Upon a brow that wears a crown
  I am the brand of Cain.

When God's great voice assembles
  The fleet on Judgment day,
The ghosts of ruined ships will rise
  In sea and strait and bay.
Tho they have lain for ages
  Beneath the changeless flood,
They shall be white as silver
  But one—shall be like blood.

In his "Main Street" (Doran, New York) he paid a tribute to the memory of a fellow poet, Rupert Brooke, every word of which we can apply with equal truth to Joyce Kilmer himself:

IN MEMORY OF RUPERT BROOKE

BY JOYCE KILMER

In alien earth, across a troubled sea,
  His body lies that was so fair and young.
  His mouth is stopt, with half his songs unsung;
His arm is still, that struck to make men free.
But let no cloud of lamentation be
  Where, on a warrior's grave, a lyre is hung.
  We keep the echoes of his golden tongue,
We keep the vision of his chivalry.
So Israel's joy, the loveliest of kings,
  Smote now his harp, and now the hostile horde.
To-day the starry roof of heaven rings
  With psalms a soldier made to praise his Lord;
And David rests beneath Eternal wings,
  Song on his lips, and in his hand a sword.

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JOYCE KILMER.
December 6, 1886—August 1, 1918.

Much of Joyce Kilmer's work had a strong religious vein running through it, and here is such a poem, written in the trenches, which appeared in *Good Housekeeping:*

PRAYER OF A SOLDIER IN FRANCE

BY JOYCE KILMER

My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).

I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart).

Men shout at me who may not speak
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear.

(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy Agony of Bloody Sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come).

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

From the "Golden Treasury of Magazine Verse" (Small, Maynard, Boston) we take this eminently characteristic poem:

THE TWELVE:FORTY-FIVE

BY JOYCE KILMER

Within the Jersey City shed
The engine coughs and shakes its head.
The smoke, a plume of red and white,
Waves madly in the face of night.
And now the grave, incurious stars
Gleam on the groaning, hurrying cars.
Against the kind and awful reign
Of darkness, this our angry train,
A noisy little rebel, pouts
Its brief defiance, flames and shouts—
And passes on, and leaves no trace.
For darkness holds its ancient place,
Serene and absolute, the king
Unchanged, of every living thing.
The houses lie obscure and still
In Rutherford and Carlton Hill.
Our lamps intensify the dark
Of slumbering Passaic Park.
And quiet holds the weary feet
That daily tramp through Prospect Street.
What tho we clang and clank and roar
Through all Passaic's streets? No door
Will open, not an eye will see
Who this loud vagabond may be.
Upon my crimson-cushioned seat,
In manufactured light and heat,
I feel unnatural and mean.
Outside the towns are cool and clean;
Curtained awhile from sound and sight
They take God's gracious gift of night.
The stars are watchful over them.
On Clifton as on Bethlehem
The angels, leaning down the sky,
Shed peace and gentle dreams. And I—
I ride, I blasphemously ride
Through all the silent countryside.
The engine's shriek, the headlight's glare,
Pollute the still nocturnal air.

. . . .

In Ramsey, Mahwah, Suffern, stand
Houses that wistfully demand
A father—son—some human thing
That this, the midnight train, may bring.
The trains that travel in the day
They hurry folks to work or play.
The midnight train is slow and old,
But of it let this thing be told,
To its high honor be it said,
It carries people home to bed.
My cottage lamp shines white and clear.
God bless the train that brought me here!

Another widely quoted poem was "Trees," the title poem of his second book of verse. It runs:

TREES

BY JOYCE KILMER

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

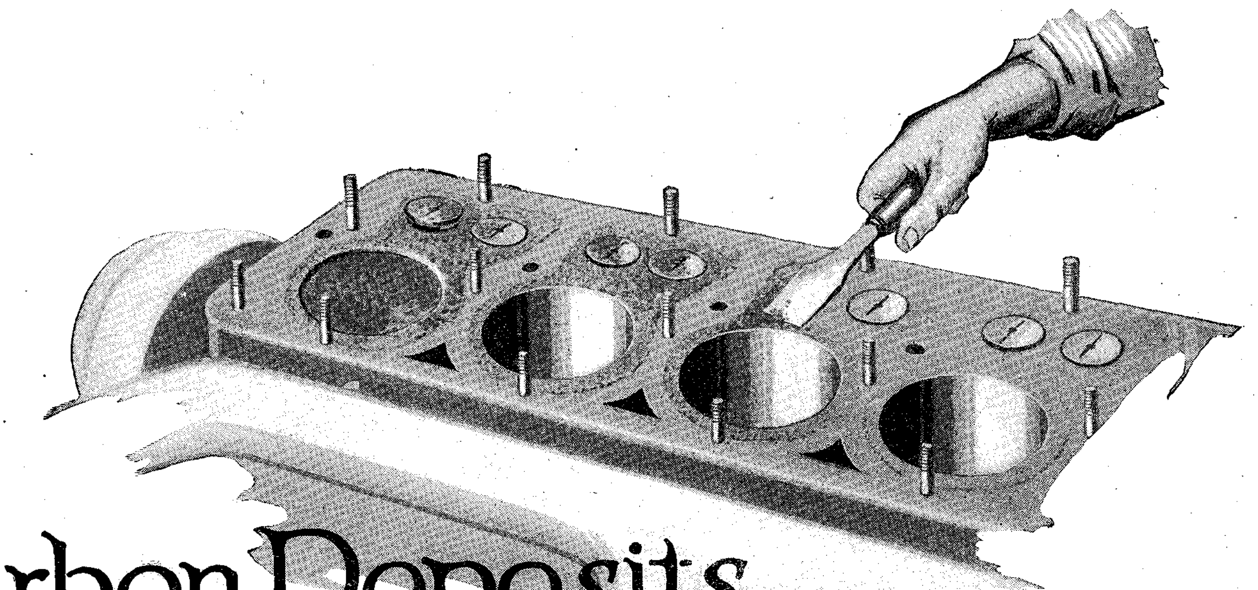
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.



Carbon Deposits *show* Wasted Gasoline

THE formation of carbon in your motor is a sure sign of wasted gasoline. For carbon is nothing more than gasoline that has failed to ignite. A portion of this heavy unburned residue goes out through the exhaust; another portion adheres to pistons, cylinders, spark plugs and valves, forming carbon. Some may leak past the piston rings, thinning the lubricating oil in the crankcase.

Every driver of a motor car knows the trouble, expense and annoyance that results when a motor gets choked up with carbon. Yet few have ever stopped to consider that carbon deposits mean a *double waste*. It is a fact, however, that you pay for having removed from your motor, in the form of carbon, elements that should have developed *power to propel your motor.*

RALPH De PALMA Says:

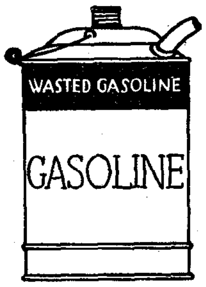
"It is my sincere belief that the use of ECCOLENE will be a great boon to motor drivers. I have experimented with it in nearly all types and sizes of motors. * * I have also used it in some of my racing cars.

"The results have always been the same—freedom from carbon—clean spark plugs—greater acceleration — motor performance better in every way, and with the carburetor properly adjusted there is a worth-while saving in gasoline."

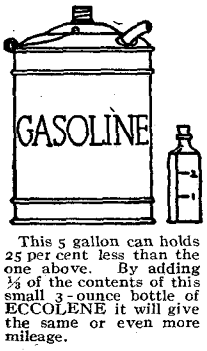
Producing Power from Carbon-Forming Elements

To reduce the formation of carbon and its resulting disadvantages, you must have more perfect combustion in your motor. Practically every atom of fuel entering the cylinder must be burned—transformed into *power* instead of waste.

With the heavy grade of gasoline now on the market it has been a most difficult task to produce perfect combustion—until ECCOLENE was formulated. ECCOLENE has brought greater economy and more complete motoring satisfaction, because through its use more perfect combustion is obtained and the carbon-forming elements are converted into *power.*



This picture shows the proportion of fuel that is wasted when using plain gasoline. It is wasted by not being burned, and a badly carbonized motor is the result.



This 5 gallon can holds 25 per cent less than the one above. By adding ⅓ of the contents of this small 3-ounce bottle of ECCOLENE it will give the same or even more mileage.

ECCOLENE a Proved Product

We have been manufacturing ECCOLENE for nearly two years. During that time every conceivable test has been made to prove its merits as a product for reducing carbon and saving gasoline.

The accumulated results of all these tests demonstrated conclusively that ECCOLENE saves gasoline—reduces carbon—increases power—reduces overheating—lessens smoke and noise, and produces better acceleration.

ECCOLENE, through a complex process termed decolization, makes gasoline vapor more thoroughly combustible under compression in the motor cylinders. By decolizing the gasoline vapor ECCOLENE transforms a large proportion of the carbon-forming elements; at the same time it assists the process of lubrication.

Thus, when ECCOLENE is added to gasoline in proper proportion, a vapor is produced that leaves no waste—no residue—practically every atom of the gasoline is burned. And the elements in the fuel that would ordinarily be wasted are converted into *power for driving your car*. You will find little or no carbon on spark plugs, valves, etc. Moreover, ECCOLENE produces such complete combustion that its use gradually causes carbon deposits to disappear, which, in itself, is proof that these deposits are simply unburned fuel.

Gasoline Economy

Just as ECCOLENE reduces carbon it also saves gasoline by giving more perfect combustion. It enables you to get *more miles from your gasoline*. Best of all, ECCOLENE not only guarantees gasoline economy, but also increases the pleasure of motoring in many ways.

Not An Explosive

ECCOLENE is positively non-volatile, and should be compared in no way to picric acid or ether—two highly powerful volatiles which render gasoline much more explosive, and are also harmful and dangerous to use. ECCOLENE is *positively* non-injurious to any metal. Test ECCOLENE with litmus paper, and prove for yourself that it contains not even a trace of acid.

Results Are Guaranteed

We positively guarantee that ECCOLENE will give you a better performing motor—reduce carbon troubles and save gasoline. We guarantee the increase in economy to be at least 25%.

ECCOLENE is sold on a "money-back" guarantee basis. Buy a can of ECCOLENE and after operating your car 100 miles, using ECCOLENE as directed, if you have not noticed a decided improvement in performance and freedom from carbon troubles, you have only to return the remainder to us and we will immediately refund your money.

Order a Can Today

Your dealer, garage or supply store carries ECCOLENE and will recommend it to you. If for any reason you cannot buy ECCOLENE conveniently, fill out coupon and secure your can by mail prepaid.

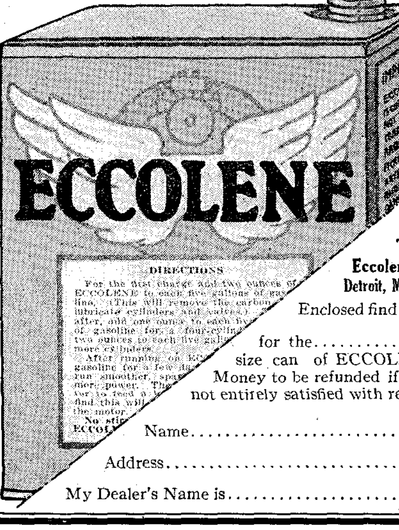
	Prices
1 Quart	$2.00
1 Gallon	7.00

For the convenience of truck fleet owners, ECCOLENE is also put up in five-gallon cans.

Sales Department
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., Inc.
281 Madison Avenue, NEW YORK CITY

THE ECCOLENE COMPANY
Manufacturers
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Dealers: Write or wire for our money-making proposition



The
Eccolene Co.
Detroit, Michigan

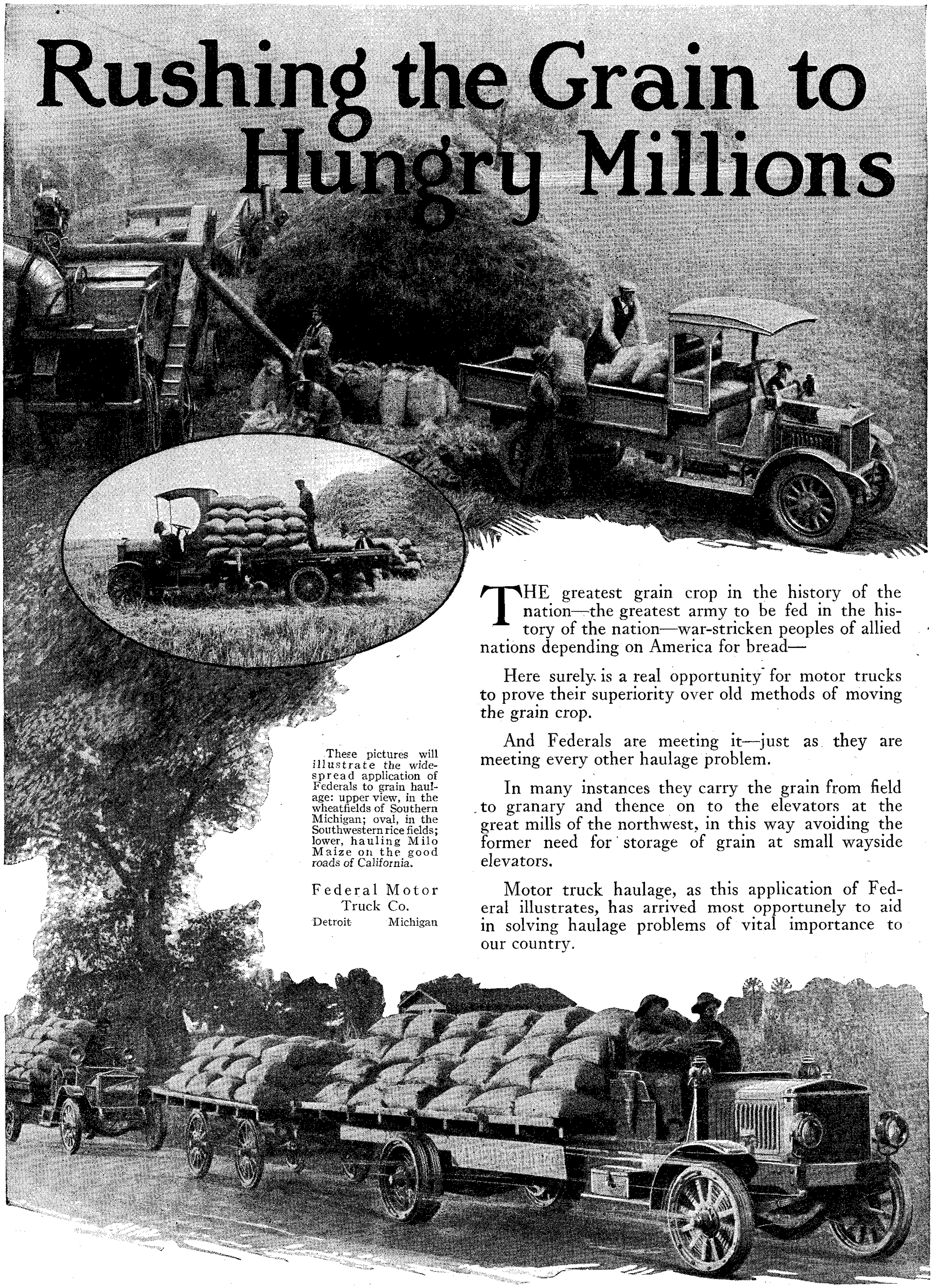
Enclosed find $....

for the...............
size can of ECCOLENE. Money to be refunded if I am not entirely satisfied with results.

Name.............................

Address...............................

My Dealer's Name is..........................



Rushing the Grain to Hungry Millions

THE greatest grain crop in the history of the nation—the greatest army to be fed in the history of the nation—war-stricken peoples of allied nations depending on America for bread—

Here surely is a real opportunity for motor trucks to prove their superiority over old methods of moving the grain crop.

And Federals are meeting it—just as they are meeting every other haulage problem.

In many instances they carry the grain from field to granary and thence on to the elevators at the great mills of the northwest, in this way avoiding the former need for storage of grain at small wayside elevators.

Motor truck haulage, as this application of Federal illustrates, has arrived most opportunely to aid in solving haulage problems of vital importance to our country.

These pictures will illustrate the widespread application of Federals to grain haulage: upper view, in the wheatfields of Southern Michigan; oval, in the Southwestern rice fields; lower, hauling Milo Maize on the good roads of California.

Federal Motor
Truck Co.
Detroit Michigan

FEDERAL

PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

OLD-FASHIONED ARMOR FOR THE LATEST FIGHTING-MAN

HISTORY is repeating itself, with no more variations than it usually displays when it repeats itself, in the matter of individual armor for soldiers. Aside from the question as to whether the American soldier will wear "hardware" after it is designed and made for him, there is every indication that our troops in France, especially those chosen to lead in attack, will soon be equipped with fairly complete metal costumes.

Major Bashford Dean, Ordnance Department, United States Army, the curator of armor in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, recommends the new armor highly, but expresses some doubts as to how the men will take to it. He is quoted in the New York *Evening Post:*

"Body armor is a personal matter, and must meet the favor of the people who wear it. The soldier may not stand for it. The soldier is hampered already with his regular equipment. But it would be worth the discomfort to him, for with armor you can stop missiles of middle and low velocity, and hospital statistics show that more than three-fourths of wounds are caused by low-velocity missile sources, by shrapnel or bullets comparatively spent. Three beds out of four are filled with men whom armor would keep out. Our experimental workshop is a remarkable place for the making of models, and in it we have had produced adapted armor in ballistic metal.

"They have been sent to the front. We (and by "we" I mean the Committee on Armor of the Council of National Defense) have done our part. Now it is up to the men themselves. There are helmets and various kinds of body armor. But will the men wear them? Any one who has been to the front and knows the kind of ground they have to go over will realize that they may not want to carry extra weight, or to be slowed up even slightly by it. Armor has been tried by all the Allies, but only in the German Army is it compulsory. There are two kinds of armor, the heavy, used by the Germans, and the light, used by the British. The heavy stops a rifle-ball at 300 yards, but it is cumbersome and weighs twenty-five pounds. Our men are now wearing a copy of the British helmet, and the Belgians, Italians, and French are wearing the helmet invented by General Adrien after he had seen a soldier saved by the metal clasp on a little notebook he had in his cap. People have said that the result of the invention of this helmet was to fill the hospitals with men suffering from head wounds. But the answer to this is that before the helmet was invented the men were killed outright, and so had no need of hospitals. We have used the old armor as a point of departure, and have tried to blend all the good points into the new."

In the Civil War there was some armor made, Major Dean says, but it was light and not worth much. It was made in Hartford, Conn., and worn by the Northern soldiers. In the Museum are ancient armors, both solid and scaled, worn in the time of Louis XIV. and in the Franco-Prussian War. And much of this was used after the discovery of gunpowder. Some show the marks of balls. Also shown are the helmets now worn by the German, French, and English. The German helmets weigh almost three pounds, the French are very light, and the American and English ones are the low, flat ones now familiar here. All the metallurgists of the country, Major Dean says, are now working on the problem of the best steel to be used.

Experiments in the making of modern armor have been going on for some time, and are still under way, in a carefully guarded workshop, in the basement of the Metropolitan Museum. Here is "a complete armorer's shop, where a master armorer plies his inherited art with a skill that puts him on a level with some of the great armorers of the Middle Ages," says the New York *Tribune*, and continues:

This artizan is Mr. Daniel Tachaux, and those few who have been permitted to swing open his shop door—a door quite like many another along the corridor—may well count themselves among the fortunate blessed, for they have seen a shop like no other in this country—a shop now closed to the public and guarded by all the impassable and invulnerable barriers of government regulation.

For here, in a workroom originally established for the purpose of cleaning, repairing, and, in some rare cases, restoring pieces of defective armor, Mr. Tachaux and his young French assistant, Sergeant Bartel, of the Ordnance Department, are carefully working out designs and models of defensive armor that can be worn by the Allied soldiers, and which it is expected will result in cutting down to a very great degree, as the helmets have already done, the percentage of killed and wounded in this present war.

When the war broke out Mr. Robinson, director of the Metropolitan Museum, learning that the Government was in need of models for the preparation of armor, obtained the sanction of the trustees in placing the department of armor at the disposition of Secretary of War Baker. Bashford Dean, curator of the department and a man who has given his life to the study of the subject, was commissioned as a major and immediately sent abroad to report on the status of armor—what was already in use and what additions might feasibly be made. He returned to the United States late in January of the present year, and has since kept the armor workshop of the Museum busy, on holidays and week days, turning out models in accordance with the suggestions of General Pershing and the Ordnance Department. After careful and patient experimentation by experts forty models have been made, and are even now being tried out on the fighting front.

The personal history of Mr. Tachaux, head armorer for the United States Government, reads like a page from a medieval romance:

Born in Blois and a descendant of men who had been for generations workers in metals and skilled artizans in the art of making weapons of offense and defense, himself a craftsman of great skill even as a boy, and filled with all the love of one who is born to a craft and to whom is entrusted the privilege of keeping that craft alive, he went to Paris in the '70's as apprentice to the famous Klein. The latter had been brought from the Dresden armory by order of Napoleon III. to clean and repair the armor which he was then installing in the beautiful Château of Pierrefonds.

Under such tutelage Tachaux perfected himself and soon had an *atelier* of his own, from which his reputation as an armorer spread until he became recognized as one of the greatest living masters of his art, and considered by many students superior to all in hammer-work. Ten years ago he was brought to this country to assist Major Bashford Dean in restrapping—the technical term for riveting and readjusting the fastenings of armor (a process requiring high skill)—repairing, and restoring the pieces in America's greatest collection of arms and armor.

Here in the little workshop where the sun comes in through miniature panes and is deflected in myriad colors by small tools, age old, bits of brass and bronze, steel bright from pounding, and armored suits wrought with the intricate traceries of medieval decoration, Mr. Tachaux plies with deft skill and the ease of long practise the very tools used by his ancestors and handed down from father to son through hundreds of years. The museum has collected from all parts of the world the implements used in the fabrication of ancient armor, comprising some ninety kinds of anvils and "stakes," several hundred different types of hammers, curious shears, and instruments whose use would be quite unknown were it not that six armorers—heirs of a past skill—are living to-day. One of these is in Dresden, one in Switzerland, two in Japan, one in London, and the other America has in the person of Mr. Tachaux, who has collected about him the dusty romance of an almost forgotten art, and in his corner of an ultra-modern city has labored to preserve the relics of those storied centuries when knights were bold and ladies passing fair.

Huge of figure and generous of girth, beneath the protection of a leathern apron he has heretofore sat day by day before a large wooden block swinging his hammer upon old steel, cunningly shaping and refitting parts bent by a blow given in joust or actual battle, bringing forth the beauty of some time-worn piece, some tarnished helm or pliant Damascus blade worth a prince's ransom. His hands, large and muscular, move over his work with the swift surety of accustomed handling and the dexterous ease of a master in recreation. So skilful is his work, so accurate, that the portions of armor

> which he has restored—even those parts so small as the scale of a gauntlet—are each plainly marked with the word "restored," the date, and his name, "D. Tachaux," so that in future no possible mistake can be made in confusing his restoration with a piece of the original armor.
>
> Through a door just behind Mr. Tachaux, and to his left, can be seen the great forge, with hood and bellows, where the metals are heated, and the anvil where they are pounded into shape. On the wall at the back of the shop there hangs a polychrome stone figure of St. Eloi, the patron saint of all those who wield the hammer. Here also is a drawing of a suit of armor—the identical suit which stands in one corner—complete but for the helmet. There are a diploma of award and a silver medal given Mr. Tachaux at the Exposition Universelle at Paris in 1900, some books of armorer's designs, and large racks of tools—an armorer's vise, a great shears, and numerous pieces of metal and parts of armor.

But the turn of events has lifted Mr. Tachaux's romantic industry out of the realm of the historically quaint and interesting into a foremost place in the history that is in the making to-day. *The Tribune* explains:

> Now, thanks to him who has kept alive an art long considered dead, this country is able to benefit by the advice of an expert in metals, and no longer does Mr. Tachaux labor over ancient pieces, but bends all his efforts, all his cunning, and all his knowledge, to the making of armor that can be worn by the modern soldier—armor heavy enough to be invulnerable, light enough to carry.
>
> This question of weight and, therefore, practicability of armor for the man on foot—the man who makes a charge—reverts to the time of Louis XV. of France, when the use of defensive protection had practically disappeared and an attempt was made to revive the steel helmet. Indeed, the development of armor from the time of side-arms until the use of firearms is one of exceeding interest at this time, in that the Government is reviewing the work of some of the greatest of the old masters in armor-making, with a view to reinstating the best and most feasible of the old methods of defensive protection. We are turning to such experts in the science of armor design as Leonardo da Vinci, Giulio Romano, Cellini, Holbein, Dürer, Michelangelo, and others. In fact, so completely were armored defenses studied in the past that to-day there is scarcely a technical idea brought forward which was not worked in elaborate detail by the old-time makers. Indeed, with the adoption of such equipment by the modern soldier fighting on the old battle-grounds of the Middle Ages the medieval knight would not find himself embarrassingly misaccoutered, as might be imagined, should he be suddenly reincarnated.

Of even more primitive origin than the modern soldier's armor are the new shields for soldiers now in use, to a greater or less extent, by all the armies. Their development has been marked, particularly in the past year. Says the *Tribune* writer:

> They were small at first, and provided with a slot of just sufficient size to accommodate a rifle or machine gun. Later, shields were provided for the sappers, whose duty it is to creep along, cutting barbed-wire entanglements. Lying behind a small portable shield, they are protected from the fire of enemy sharpshooters.
>
> A new development in this line is the experimenting with fabric shields, which are extremely light in weight and practically impenetrable. They are being made in two types—the single shield, worn in front and serving to protect the wearer from bullets, and the double shield for protecting the chest and back. These were found necessary, in that a high percentage of the casualties resulted from flying shrapnel.
>
> A detailed description of these shields is obviously impossible; but they consist mainly of a pad of fabric forming a book-like section, with several plates to the inch, chemically treated after being made up, inserted in an outer covering of khaki, and the whole sewed up. Altho this does not sound particularly serviceable, tests have been made of it and the shield found to withstand a revolver bullet. At one shield a man fired two shots from a service revolver at a distance of eight paces, with a bullet velocity of 750 feet per second. The lead bullets had fabric markings on their mashed noses, which showed that the fabric was the last thing struck by them before they came to a halt in the folds of the shield. Again, one of these shields was placed against an empty carbid tin to demonstrate the ability of the fabric to protect aeroplanes and other equipment. The bullets fired at it, altho they struck the shield on the tin, thereby making a slight indentation, in no case penetrated it.

There are abundant statistics, compiled by the Allied governments, to show that a large percentage of wounds are caused by spent or ricocheting bullets and small fragments of burst shells, hand-grenades, and aerial torpedoes, and that a comparatively frail shield will deflect such missiles. One British surgeon reported that motor-goggles are often sufficient to save the eyes of a soldier, and a stiff linen collar may prevent the cutting of the cartoid artery. The helmet, last of the defensive armor to disappear and the first to come back, has so thoroughly proved its efficiency as to be a good argument for further armoring of fighting men. Cases in point are given:

> There have been many instances where a helmet was dented or broken, but its wearer untouched, and, altho the percentage of wounded decreased after the adoption of the helmet, this was a good sign in that it meant a decrease in the percentage of killed. Indeed, it is a common thing to find that a ball which otherwise would have penetrated the cranium has been deflected and stopt by a helmet without causing a wound.
>
> Of the direct causes of wounds statistics show that projectiles of average energy—shell-fragments and shrapnel—are the most frequent, causing three-fourths, if not more, of the total casualties, whereas the bullet from a rifle or machine gun, frequent at the beginning of the war, has become of much less importance. It is found that small projectiles of low energy are often the determining cause of mortality or invalidism; but, as has been stated before, these are often deflected by the use of a metal plate.
>
> The use of armor is still a much-debated question, but the adoption of the helmet has shown its importance, and, due to the fact that the war is continually creating new conditions, it is becoming a matter of vast importance to avoid the death or invalidism of the soldier, even at the cause of increased weight.
>
> However, this matter of excess weight may be soluble. One suggestion is the adoption of smooth, thick steel plates, so bent and arranged that they present only glancing surfaces, as in specimens of Golden Age armor. According to Charles Foulkes, curator of the armories in the Tower of London, a serviceable half-armor weighs about thirty pounds, and, allowing fifteen more for clothes and arms, this would make a total weight of only forty-five pounds, while the modern soldier carries about sixty pounds.
>
> Meanwhile, the question of whether the American soldier will dash across the Rhine, besiege Cologne, and clatter through Berlin in full armor of the Middle Ages or in the present uniform and steel helmet is more or less "up to the soldier himself." Again, he may look rather like the pictured football star, for Major Dean and Mr. Tachaux are working upon designs of greaves that will lessen the arm and leg wounds which have been found to constitute respectively 33 and 40 per cent. of the war casualties.
>
> When it is realized that three-fourths of the hospital cots are occupied by cases which armor would have prevented, the importance of the work being done by the men in that museum workshop can not be overestimated. There, where the slanting sunlight blends the shadows of old swords and old armorial designs into a bright whole, Mr. Tachaux, master of an age-old craft, and Major Dean, student of modern war-equipment, are uniting their genius to work out in metal of modern formula defensive equipment which shall combine the best of the ancient designs, which make brilliant the illustrations in our medieval tales, with the modern needs created by the deadlier weapons of to-day.

"HARD-BOILED" SERGEANT AND COLLEGE CORPORAL SEE PARIS

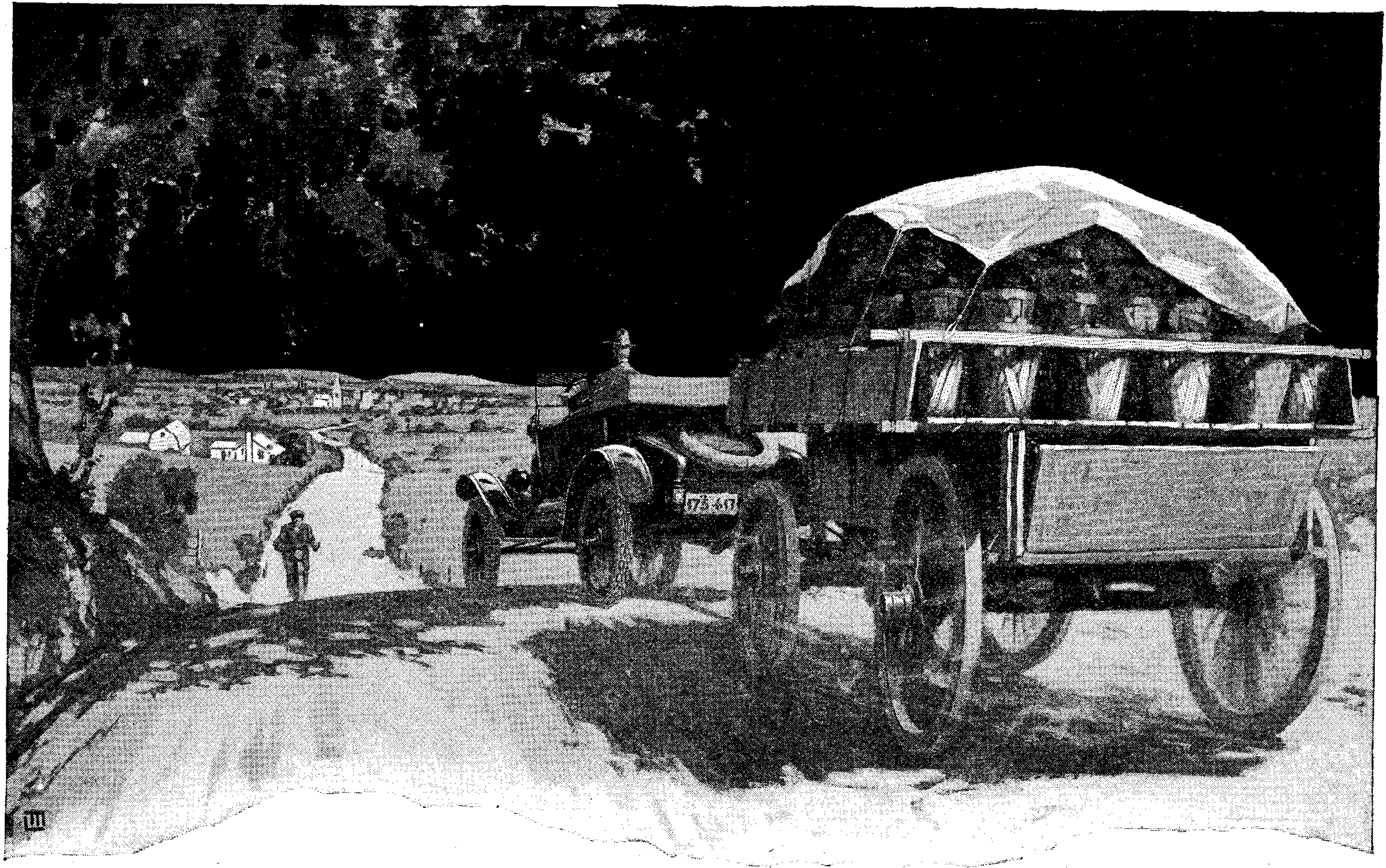
THERE were two of them, says the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*, a "hard-boiled" sergeant of marines and a young corporal of engineers; they were typical of the old American soldier, and the new.

The sergeant of marines had worn the uniform so long that he wouldn't know how to tie a civilian cravat. The young engineer had left college to volunteer when the United States entered the war. Both had been wounded, and both were entitled to wear the Distinguished Service Cross.

The sergeant considered the corporal the greatest man in the world in spite of the fact that he said "cawn't." The corporal loved the sergeant, even tho he did insist on pronouncing it "kain't."

The Herald tells the story of their trip:

> They sat together on a Y. M. C. A. sight-seeing trip to Paris and their comments on the places they visited, tho couched in different terms and showing at times a different point of view, were typically American. It is hard to tell whether the sergeant or the corporal enjoyed the trip more, because both had a thoroughly good time. The sergeant saw many things that he never had even heard of before; the



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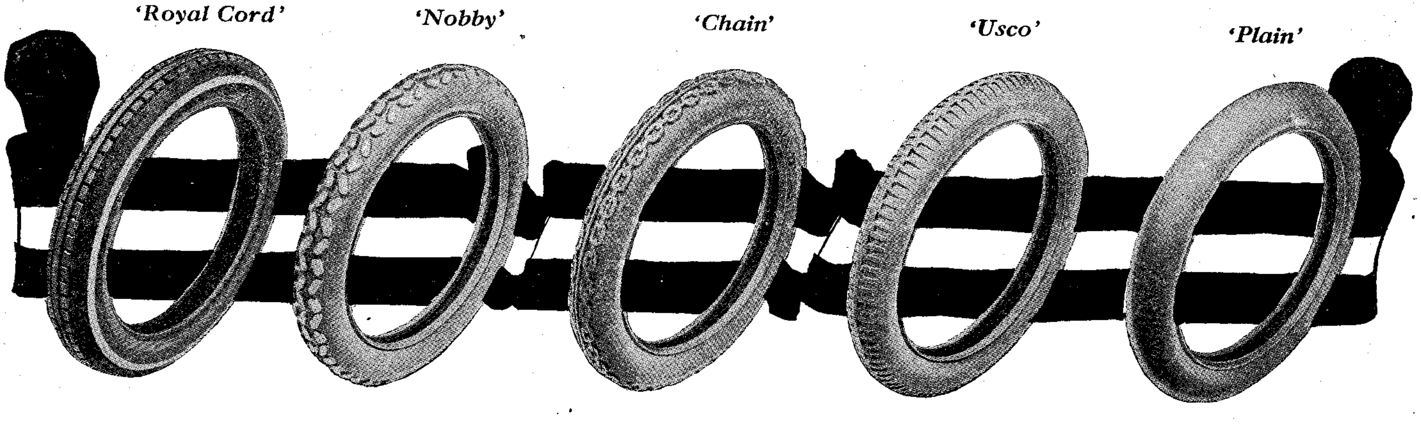

corporal saw things that he had been reading about and always wanted to see.

First the sight-seeing car took them to the site of the old Bastile.

"Here is where history was made," said the corporal. "It is one of the landmarks of liberty in the Old World. What the people did here marked the beginning of the end of the monarchical government in France."

"If I get the dope straight," said the sergeant. "The gang got tired of having the short end slipt to them about this time and they began their holler for the square deal by tearing down the town calaboose. I remember the time I was in jail down at Santo Domingo for bouncing one off the chin of one of them unbleached policemen and the boys tore the shack down and got me out. I guess it was about the same sort of a racket as them Frenchmen put on here."

Notre Dame de Paris made a great impression on the corporal.

"This is one of the most famous churches in the world, sergeant," he explained. "It was started in 1163."

"Sure," said the sergeant. "That was the year Eddie Plank broke into the big league. But they musta had stone-masons in them days at that, for she looks as good as new. And them big windows mighta been put in yesterday. But of course nobody was in no hurry when it took over a hundred years to build the place. I'll bet that them fellows was getting paid by the day like union carpenters."

At Napoleon's tomb the sergeant was the one imprest.

"I take off my hat to that bird," he said, saluting solemnly. "Some fightin' guy. He woulda been in the marines if he had lived in our days. Say, he certainly run them Prussians and Austrians and Eyetalians ragged for a time, didn't he? And Wellington never woulda slipped it over him at Waterloo if the old man Grouchy hadn't lost his way and gummed the game. Some fightin' guy, I'm here to state."

"Yes, he was a great soldier," said the corporal. "The greatest soldier of modern times. But his philosophy was faulty. He let his ambition run away with his judgment."

"I don't know nothing about his philosophy," broke in the sergeant, "but there wasn't nothin' the matter with his nerve. He met all comers as fast as they could come to him and there wasn't none of them clamorin' for encores."

The drive through the Bois de Boulogne was a delight to both the sergeant and the corporal. As the automobile rolled through the miles of shaded boulevards they agreed that there was nothing to beat it in all the world.

"Notice how well this park has been planned," said the corporal. "It seems that all the trees bordering the roads are of the same size. Here again is evidence that the French took plenty of time about beautifying things. And how well everything is kept up! The people of Paris evidently have a great respect for law and order, so there is not even so much as a scrap of paper on the ground, and the great American banana peel is conspicuous by its absence."

"Oh, boy, wouldn't I like to take Maggie for a row on that lake!" exclaimed the sergeant as the automobile rounded a turn and came within view of the beautiful stretch of water. "Say, I'd give my next month's pay to have a chance to spend Sunday afternoon out here with her. But at that you'd be risking your life rowing on that lake if it was crowded. Some of the French handle their oars as if they were trying to fly. That bird over yonder will drown his best girl if he don't quit splashin'."

THE SIGN-LANGUAGE IS NOT OUTDATED IN RUSSIA

"DO you believe in signs?" asks Mr. Arthur Elliot Sproul in the New York *Herald*, and proceeds to tell us that he does. Very much, he says, on the same principle that the New England farmer believed in baptism: "Believe in baptism?" quoth he. "Gosh! I've seen it done!" So with signs. Mr. Sproul had not only "seen it done," but had done it, when he was marooned in a sea of Russian consonants. "Really," he says argumentatively, "it's no joke to find yourself on occasion where you can't speak a word, understand a word, or read a word—and yet feel that you must 'put over' something that you have in mind. And yet, do I say 'no joke'? Quite the reverse. It is a joke. It is funnier than the funniest. Hush now! Listen!" And he retails his worldless struggles in revolutionary Russia:

When first I reached Petrograd I had several highly important letters of introduction to deliver. I had engaged no interpreter or secretary at that time, tho subsequently I had a most competent one. So my plan was this: The hotel porter, who knew a little English but not much, would go with me to the sidewalk, call an *iszhvoschik*, give him my destination, haggle with him as to price, notify me (in English) of the "irreducible minimum" that I was to pay in rubles, tuck me comfortably into the sledge, and away I'd be driven over the smooth snow. On arriving I would pay the stipulated sum and enter the building—having no difficulty in finding the desired official by exhibiting my letter, with the clearly typewritten address upon its envelop.

But one day misfortune overtook me. After my sledge had left me, at a great official building on the bank of the Neva, I found on entering that I was in the wrong place—I couldn't ask where! I had once before been to the right place, and this was obviously different. What a predicament! I couldn't ask where I was. I couldn't tell where I wanted to go. I couldn't even tell—that is, in Russian—the name of my hotel, so that I might return there and make a fresh start. The hall-servants spoke among themselves and waited, courteously enough, to see what "this foreigner" was going to do.

Well, this is what I did: I held up my envelop so that the one or two of the servants who could read their own language (many of them can not read a word) could see the name and address. Then I waved my hand toward the outer world, to indicate that the gentleman whom I wished to meet was elsewhere. "Da, da, da," came the affirmative and understanding response. Then I took the head servant's hand, placed it within my arm and motioned with my free hand toward the outer street—meaning, of course, that he was to take me to the proper building. Again, "Da, da, da!" But the job was not for him, unfortunately. He could not leave his responsible duties.

But what of that? Just as would be the case here in New York and (also just as in New York), scenting a "tip," he quickly produced a subordinate from a hidden recess. This man, having laid aside his official braided coat and brass-mounted cap, was evidently "off duty." A quick interchange of Russian between the two explained the situation. The newcomer pulled on his heavy overcoat, donned his fur cap and goloshes, and out we went, smiling, into the clear frostiness of one of the great quays that skirt the Neva. Two blocks away was my real destination. A satisfactory tip was proffered and smilingly accepted; and I had therefore accomplished, wholly by signs, the feat of conveying to these servants the information that I knew I was in the wrong place, that I wanted to be told the right place, that I wished a man to go with me to it, and that I would pay "all concerned" suitably for the service rendered. So, do I believe in signs—*do I?* Well—

He had another occasion, in Moscow, to resort to the use of signs. It was at dinner, and he was the guest of an American gentleman who spoke some Russian. They had finished their soup, and Mr. Sproul's host said:

"And now, how about fish? Will you have some?"

At that particular instant it seemed to me that if I could have a tender, well-broiled, good-sized portion of soudac (one of the best of the many excellent fish to be had in Russia) nothing in the world could be more acceptable. So I answered, with appropriate enthusiasm:

"Thank you very much, Mr. M—. I should like a piece of soudac above all things. Tell him to have it nicely broiled and I sha'n't want anything else, except a bit of dessert and a demi-tasse."

Now, I had been hearing my friend M—speak Russian with apparent fluency; and I was therefore quite astounded to have him blush rosily (for a man) and reply to me:

"I'm sorry, but I don't know the Russian for 'broiled.' Suppose I just say 'soudac' and then take a chance on how he brings it—broiled, or boiled, or baked?"

Not me! At that instant—possibly through natural perversity and stubbornness, possibly from the mere love for broiled fish as such—it seemed to me that the one thing in the world that I positively must have, and for which I wouldn't accept even gold and gems as being "just as good" substitutes, was broiled soudac; and not baked or boiled or fried soudac, either, but broiled—broiled—broiled! And so I said to my good M—: "Let me see the bill of fare, please."

He obediently passed me the menu with wondering eyes, but politely kept silent. He knew I couldn't read a word of it—indeed, at that time I didn't know even a letter of the Russian alphabet. All the same—

The fourth page of the menu was blank—as I had already noticed as it lay on the table, just beyond my reach. "At that moment" (as used to be set down in the dear old "Beadle's Dime Novels" of boyhood's happy days) our hero—for it was he and no other—swiftly drawing from its place of concealment his trusty pocket pencil, seized it firmly with his strong right hand, and drew on the back of the menu with his unerring (more or less) accuracy a sketch of a soudac lying upon a gridiron and in the very act of being broiled over a fire burning briskly below it. Haughtily thrusting this in front of the terrified waiter, and uttering the single

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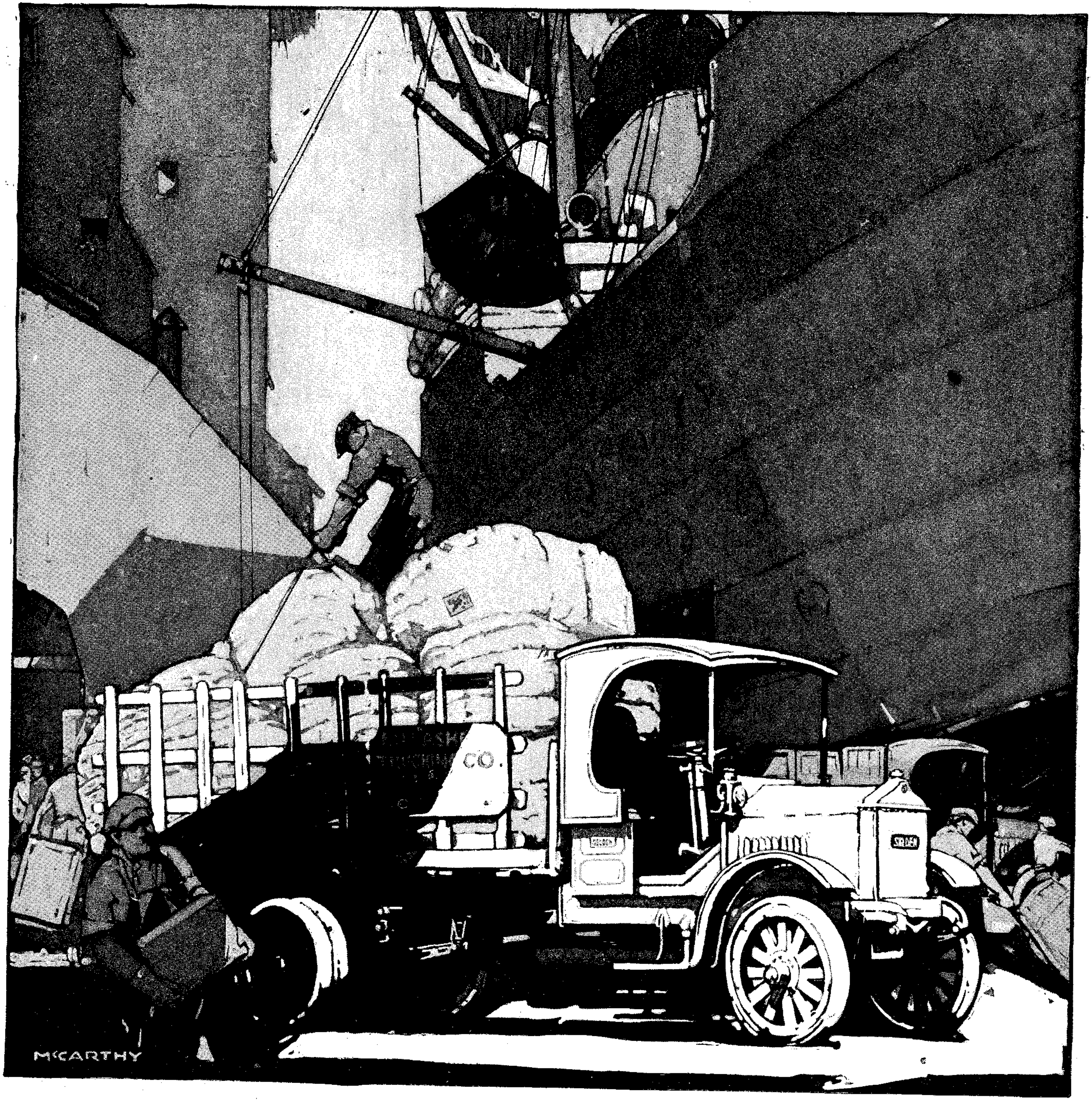

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magic word "Soudac," our hero awaited the result. Marvelous! The servitor bowed humbly, ejaculated "Da, da, da," in token of comprehension and of assent, and disappeared.

Next time he made a scene. He was dining with a friend who knew no Russian at all, and he knew very little. Luckily the menu was in French. But, he says:

> There were no drinkables mentioned upon it—even the simplest and most harmless—so it was necessary to order them outside the menu—and of course, therefore, in Russian. Well, that was not so difficult, apparently, for my friend said that he wanted "kvass," whereas I preferred a very clear, sparkling table-water that in those days came up from the Caucasus, called "Narsan." All I had to do was to point to myself as the attentive waiter stood by the table and say "Narsan," and then point to Mr. H— and say "kvass"—and the thing was done.
>
> Ah, yes! Or rather, I should say, not at all! For (the waiter having meanwhile moved away) my friend developed a decidedly disconcerting amount of fussiness about his "kvass." Now, you must know, gentle reader, that there are more than one kind of "kvass." I think there are three at least—maybe there are more. One kind is red by reason of being produced from a small red berry much like our cranberry; a second variety is of a yellowish brown; a third still darker, and so on. So my banker friend remarked to me:
>
> "I want that red 'kvass'—not one of the other kinds. Order that for me, will you?"
>
> Whereupon I said to him:
>
> "Now, see here! I'm no Russian expert. I don't know the name of that red stuff, and so I can't ask for it. You said you wanted 'kvass' and I've ordered it for you. Now be a sport and take whatever he brings you and drink it—and say it's good!"
>
> But, no! My moneyed "sharp" didn't see the joke at all; indeed, there was a peeved note in his voice that was almost like that of a child that wanted a certain toy to play with. He almost (note that I say "almost," for he was really a good sort, if you kept "kvass" away from him—or rather, if you *didn't* keep "kvass" away from him) glared at me and sternly and unsmilingly said these words, pausing after each one of them: "I—want—that—red—'kvass'—and—nothing—else!"
>
> Well, what are you going to do with a man like that?
>
> Now, it is an interesting fact that in Russia every sort of servant has his own special costume—and very picturesque they are.
>
> Well, the waiters in the Praga restaurant, on this eventful evening wore the distinctive costume of spotless white, cut differently from any white garments for waiters in New York, and with a silk girdle about the waist, knotted at the left side and falling therefrom with tasseled ends.
>
> I could see our waiter standing well across the dining-room, and, after the manner of his kind in all restaurants in all countries, looking everywhere but at the people whom he was serving. After waiting for what seemed an interminable time (I being still under the "almost" glare of my financial friend), I made up my mind that in order to attract the waiter's attention I must make some kind of noise. I didn't have the least idea of how to say in Russian, "Confound you, come here," or, "Why don't you look this way once in a while?" or anything at once convincing and courteous of that sort, so I just let out a sort of general yell. This created somewhat more of a sensation than I expected and attracted rather more attention to our table than I really cared for on the part of the other diners. I could see them exchange glances, undoubtedly put us down as "those foreigners," and let it go at that.
>
> But, after all, my main object was accomplished, for the waiter (like everybody else) heard my outcry and looked in our direction. Immediately I beckoned to him and he approached. Reaching what he considered a respectful distance, he stopt. But I continued to beckon. His face, then, was a study. "Why on earth," it said as plainly as could be, "does this foreigner want me to come any nearer to him? I can hear anything that he may wish to say from where I am. What does he want to do to me, anyhow?" So, tho he continued to approach me, he did so with very short steps and with a watchful, alert manner, as if prepared for any violent physical attack that I or my "almost" friend might be intending to make upon him. But by this time he was quite close to me; and it was simple enough, then, for me to lift in one hand the ends of the silken girdle that hung from his waist, give it a significant "pat" with my disengaged hand, then point to my table companion and ejaculate "Kvass!" Ah, the waiter's apprehensions vanished. His face cleared. He smiled deferentially and ejaculated the ever welcome "Da, da, da!" He understood instantly what was wanted. His girdle was crimson. The "almost" gentleman desired "kvass" to match it—hence crimson "kvass"—hence the cranberry variety. *Voilà!* (as we say in Paris). Nothing could be plainer. And my banker friend's face cleared as he burst into a broad guffaw. "Sproul, you're a genius," said he. "You've saved my life."

HINDENBURG A TYPICAL MODERN HUN, SAYS MAN WHO KNEW HIM

THE vogue of General von Hindenburg, the almost superhuman characteristics attributed to him by the German people, have excellent foundations in the personality of the man. Hindenburg is such stuff as a proper Teuton war-god might fittingly be made of. With the mystery that surrounds him removed, as is done by a recent writer in the Washington *Post*, he appears neither the myth nor the superman he has variously been credited with being, but a consistent exponent of present-day German brutality.

The writer in *The Post*, an ex-attaché who spent several years in Berlin's diplomatic Court, remarks of Hindenburg's personal side:

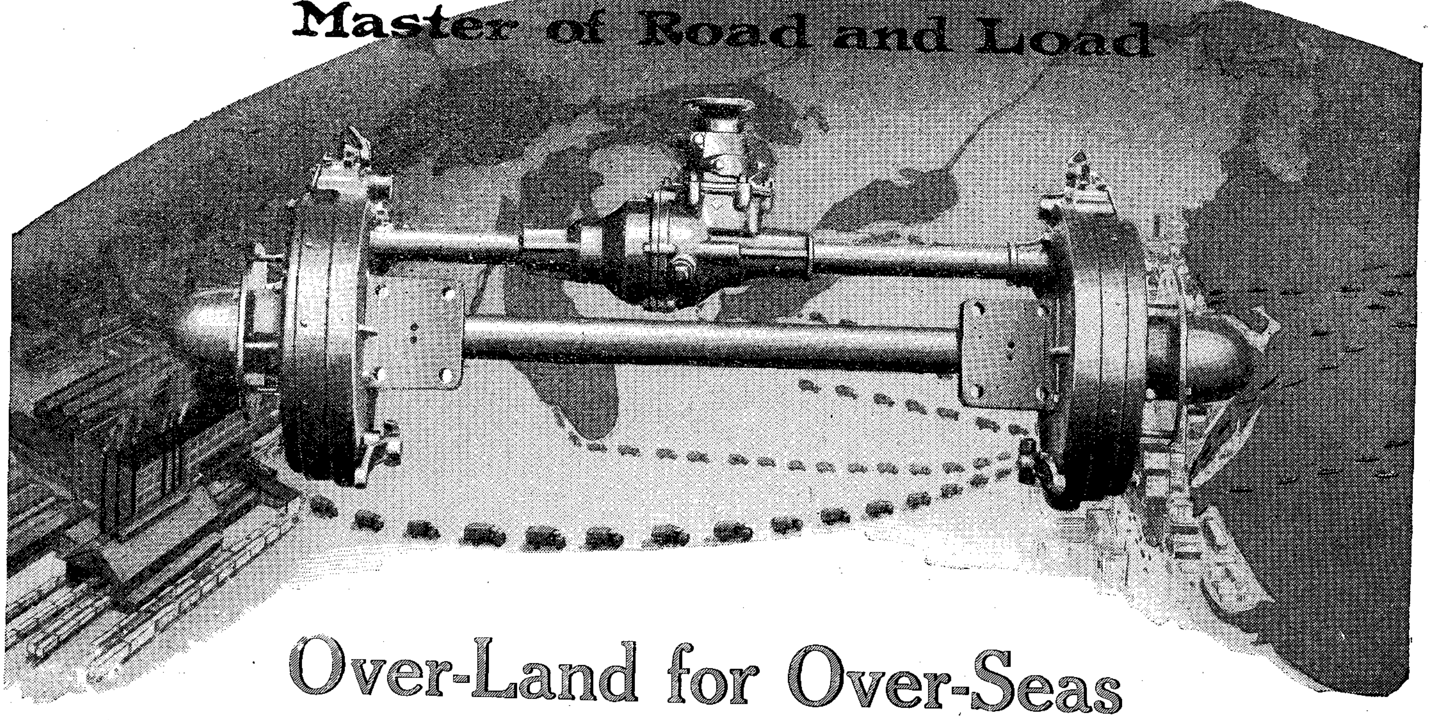
> No one who ever came in contact with his gorilla-like aspect could forget him. To meet von Hindenburg once was an experience to be remembered no less vividly than an encounter with the semihuman brute of the African jungle. I met him, not once, but often. I was his guest on several occasions.
>
> Twelve years ago, when my path first crossed that of von Hindenburg, he was not the great god of the German people that the war has made of him. Nevertheless, his personality had been felt and his future value to the Fatherland quite accurately gaged. Prince von Bülow recognized his ability, and I remember his very words when Hindenburg's name came up in his discussion of the various generals whom I would be obliged to meet in the course of my military duties.
>
> "You can learn much from Hindenburg if you can endure him," said the Prince. "Personally, I detest him. He violates every rule of good taste. But he is a master of a profession, and in the event of a big European war, I am convinced that only a man of his type could carry such a war through to a successful conclusion."

The writer's first meeting with Hindenburg took place at a dinner-party at the Foreign Office in Berlin. "The General's mouth was full, as it usually is when he is sitting with anything to eat before him," comments the ex-attaché, and continues:

> His acknowledgment of the introduction was anything but polite. First he grinned, and, when he had swallowed what was in his mouth, was about to say something to me. Then he apparently changed his mind, grinned at me once more, and went on with the business of eating. Being an entire stranger, I was at a complete loss as to the significance of his attitude. Being attached to the diplomatic corps, I could not afford to be rude in return, tempting as that was.
>
> After dinner I strolled into the anteroom of the Foreign Office, where brandy, whisky, aerated waters, and cigars were provided for the guests. There I encountered von Hindenburg, seated at a small table by himself enjoying a whisky-and-soda and a cigar. I motioned to the empty seat opposite him. He nodded and I sat down.
>
> "What was it you were going to say at dinner, General?" I asked. "It must have been something amusing. I felt sure by the look in your eyes that I would like to have heard it."
>
> The General lay back in his chair and grinned again.
>
> In after years I was to note that von Hindenburg never laughs when amused. He always grins, no matter how amused he may be. It is an unusual grin—uncanny, I might say. You sense the evil depths of the man. Not that he is immoral, for he is not. It gives you the impression that he is gloating over the possession of some unholy power. One can imagine he wore it when he looked at some of his troopers practising "cutting the lemon" in the Masurian Lakes—with the head of a Russian substituted for the lemon.
>
> Von Hindenburg yawned and I welcomed the interruption of the grin.
>
> "Well, the fact is," he said, finally, "I was going to tell you that whenever I am introduced to a diplomatist I always feel that I have added another liar to my acquaintance."
>
> The average man would have chuckled over the sally. The General leaned back again in his chair and grinned more broadly than ever.
>
> I felt rather annoyed, but replied with a laugh, "You know, General, that if we diplomatists always told the truth, you generals would be kept pretty busy. Diplomatic lies go a long way in helping to keep the world at peace."
>
> He apparently was pleased at my reply, for he slapped his knee heavily with his huge ham of a hand and vowed that I was quite right.
>
> "Yes," he declared, after a pause, "you fellows keep us fighters idle. That's why I don't like you."
>
> "Who is the biggest liar of whom you know," I asked him, laughingly.
>
> "I am." Von Hindenburg fairly roared

The Russel Drive

Master of Road and Load



Over-Land for Over-Seas

Unceasingly, through the day and the night, through summer heat and winter snows, from Detroit, from Chicago, from Dayton, from the heart of the greatest of all nations, they move ever eastward—to the sea—the Motor Trucks.

They—the Motor Trucks—carry that which we make with our hands, our brains and our hearts—to our Allies and our own whom we have sent to fight for us—our Sons. We must hearten them. We must feed them. We must arm them—these invincible Soldiers of Democracy.

It is the Motor Truck that brings the inland factory to the gang-plank of the Atlantic transport. It is American genius, risen to war emergency, that has developed the Power, the Durability, the Efficiency and the Economy of the Motor Truck—to meet this war-time test.

It is the Russel Internal Gear Drive Axle—really two axles—the live axle that drives the Truck and the dead one that carries the Load—that has played a Titan's part in solving this vast problem of factory-to-seaboard transportation.

Russel

MASTER OF ROAD AND LOAD

Internal Gear Drive Axles

Five Reasons for Russel Pre-Eminence

Power:—The Russel Internal Gear Drive Axle delivers the Power close to the rims of the wheels which means *maximum* power when and where Power is required.

Strength:—The load-carrying axle is a single bar of chrome-nickel steel. The spindles are integral. There is nothing to break. The short propeller shaft eliminates "whipping." Russel brakes are recognized as the most positive and reliable.

Simplicity:—Any intelligent truck driver can make the few minor road-repairs needful to a Russel Axle, so accessible are all parts and simple the design and construction.

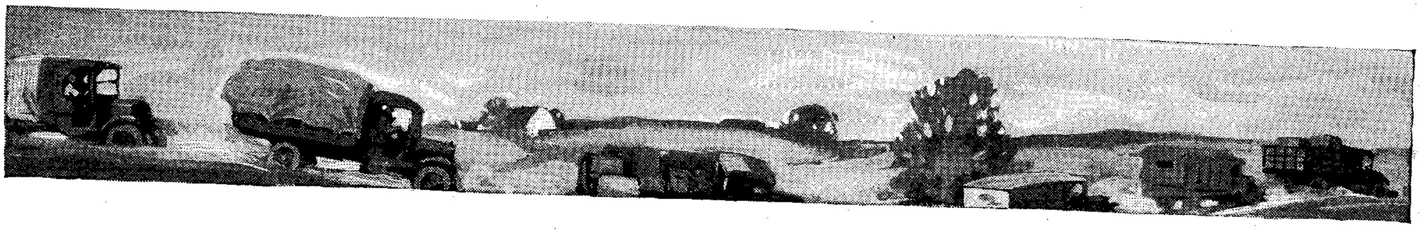
The Russel Axle is not sensitive to lack of lubrication. This means time and labor-saving in long hauls.

Economy:—The Russel Axle weighs less and saves tires. It requires less power and saves oil and gasoline.

Road-Clearance:—The absence of bulky housings gives extraordinary clearance for ruts, sand, mud and deep snow.

And back of all these is the Guarantee of Nine Years of Successful Axle-Design and Manufacture—Russel Reputation.

Russel Motor Axle Company, Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.



> his reply. I looked incredulous. He repeated, pounding his decorated chest. "I am! I am!"
>
> "The author of a lie is a liar, even if he does not utter the lie, is not that good theology?" he demanded with only the grin to denote that he was talking in a jocular vein.
>
> "Well, then, I have the honor of being the author of the biggest lie in history." He was speaking now with a serious mien. "It is a lie that will aid the Fatherland to confound the enemy some day. Our diplomatists will utter it for me. It will deceive, *mein Gott*, but how it will deceive! I hope I live, else my charming friend, the Kaiser, will appropriate the idea as his own."
>
> "Is it permissible to ask what is the nature of the lie?" I asked.
>
> "It is not!" Von Hindenburg glared malignantly at me.

It was not until three years later that the peculiarly malicious nature of the lie which so amused the German fighter became apparent. The writer, in response to an invitation from Hindenburg, called at the General's home, "Hanheim," near Hanover. It was nine o'clock at night, and an old servant, who also acted as gardener and general handy man, ushered the visitor into the living-room. The writer continues:

> There the General lay in a chair sound asleep. His immense head hung down, his mouth was partly open, and he was breathing heavily and regularly. He was clad in an old tweed suit, the jacket of which was thrown wide open, displaying a gray flannel shirt. He wore no waistcoat, and altogether did not present a very pleasing appearance.
>
> The servant coughed, and then uttered my name loudly. After repeating it two or three times in an increasingly loud voice, von Hindenburg awoke. He rubbed his eyes and glanced drowsily at me for a few moments, and then all traces of sleep vanished from his eyes. He was wide awake.
>
> I shall never forget the sudden transformation that took place in the man's face in that instant of time. The heavy, sleepy, stupid-looking countenance flashed into life; it became astonishingly alert in contrast. The great, heavy lips tightened and the dull, beady eyes gleamed. He jumped up from his chair with surprizing agility for his years and exclaimed:
>
> "Ah, you have found your way here and caught an old soldier napping."
>
> The hateful grin flickered across his mouth, and we shook hands.
>
> I stayed for two days at "Hanheim," and was alone with Hindenburg all the while. He was as courteous and considerate a host as it was possible for a man of his character and disposition to be to a guest of whom, in his heart, I believe, he desired to be rid as soon as possible.
>
> I had not forgotten his cryptic utterance as to being "the biggest liar." Even when my chief had dismissed my report of it immediately after my first meeting with the General, time refused to lessen my curiosity. I resolved to bring the subject up again.
>
> In the daytime we pottered about the General's flower-garden, walked over to see one or two of his neighbors, and drank beer at a tavern at which Hindenburg was a fairly frequent patron. The landlord of this tavern was a Prussian giant—an old Hanoverian who had once been a military servant of Hindenburg.
>
> The General when raising his tankard of beer to his lips would always utter the toast, "God smite our enemies!" to which the landlord, who joined him in his libations, would reply, "God help our enemies, General, when you smite them!"
>
> The implied compliment pleased Hindenburg and made him grin; it pleased him especially when there were strangers present to hear it.
>
> I heard afterward that on one occasion the landlord omitted to pay his usual compliment to the General, whereupon Hindenburg emptied his tankard into the landlord's face and thundered:
>
> "Next time you forget to reply to a toast that I offer you, the tankard will go after the beer into your ugly face."
>
> I can readily credit the story.

In contrast with most of the more notable generals of history, from Alexander to Napoleon, Hindenburg was interested in nothing, could talk about nothing, but war. It was easy, once he was comfortably settled in his chair in the evening and had his pipe under way, to start him on this subject. The narrative continues:

> "War," he said the second evening, "is the natural occupation of a soldier; when not engaged in fighting, however he may be occupied, he is occupied uselessly. He is like a barrister without briefs or a surgeon without patients." Then, after a pause and a puffing of his heavy meerschaum pipe, he went on:
>
> "In the next European war you will see killing on the biggest scale you ever saw before. It will be a war not between nations, but between races."
>
> "Who will the races be, General?" I interposed.
>
> "Teuton against Slav," he replied. "And it will be a war without mercy, as war ought to be.
>
> "Barbarians understand war better than we Europeans. They have no rules, no code, no conventions in war.
>
> "Kill your enemy in any way you can, and when you have killed him in sufficient numbers, so that he can no longer resist you, enslave him—that is the barbarian theory of war, and it is the right one."
>
> Hindenburg hated the Russians, and as he warmed up on his favorite subject, declared:
>
> "I have never met a Russian that I should not take a pleasure in killing. I hate them, and if I live to command our armies against them in the next war I hope I shall kill thousands of them—I look forward to killing them with pleasure."
>
> The utter barbarism of the General was amazing. Never before had I heard a European speak thus in the language of a painted savage.

It was in the course of this conversation that Hindenburg revealed the lie because of the spreading of which he considered himself a larger liar than any diplomat. Seizing a propitious moment, the attaché put the question:

> "General, do you still persist in characterizing yourself as 'the biggest liar'?"
>
> "Yes! Why?" It was inevitable that the grin should break out again.
>
> "Sheer curiosity, General. You aroused it three years ago. I have often wondered whether you were having a little fun with me or not."
>
> "That would be impossible, my friend." He never loses a chance to gibe at either friend or foe. "But you have a good memory, I see. Yes, I am 'the biggest liar,' and my lie is so well established that the world would not believe me if I denied it."
>
> "It was suggested to me by a German who told a similar lie to the great Cæsar when he overran Europe. The story runs that a certain Germanic tribe had been subjugated by the Romans and, because of their stubborn defense that had cost many Roman lives, were required to pay an enormous tribute, based upon the population of the tribe.
>
> "This German chief was a diplomatist as well as a fighter. He thought quickly, and before Cæsar had sent out his officials to take the tribal census, fast-running couriers had carried a message that caused the tribespeople to migrate in great numbers. Thus, the census-takers carried back to Cæsar a report that showed the number of only about one-half of the real population.
>
> "Some day Germany's enemies will say: 'Ah, she has bitten off more than she can chew,' and they will not understand why Germany can chew on so big a cud. They will discover that we are stronger than we really are when too late.
>
> "Now, to bed, for you must take the early morning train." With a gruff good night, von Hindenburg followed me upstairs.

Some two months later, on the occasion of his second visit to Hindenburg, the writer found Herr August Thyssen, one of the richest men in Germany, a guest of the General. The meeting is described:

> I was ushered directly into von Hindenburg's smoking-room just as the General was pointing to its walls lined with about 2,000 books, most of which referred to war. Hindenburg had read a few of them and remembered their contents fairly well.
>
> "I was about to say to Thyssen," said the General after the introductions as he pointed the stem of his pipe to a long row of red-bound volumes, "that there is a series of stories of the world's soldiers who were failures. None won fame or reputation, and the story of each is in many ways the story of the man who was merciful to his conquered enemies. The stories of famous soldiers are the stories of men who were not."
>
> I was tremendously interested in Herr Thyssen, of whom I had heard much. He is a man of seventy-six years, and out of various business enterprises, principally iron and steel, has amassed a fortune almost as great as that of Bertha Krupp. He absolutely controls all his own enterprises and has never converted them into corporations. He is one of the keenest and most ruthless business men in Germany.
>
> In many ways both he and von Hindenburg were like each other in character, and there was undoubtedly a sort of natural affinity between the men.
>
> Von Hindenburg told me that Thyssen had all the qualities in him which go to make a good soldier and wished that his friend had been one.
>
> Thyssen declared to me that if von Hindenburg had not been a soldier he would have made a fortune in business. Later in the evening, during von Hindenburg's absence, the manufacturer told me a story about the General which illustrates quite forcibly his iron-handed method of discipline.
>
> An officer, a Captain Weissener, who had been attached to von Hindenburg's staff for the maneuvers, was to join the General at "Hanheim" a couple of days

Why Repairing Radiator Leaks with "X" Liquid is *More Scientific* than Soldering

—and how this remarkable Liquid eliminates Rust and Scale from the entire cooling system

IT takes only a little thought to realize that the worst thing a motorist can do with a leaky radiator is to have it soldered.

And this is why—

In order to get the greatest cooling efficiency, radiator walls are made about as thin as this sheet of paper. The water passages between these walls are very narrow—perhaps *1-16th of an inch.*

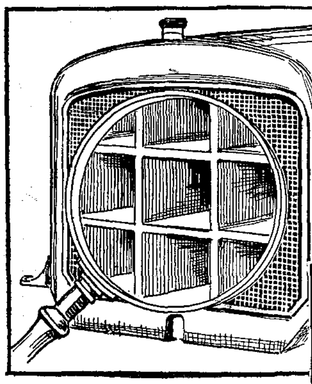
And the average honeycomb radiator, with 16,000 square inches of cooling surface, has over 24,000 corners that may leak!

Imagine hunting for a leak with a white-hot soldering torch, and trying to do the delicate work of welding the break! Is it any wonder that the paper-thin walls weaken and fuse into each other?

EXPERIENCED car owners know that a soldered radiator always gives trouble.

These thousands of car owners—and repair men—have learned that the only *scientific* way to repair a leak is with "X" Liquid—the first *practical method of repairing leaks without injury to any part of the cooling system.*

"X" is a pure *Liquid.* It is poured into the radiator, combines with the water, and circulates freely until it finds the leak. Then it flows through, and turns to a metal-like solid, binding the broken ends together with a repair that is permanent.



Within the magnifying glass you see a few radiator cells, actual size. The white spaces between the thin walls show the narrow water passages

In using "X" Liquid it is not necessary to drain the radiator, or search for the leak. "X" automatically finds *all leaks,* whether in the radiator, pump, gaskets, water jacket, etc., and repairs them in about ten minutes.

Many motorists use "X" *before* they have any leaks—as radiator insurance.

Don't confuse "X" Liquid with cements, powders, or flaxseed meals in solid or liquid form. These stop the leak by choking it—for a while. *But "X" Liquid makes a scientific, life-time repair.*

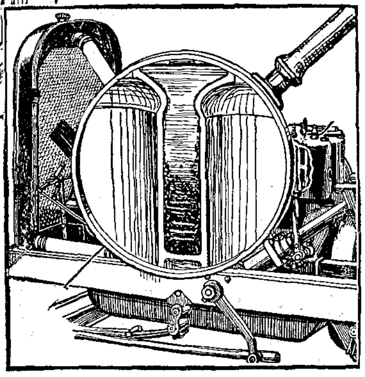
EVERY motorist has noticed the particles of rust that come out with the dirty water in his radiator.

This shows that rust is destroying the metal walls of the cooling system. And the parts not attacked by rust are piled with layers of scale—*obstructing the free circulation of water.*

The thoughtful car owner realizes that he can't let rust and scale continue to impair cooling efficiency.

So he keeps "X" Liquid constantly in the water to *loosen* the rust and scale already present. The chemical composition of "X" is such that it absorbs all free oxygen in the water. This *prevents* new rust from forming. And "X" also holds in the water the lime and magnesia that would otherwise deposit itself as scale.

In this way the narrow water passages are kept *free* from Rust and Scale. Cooling is greatly *improved.* Oil is *saved.* And the motor *performs better.*



Magnifying glass shows water space between cylinders. Note the rust and scale. "X" Liquid eliminates Rust—and prevents Scale in all water-cooling systems

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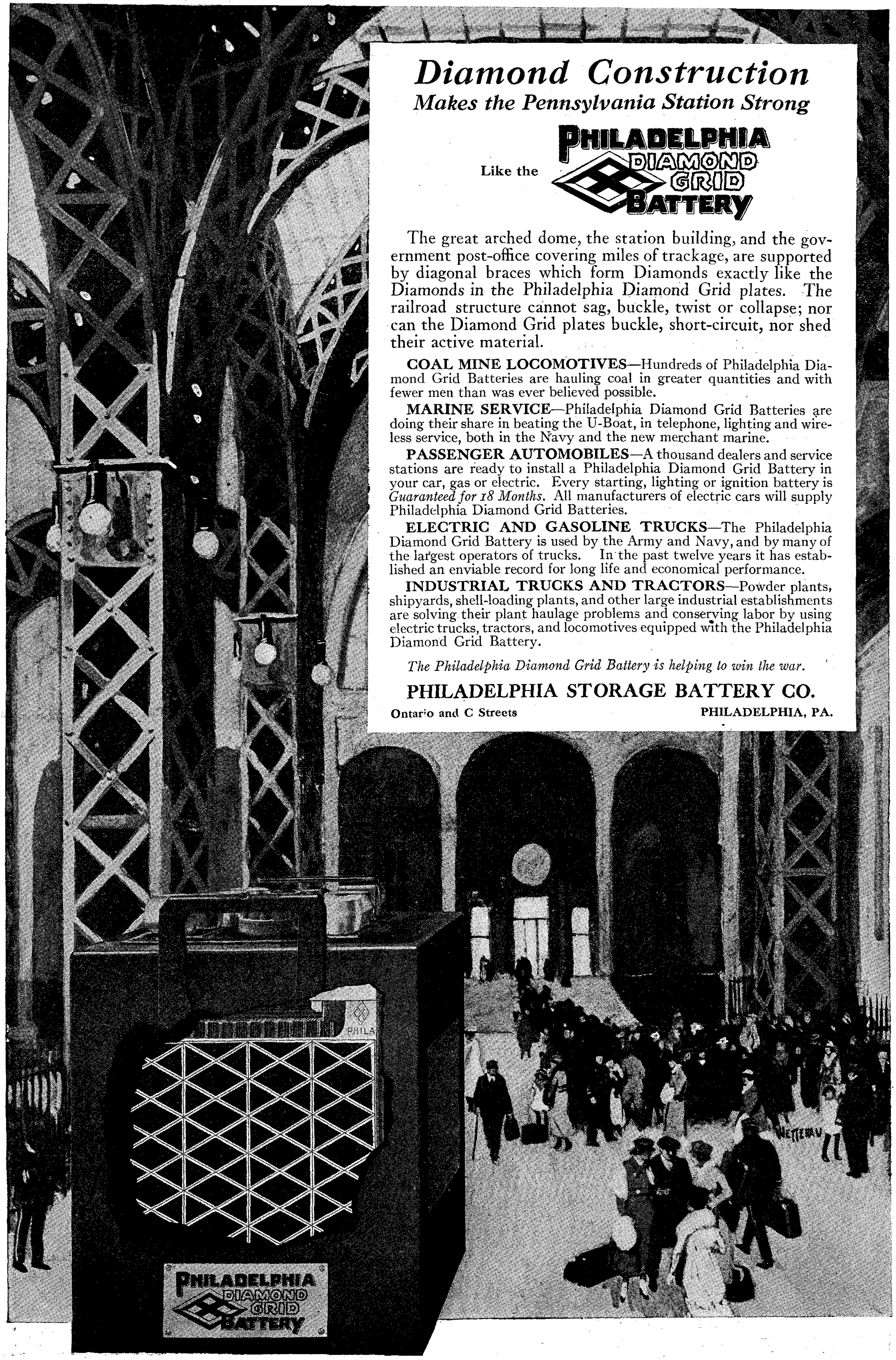

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The Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery is helping to win the war.

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before the maneuvers began. He went from Berlin to "Hanheim," taking some papers and maps to the General from the war-office.

Captain Weissener had been extremely busy at the war-office prior to starting out for "Hanheim," and had not been in bed for twenty-four hours. He fell asleep in the train, and on arriving at Hanover was awakened by a ticket inspector.

The Captain, on learning where he was, jumped out of the train with his kit bag, but it was not until the train had started that he recollected he had left in the carriage an attaché case containing the papers he had brought from the chief of the war-office for Hindenburg.

Captain Weissener told the station-master who he was, and had a telephone message sent to the next station to stop the train, which was a through express to Elberfeld, and secure the attaché case and then send it back to Hanover by the next train.

Captain Weissener's name was on the case, so that there could be no difficulty about identifying it, and he arranged to call at Hanover station for the case on the next morning. He then drove off to "Hanheim" in a dog-cart that von Hindenburg had sent to meet him. The rain was coming down in torrents, and when the Captain arrived at "Hanheim" he was drenched through.

Immediately on his arrival Captain Weissener explained to the General what had happened to the papers and what he had done to recover them. Hindenburg listened to the story in silence. When the Captain had finished speaking he asked him if he had anything further to say.

Captain Weissener said he had not, beyond the fact that he would go early in the morning to the station to fetch the attaché case.

"You will not," said von Hindenburg. "You will go back to the station now and fetch the papers to-night, and you will have to walk to the station. To-morrow you will go back to Berlin, and I shall send a message by you to the chief at the war-office to inform him that I have dismissed you from my staff, and recommend that you shall be court-martialed. You deserve to be shot. Now go!"

The Captain was court-martialed afterward. He was reprimanded severely and reduced for a year to the rank and pay of a lieutenant.

There have been indications enough since the beginning of the war that the Kaiser and von Hindenburg did not get on any too well together; in Germany, before the war, it was no secret that the two men detested each other. The dislike had its origin when they met the first time, but it did not break out openly till the grand maneuvers in 1909, when von Hindenburg completely outgeneraled the Kaiser. As the *Post* tells the story:

The General managed to cut off part of the Royal Army, under the command of the Kaiser, consisting of two regiments of Prussian Guards and Bavarians—the pick of the Royal troops. The Emperor was endeavoring to extricate them from the mess he had got them into when Hindenburg claimed their capture. His claim was allowed by Generals von Kluck and von Bissing, who were acting as umpires.

The Emperor, in a furious rage, left the field with his staff, and the maneuvers were concluded the next day by von Falkenhayn, who took command of the Royal troops in the absence of the Emperor, surrendering to von Hindenburg.

At the conference of generals, which followed the maneuvers and which the Kaiser refused to attend, Hindenburg declared he regretted, owing to the Kaiser's absence from the field, that he was unable to have the honor of taking him prisoner. With great gusto von Hindenburg told the story to Thyssen and myself.

Two years later at the annual maneuvers the feud broke out again when von Hindenburg declined to have the Prince Auguste Wilhelm, the Kaiser's son, on his staff. Later, when he was told by the Emperor that the Prince would serve on the staff of von Kluck at maneuvers, von Hindenburg remarked: "I can only say, sir, that I am sorry for von Kluck."

"You will be more sorry for yourself before long," said the Emperor.

He had expected an humble apology from the General for his refusal to accept the Prince on his staff, and Hindenburg's candid remark made him furious. The next day von Hindenburg was informed that he had been relieved of his command at the coming maneuvers, and that it had been given to General von Bissing.

Two days later the Emperor repented of his decision, and the Chief of Staff at the war-office wrote to von Hindenburg to tell him that he would be required to take his command at the maneuvers.

"I wrote on the back of that letter," the General told me:

"'All right, but I am still sorry for von Kluck.' And I mailed it back to the Chief of Staff, but that fool was afraid to show it to the Emperor. Bah! God help Germany if he and his sons ever lead our armies on the field."

Hindenburg had a sneering contempt for the military display, all the pomp and circumstance that delighted the Kaiser. The old General was fond of wearing the shabbiest uniforms he had when summoned to the Neues Palais or the Imperial Schloss at Berlin, to attend the military parades and ceremonies that the Emperor exulted in holding.

After 1911, however, Hindenburg was not invited to these show functions, and *The Post* explains why:

In that year, the Kaiser, standing in front of the Neues Palais, watching a ceremony that had lasted all the afternoon, noticed the glum look on von Hindenburg's face.

"General," said the Kaiser, "you are getting a little bit too old for field days of this sort. You are looking tired."

Now Hindenburg is rather touchy about his age, for he is, as a matter of fact, the oldest general on the active list. The Kaiser knew this, and what he said was uttered purposely to annoy von Hindenburg.

I noted the familiar malicious grin break out on the General's face. He looked sneeringly at the group of officers surrounding the Kaiser and then squarely in the eyes of the Kaiser himself.

"I am certainly old enough, sir," he replied, "and I think your Majesty is also, to have left off playing soldier." The Emperor glared at him, but said nothing. Von Hindenburg, however, never attended another function.

When the war broke out it amused me immensely to read in the German newspapers the inspired story to the effect that von Hindenburg had been called out from his "retirement" to help the Fatherland by his specialized knowledge in the prospective theater of war in Russia. It was a pretty little legend: how the old "war-dog" was sleeping quietly in his den at "Hanheim" when his country was attacked; how the Emperor suddenly remembered that he knew every inch of the great areas in which a Russian offensive would be waged, and how the old warrior, revived by the crisis, buckled on his long-discarded armor and sallied forth to the fray.

As a matter of fact, von Hindenburg was in the war-office at Berlin when the news came that England had declared war on Germany. I was in the office but unaware of von Hindenburg's presence in the council chamber, which, of course, was forbidden to me.

Herr Prodorf, the assistant secretary of war, suddenly emerged from the chamber. "I have told von Hindenburg the news," said he.

"Well, we ought to have some fun with England's pocket army!" said the General.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

"REMEMBER McKenna" is a battle-cry famous on the Franco-American line, tho the major who inspired it now lies buried in the military cemetery at Château-Thierry. A practising attorney in New York City, James A. McKenna, Jr., enlisted in the old Seventh Regiment as a private, but sailed for France a captain in the Sixty-ninth Regiment of the Rainbow Division under Major "Bill" Donovan. Among the first to cross the River Ourcq, the turning-point of the German offensive, he was soon after raised to the rank of major on the battle-field. Before his last fight Major McKenna unbosomed himself to a correspondent of the New York *Sun* with the American Army in France, as follows:

"Before the regiment to which I am attached loses its Irish-American complexion by the infusion of other racial replacements it is my dearest wish that we have a chance to uphold the traditions of this great Celtic military organization."

When Chaplain Francis Duffy urged that he be not impatient, that the boys of the Sixty-ninth would surely have their innings, McKenna was silent for a moment and then replied: "We must show the whole world where Irishmen stand, father. We must show that we are in this fight for liberty with heart and soul." Exactly ten days later, the *Sun* correspondent relates, this "superb leader of men and out-and-out American" was killed by shell-concussion at the head of his troops. His soul went marching on with his men as they cried, "Remember McKenna," we read, and they fought like demons, charging into machine-gun emplacements, advancing through artillery-barrages, and rolling the enemy back from ridge to ridge. That Major McKenna saw clearly what was ahead of him is plain from a statement credited to him at Camp Mills when the regiment, under command of Major "Bill" Donovan, was waiting for the word to sail:

"Bill has promised us that if the chance

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"Mum" Mfg Co 1106 Chestnut Street Philadelphia

comes, and we think it will, of getting into action he'll let the officers go to the front instead of holding us back in the trenches, as we understand they are doing over there now. We are going over the top with the boys. Bill has given me his personal assurance of this and I am going to France happy in the knowledge that I am going to get a crack at the Germans.

"I firmly believe that I am not coming back. There are a lot of boys here in Camp Mills who will never see old New York again. We are going into the fiercest kind of fighting the world has ever known and the boys of the Sixty-ninth are bound to live up to the traditions of the regiment, which means they will be in the thick of the scrimmage and court death over and over again for their country's flag.

"All I ask is a chance to get six Germans. I am entitled to it. I can lick six Germans in a stand-up fight, one after the other or all in a bunch. This isn't boasting. I can name dozens of men in the regiment who can do the same thing. We're their superiors in every way in fighting. The American soldier thinks as well as fights. He is a natural born fighter, and the average soldier is a general in any kind of a mix-up."

In another letter to his father, Major McKenna gave certain counsel that should be reassuring to all those who have loved ones in the service. He speaks of the possibility of wild rumors spread about the regiment even before it got into any kind of action and, urging his father not to listen to any such tales, proceeds:

"The War Department and the papers will give the facts long before any one could write them, and you may always feel sure that the next of kin is notified of any mishap within a day or two. This is to quiet any misgiving. In order to calm any one who may inquire at the office, I may tell you that to date there has not been a death in my company, and my wounded are doing well—hoping to get back into the game again as soon as possible.

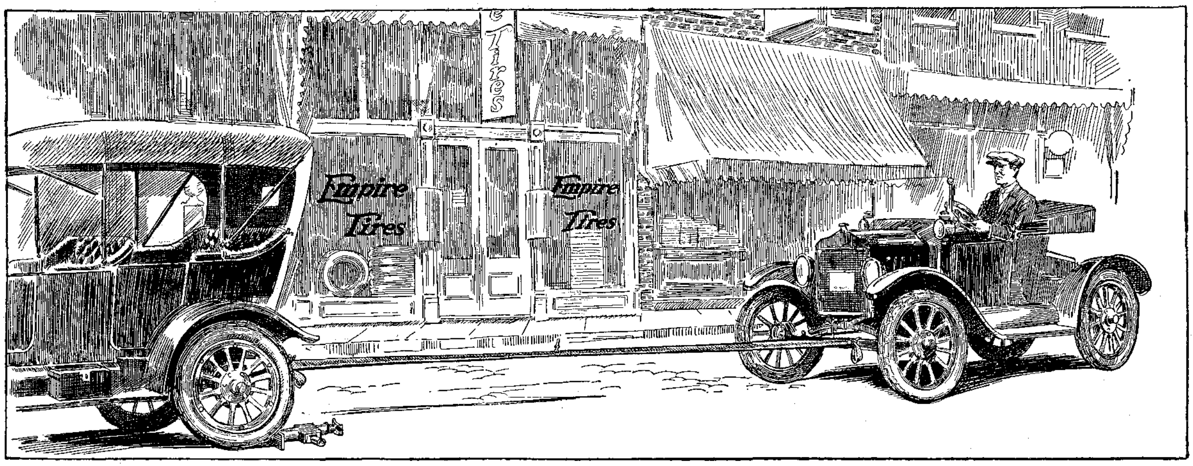
"One incident: I saw a German shell hit a place in which there were several men. The explosion was like all the rest, but not a sign of confusion among my men. Soon the shelling passed that point, but not until it had passed did the men who were hit have a word to say, and when the first man spoke all he said was: 'Boys, I think I'm wounded.' I'll never forget that piece of calm Irish grit—wonderful. That fellow was painfully wounded, but he never groaned—not a sound. You will be glad to know he will recover.

"Another day while a group of men were out on a patrol they were shelled by what we call the 'Dolly Sisters.' The men had never been fired at before in their lives, and you can not imagine what an experience it was, but they kept cool, never dreamed of retiring, but just obeyed orders as tho they were moving over a parade-ground on practise attack. They went through the fire, accomplished their mission, and came back in perfect order and not a man wounded. That was another case of sheer courage.

"I saw one of the shells land where a man had been just an instant before and as the lumps shot upward I said to myself: 'Too bad—that's your finish.' But it was not, for my man was using his head, and will use it again and again before the Germans get him.

"These instances are not news to you,

Why Empire Red Tubes last as long as the average car itself



VII. The Story of Tensile Strength and Long Life

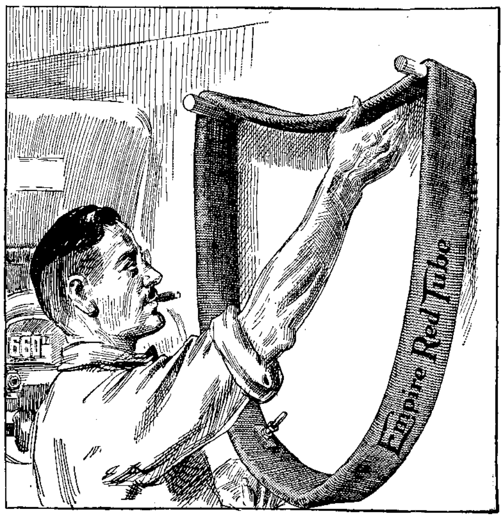
In an inner tube, the two most necessary qualities are *tensile strength* and *long life.*

Empire Red Tubes are justly famous for their great tensile strength. Interesting experiences that show this strength are constantly coming to our attention.

Just the other day, Mr. J. P. Gregory, Empire Tire Dealer of Columbia, Mo., took a 31 x 4 Empire Red Tube out of stock, and fastened it to the rear axle of his car and to the front axle of another car. Then he put a jack under the rear wheel of his own car to hold it still, got into the other car, put on the power and backed away. He backed until the Empire Red Tube was stretched to 22 feet—several times its normal length.

When he took it off, he found this Empire Red Tube *absolutely as good as new.*

But if tensile strength were the only merit of Empire Red Tubes, they would not give the exceptional service that they do. What makes them stand out above all other tubes is their *long life.*



An interesting instance in the long life of Empire Red Tubes is given in this letter from C. C. Woodmansee, of Marshalltown, Iowa.

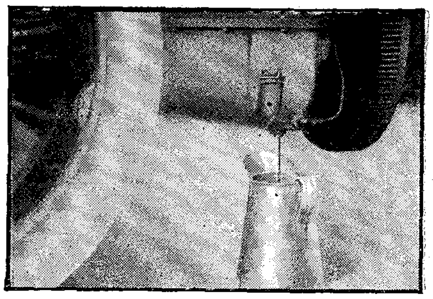
> "I have in my possession a 32 x 3½ Empire Red Tube that I used for about six years. The tube was finally disposed of as equipment on a car sold second hand. After the present owner had let it hang in his barn about a year, he brought it in to see if it was any good. I find the stock is just exactly as good as when I purchased the tube."

Many car owners fall into the wrong habit of thinking that just because casings wear out normally after a few thousand miles, it is all right for inner tubes to wear out, too. As a matter of fact, tubes ought to last as long as the average car itself. Empire Red Tubes do.

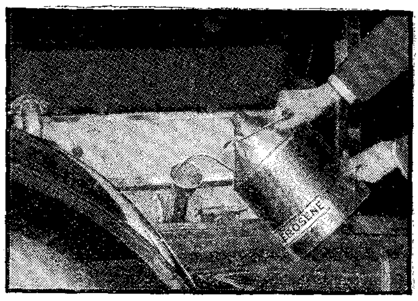
This long life is due to the *exclusive* process controlled by the Empire Rubber & Tire Co., of Trenton, N. J.

When you put on an Empire Red Tube, you are getting permanent equipment—something which you ought not to have to replace so long as you have the car.

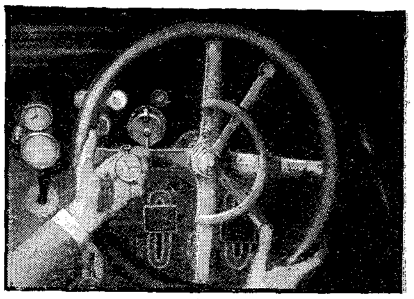
The Empire Tire Dealer



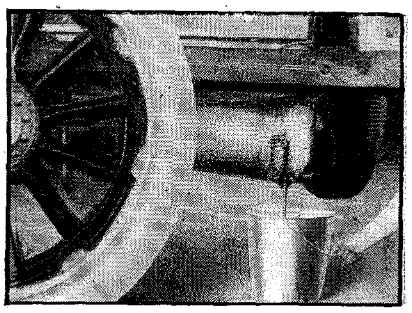
Drain out used oil



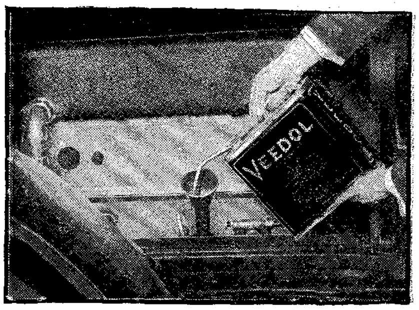
Fill crankcase with kerosene



Run the engine very slowly 30 seconds



Drain out the kerosene



Fill up with Veedol

How to get real hill-pulling power

EVERY motorist is proud of his car when it goes sailing up a stiff grade on high gear all the way. He is doubly proud when he has to throttle it down at the top.

With any engine the difference between confident, smooth, pulling power and uncertain, racking inefficiency is, more often than motorists realize, in the lubrication.

Why ordinary oil increases friction and wastes power

Inferior oil cannot stand up under the terrific heat of the engine—200° to 1000° F. It breaks down quickly, a large portion turning to black sediment.

Sediment is the greatest enemy of the working parts of the engine. Sediment has no lubricating value and it crowds out the oil with lubricating qualities from the bearings and other points where it is most needed.

When you try to climb a steep grade, sediment may break the oil film between the pistons and cylinder walls, so necessary to maintain the compression seal which means pulling power. In addition, there is increased friction, and consequent drag, consuming power at every point of contact between working parts.

How scientific lubricant solves your problems

To get real hill-climbing power, smooth, quiet running and freedom from mechanical troubles, you must use an oil that will resist heat and minimize the formation of wear-producing sediment—a lubricant that will be scientifically suited to your particular engine. The oil which most perfectly fulfills these requirements is the scientific lubricant—Veedol.

Veedol is made by a special process

Veedol is unlike ordinary oil. It is made differently, and has different properties and characteristics. Veedol is made by the Faulkner Process—recently discovered and used exclusively by this company.

The famous Sediment Test shows how Veedol resists heat and reduces sediment 86%. After 500 miles of running in the same engine and under identical conditions, ordinary oil, shown in the left-hand bottle on the opposite page, contains fully seven times as much sediment as Veedol.

Reduces waste from evaporation

The average motor oil acts like water in a kettle. When water is subjected to intense heat it evaporates as steam. Under the terrific heat of the engine ordinary oil evaporates very rapidly through the oil-filler in the form of vapor.

Veedol not only resists destruction by heat and the consequent formation of sediment, but also reduces oil evaporation in your engine to a minimum. *For this reason you will get from 25% to 50% more mileage per gallon with Veedol than with the average oil.*

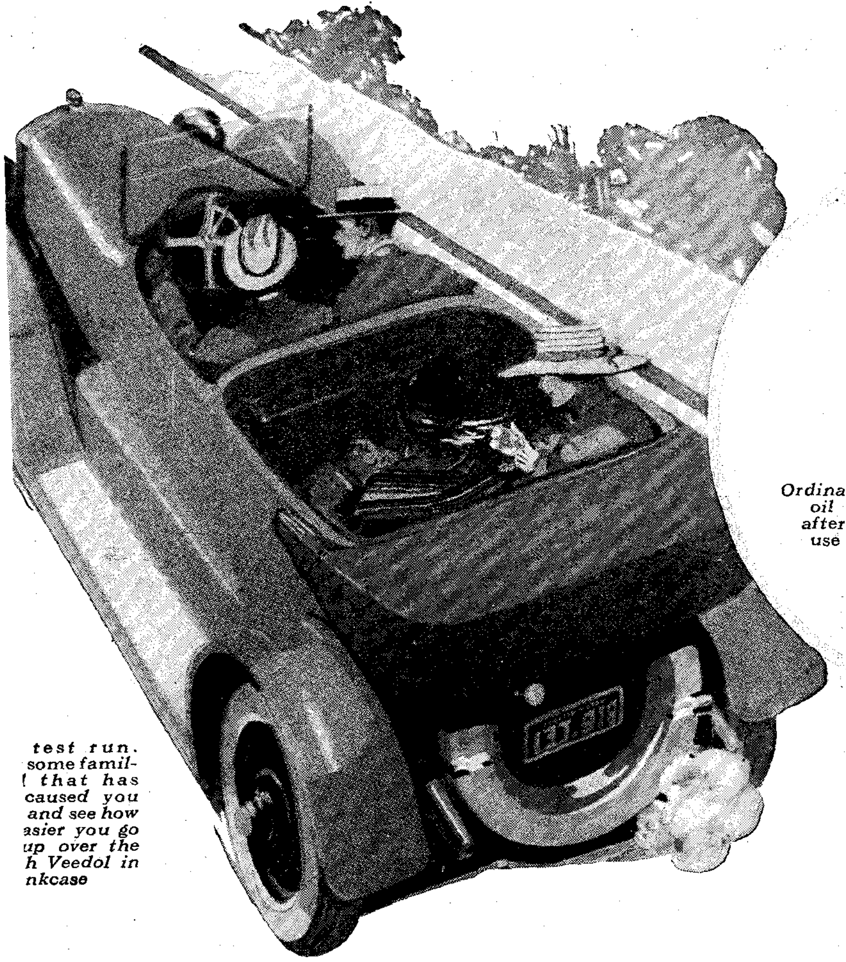
Up to the time Veedol was placed on the market few motorists realized the importance of choosing a lubricant made to withstand the destructive effects of heat. Many considered it economy to buy cheap, ordinary oil.

Today more than a million motorists keep their cars running like new at reduced operating cost by using Veedol.

When figured by miles of service, and not by cost per gallon, Veedol proves much more economical than ordinary oils, which evaporate rapidly under the heat of the engine.

For trucks, tractors and stationary engines

Owners of motor trucks, tractors and stationary engines find that, besides minimizing wear, Veedol reduces the annoyance and expense of trouble and repairs.



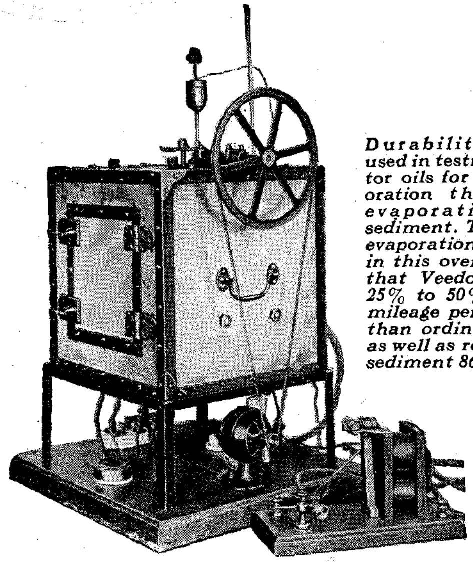
test run. some famil- ! that has caused you and see how asier you go up over the h Veedol in nkcase

ORDINARY OIL
SEDIMENT
VEEDOL

Ordinary oil after use

Veedol after use

Showing sediment formed after 500 miles of running



Durability Oven used in testing motor oils for deterioration through evaporation and sediment. Tests for evaporation made in this oven prove that Veedol gives 25% to 50% more mileage per gallon than ordinary oil, as well as reducing sediment 86%

Make this simple, conclusive test today

Drain the oil out of your crankcase, and fill with kerosene. Run the engine *very slowly* for 30 seconds and then drain out all kerosene. Fill up with Veedol and make a test run over a familiar road, including steep hills and level straightaways.

You will find that your engine has acquired wonderful hill-climbing power and snappy pick-up. It will run more smoothly and quietly and will give greater gasoline mileage.

Buy Veedol today

Your dealer has Veedol in stock, or can get it for you. If he does not, write us for the name of the nearest dealer who can supply you.

Send for this 100-page book on lubrication

The most complete book ever published on automobile lubrication, written by a prominent engineer, and used as text book by many schools and colleges. Describes and illustrates all types of lubrication systems; tells how to keep your car running like new at minimum expense.

CONTENTS

Part 1. Internal Combustion Engines—Design, Operation and Lubrication.
Part 2. Oils—Characteristics and Methods of Testing Qualities.
Part 3. Transmissions, Differentials and their Lubrication.
Part 4. Oil Refining, Veedol Products and Lubrication Charts.

Also contains Veedol Lubrication Chart, showing correct grade of Veedol for every car, winter or summer. Send 10c for a copy. It may save you many dollars.

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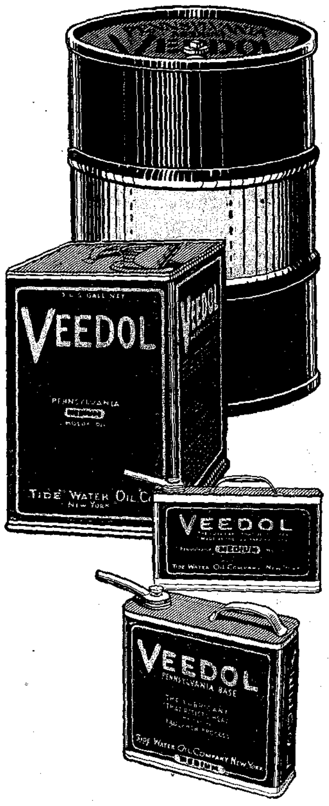
Veedol Greases

All Veedol greases are of the same high quality as Veedol Motor Oils. Veedol Cup Grease is made in three grades, Light, Medium and Heavy, as is Veedol Graphite Grease, which is recommended for lubricating water pump shafts. Veedol Gear Compound gives efficient lubrication with the minimum leakage. It is fluid enough to flow back continually to the moving gears to be picked up, yet the consistency remains practically the same at full operating temperatures.



but I recount them to illustrate the type of man America has sent here, not in any one regiment, but in all, and to assure you all that you can depend upon us if you just feed us with supplies. Have no fear, dad, for if my turn or Billy's comes to take the trip you need not apologize for the manner of our going. We will give our best, and the count will not be against us. If the Germans get us they must pay the bill in men either to us or our pals. That is as it should be.

"Every man is working hard and doing well. As for me, there is nothing I like better than just what I am doing, and truth compels me to confess that, altho I feel sorry that my folks must worry about me, I love the life and am actually glad to be here—partly because it is interesting, instructive, marvelous, partly because I would hate to think my parents would have to apologize for me.

"I am glad I am here, glad to be in the war, glad there are no glass eyes or conscientious objections in my system, glad there will never be a time in after life when the man who is making the money by staying home can afford to look me in the eye—even if I should be a soldier all my life and never do another thing. But most of all I am glad because I feel that, way down in your hearts, you, father and mother, take pride in my being here."

The last letter of Major McKenna reached his father only after the death of the son had been announced by the War Department and in the press:

"Billy and I came through the big scrap O. K. I got a little gas, but beyond a little discomfort did not suffer—and did not have to leave the scrap.

"Of course you have read all about the fight and I can add little at this writing. I will say, however, that we licked the Germans and licked them badly. They had everything prepared and had a time-table to a city well behind us—but their train was stalled on our line. We not only licked them, but we took a lot of prisoners, killed an enormous number, annihilated one whole battalion, wiped out a division, and wrecked several others. The Kaiser watched our part of the fight from an observation-tower about 15 kilometers away. Sorry we did not know at the time that he was there, but at that we gave him a good show.

"We are not crowing, but we are hopeful and confident. I've often told you we could lick the Germans in a square fight. Now we've done it. All is not velvet, but from now on the odds will turn more and more in our favor.

"As for our regiment—well, we thought we were the best, but as we look the facts in the face we are bound to admit there is no best—all are wonderful and what one does depends solely on the opportunity. Bravery is taken for granted, and the greatest acts of heroism are looked upon as 'in line of duty.' Maybe we are not great soldiers, but I guess nobody will deny that the American is brave, strong, aggressive, and versatile.

"When we leave the chalk of Champagne we shall leave behind us some good comrades, but they died nobly and the Germans paid at least five times the price.

"Tom Blake and Bingham are O. K. So are all the boys you know.

"Shall write a longer letter, descriptive of the fight, if time permits and if I get through the next one.

"Jim."

Good things still come out of Germany; the following letter is sufficient proof of that. It was written by Capt. John W. Morris, of Somerville, Tenn., assigned to the British Army in June, 1917, and in medical charge of the Ninth Battalion, the Black Watch Regiment, until it was cut to pieces on March 28 of this year, when he and his entire staff were captured.

The humor of his first letter, lately received from a German hospital where he is attending British wounded, is of the subtle, fine-edged Yankee sort. It would be interesting to know how many Teutonic censors struggled to understand his remarks, and on what ground they decided to pass them.

We quote the Captain's joyous epistle as it appeared in the Memphis *News-Scimitar:*

"I have been transferred to the German service. I was expecting to be transferred to the American Army and this came as a complete surprize.

"The change came so suddenly that within an hour after dressing our own wounded I was assisting German doctors with their wounded and the wounded British prisoners of war.

"I, then, without being consulted as to what climate agreed with me, took a Cook's tour of the French and German border, staying in nunneries and breweries at night and finally was sent here to assist in looking after British wounded.

"Everything is decided for me. All matters of importance are looked after without my aid. In fact, I don't even have to worry about what I write, because if it doesn't suit the censor makes a lot of erasures.

"Already I have solved the problem of why suspenders are so popular here. I have contributed one-third of my belt to the salvage-dump and could spare more, only I notice that it is beginning to look juicy and nice, so I retain it.

"As to parcels that are sent me, allow me to suggest that they be securely packed and that not many days elapse before sending another. There is another officer here, but he eats his nails all the while, and consequently he is looking well.

"I will be content here as soon as the mail begins to come, but just now I feel hermetically sealed up from the world. Understand me, if I become discouraged I will continue to stay. This is one job I can't lose.

"I won't say how many British wounded are here because the letter might get destroyed and delay the parcel, but we work from 8:30 in the morning until 7 in the evening and do only the urgent dressings. I didn't know there were so many broken legs in the world.

"Regarding the soap that you are going to send: Don't go to a drug-store for it. A grocery is where you will find the kind I want. By confining myself to behind the ears and back of the neck ablutions I will probably be able to make this piece of soap do until I hear from you.

"I have discontinued the use of cigarets, not that they were doing me any harm at all, but I decided to quit until that parcel comes. My cigaret-case thinks it is New Year, and my stomach has decided that I am either wounded in the neck or that it is Lent.

"I am glad I'm alive."

Lieut. D. B. Milner, formerly of Henderson, Texas, now of a fire-tested company of American marines "Somewhere in France," writes to his mother of a recent engagement that left him at the head of his company. If the actual battle-atmosphere seems to be tempered a little, as battle-atmospheres are likely to be in letters to mothers, he gives some salient outlines of modern fighting.

His letter appears in *The Rusk County News*, of Henderson, Texas:

"My battalion made two attacks, and what we went up against was machine gun after machine gun, but both times we reached our objective. Our losses were heavy, but nothing to compare to those of the enemy.

"Just before the second attack my captain got a bullet in each leg, so he was out of it and it left me to command the company. I made it all right, and my company captured fifteen heavy machine guns and we got a German captain and twenty-five of his men as prisoners. Besides that we killed an awful lot of the pests. I was the only one to take a captain prisoner, so you can imagine how good I felt when I got him. He was a very military-looking fellow and really very good-looking.

"I never enjoyed anything more in my life than I did the first attack I was in. There were bullets from the machine guns flying around me all the time, but I never minded it at all. Somehow or other I went into both attacks feeling that I would not get hit and my premonition was right. The second attack was worse, tho, because I was in command and had the responsibility of the company on my hands, and that caused somewhat of a strain.

"An attack is not so bad as some people seem to think—that is, of course, if you go through it unhurt. Ever since I was a small kid I have wondered just how I would act if I went into battle—if my knees would shake, if I would want to run to the rear, or if I would be paralyzed and could not move at all. I had no desire to run away, and I believe I was about as calm as I ordinarily am, and most of the men seemed to be the same way. Not a man ran in either attack.

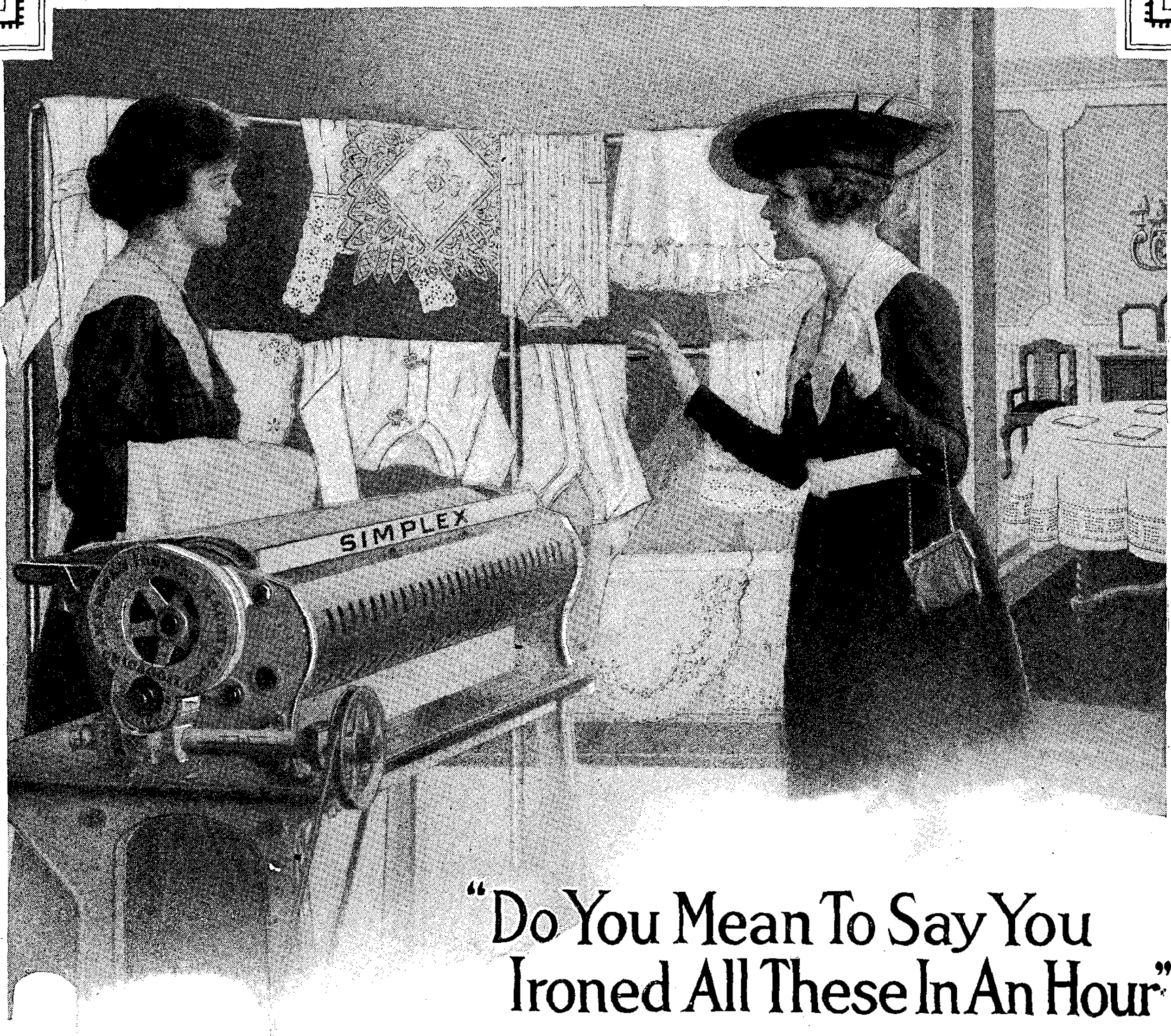
The worst thing about our stay was the continual shelling we were under. You can't get back at that, and all you can do is submit to it. However, our artillery sent over about ten shells to the Germans' one, so they were bound to have been somewhat uncomfortable.

"Gas was another bad thing, and you have to submit to it just as you do to the shelling without a chance to get back at them.

"I have all sorts of souvenirs, which the rules of war required me to take off of prisoners. I will send some home to you people. I would love to send a stee helmet, but they are so large and heavy that they would be hard to pack. I have a pistol I am going to send you and you can hang it up along with my swords and this pistol can represent the first trophy got in my initial encounter with the Huns

"The Germans are cowards and are easily put on the run, and as soon as they find they are cornered they give up a prisoners. They are a dirty bunch o fighters, nothing game about them. W took hundreds of prisoners but they go none from us.

"As a rule the German soldiers are ver



"Do You Mean To Say You Ironed All These In An Hour"

"Yes, and I really enjoyed doing it. I used to think an ironing machine was only good for flat work, but on my SIMPLEX I iron John's soft shirts and underwear, my own lingerie, aprons and house dresses, besides the children's play clothes, curtains, and many other necessary articles.

"And, Nell, the wonderful thing is that I'm saving $2.50 every week, for now I only need my laundress for one day instead of two. Doing my own ironing on the SIMPLEX is my pet economy. It saves fuel too and the work which I used to send to the laundry I now do myself."

Irons everything except skirts and shirtwaists. Completes an average ironing in a single hour at a total fuel cost of 3c. Saves $100 a year in fuel, help and laundry bills.

SIMPLEX IRONER

"THE BEST IRONER"

Electric Drive SIMPLEX for homes with electricity or Power Ironer for use with washing machine or gasoline engine. Hand Power SIMPLEX for home without power.

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We also make ironing machines and laundry equipment for laundries, hotels, institutions and factories

young or very old. One sees no middle-aged men at all to amount to anything. Except for the man-power the Germans seem to be faring very well—well equipped, and the ration they get is not so bad. After our second attack our rations were slow in getting up to us, so we ate bread that was left behind by the *Boche* and it was not half bad. One interesting thing about them is that on their belt-buckles they have inscribed, '*Gott mit Uns.*' He was not with them on a single day that we attacked them.

"I would not take a fortune for my experience against the scoundrels and especially the day when I commanded the company. I am still company commander and suppose I will be for about two months. It is a lot of responsibility, but it is pretty nice because I have a fine bunch of men to work with and they can't be beat when it comes to real fighting. My company had the most difficult ground to cover in both attacks and the losses were smaller. Right now I have 130 men while most outfits have only about 90. We lost lots of officers—some broke down from nervous strain and others were wounded and others were killed. After the second attack I did not have a single officer left in the company. However, my non-commissioned officers are splendid, so we made it all right.

"Two men out of my company have been recommended for the medal of honor. One of them is my orderly. His long suit is putting machine guns out of commission.

"Our brigade was cited in orders twice, so now we are entitled to wear one of the French cords over our shoulders. Most of our men have been recommended for some sort of a medal, so when we get all of our decorations on we will be a gay-looking bunch.

"It is a great game, and bad as it is at times, I would not take anything for my privilege of being in it all. I really love to slay the enemy and my old trusty '45' Colt has several notches cut in the handle.

"With worlds of love, I am, as ever, your devoted son.

"D. B. Milner."

Capt. Wm. A. Rawls, Jr., of Pensacola, Fla., mentions a night bombardment, in the course of which his company lost heavily. We quote a portion of his letter from the Pensacola *Journal:*

"We have been in the thick of the fight for a whole week, and are now back in a quiet, deserted French village for a rest of a few days. We leave to-night for a march to another town, and get there in the morning. Four nights ago the Germans made a terrific bombardment of the town in which my company was billeted, and my casualty-list in wounded and dead amounted to twenty-seven, including three lieutenants killed outright; since that time I have become a fatalist, and feel that my time simply had not arrived. One of the shells wounded all of my four cooks, and we were giving first aid when a high-explosive shell burst ten feet away from me, which resulted in the majority of the casualties. Black dark, no lights allowed, and shells falling like hail! an experience I shall not soon forget. I had been out with two lieutenants posting a platoon on the fighting sector, and we had just returned to our rooms for the night, at one o'clock A.M., when the bombardment began. These same two and one other were dead fifteen minutes later. I think now I lead a charmed life, as it is nothing short of a miracle how I escaped without a scratch. I have just written letters of sympathy, and a narrative of the incidents to the relatives of the dead officers, and I did my best to tell all I know they want to hear.

"We have been in the liveliest sector on the Front, and we can well believe it. To-night we go to a sector which is not dangerous, because it is so very quiet."

Private Edward J. Farrell, of New York City, who was killed in action on July 13, in his will, which was made public by a friend recently, included this paragraph:

"To the little old United States I give my life willingly, because she is the grandest, greatest, and freest country in the world. And I hope to God that the day will come when she will be indeed 'America for Americans' of undivided allegiance."

Cecil Elkins, a Kentucky boy twenty-two years old, a private in the marines, has killed six Germans, and been through some of the most terrific experiences human ingenuity ever contrived. He writes from a hospital, as reported by the Winchester *Leader:*

"I have been wounded in left leg by shrapnel, but am in hospital and convalescing nicely. Ralph Demaree was also wounded and is in the bed next to me. We have been together all the time and were wounded about two hours apart. His was an accidental bayonet wound, but he is getting along nicely.

"We have sure been fighting. We were under a battle-fire of machine guns and artillery-fire for ten days. We consider ourselves saved by our prayers and the prayers sent up by your people.

"We both got to kill some Germans. I killed six myself, three with my rifle and three with a hand-bomb. The Germans are cowards. They won't fight the Americans. They throw up their hands and cry "*Kamerad,*" and then you take them prisoner; while you start to search them they will pull a gun and shoot you. So you see we generally shoot them down like dogs, as they deserve.

"The United States marines sure are the heroes now. The French people think we are Uncle Sam's best fighters. The Germans call us 'Devil dogs.' They say we kill all and take no prisoners. Well, we ain't that bad.

"I have some thrilling stories to tell. A man has to be in it to understand the horrors of that battle. You may be sure all the bloody stories you hear and read of in the papers you didn't think were true are all true. This is the most cruel and hard war ever fought. You see your comrades killed on each side of you, then you think it is your last, but I came out remarkably well and consider a lay-up in the hospital a couple of months lucky.

"My friend and bunky was killed and I was hurt by the same shell. The Germans use quite a bit of gas, but no good. They can't scare us much.

"Your friend,

"Cecil."

There is a singular vividness about this letter from a private in the marines to his sister. The writer, coming from an experience with modern war at its worst, is able to tell something of what it means. Several of his revelations must have excaped the censorship by a hair. He writes:

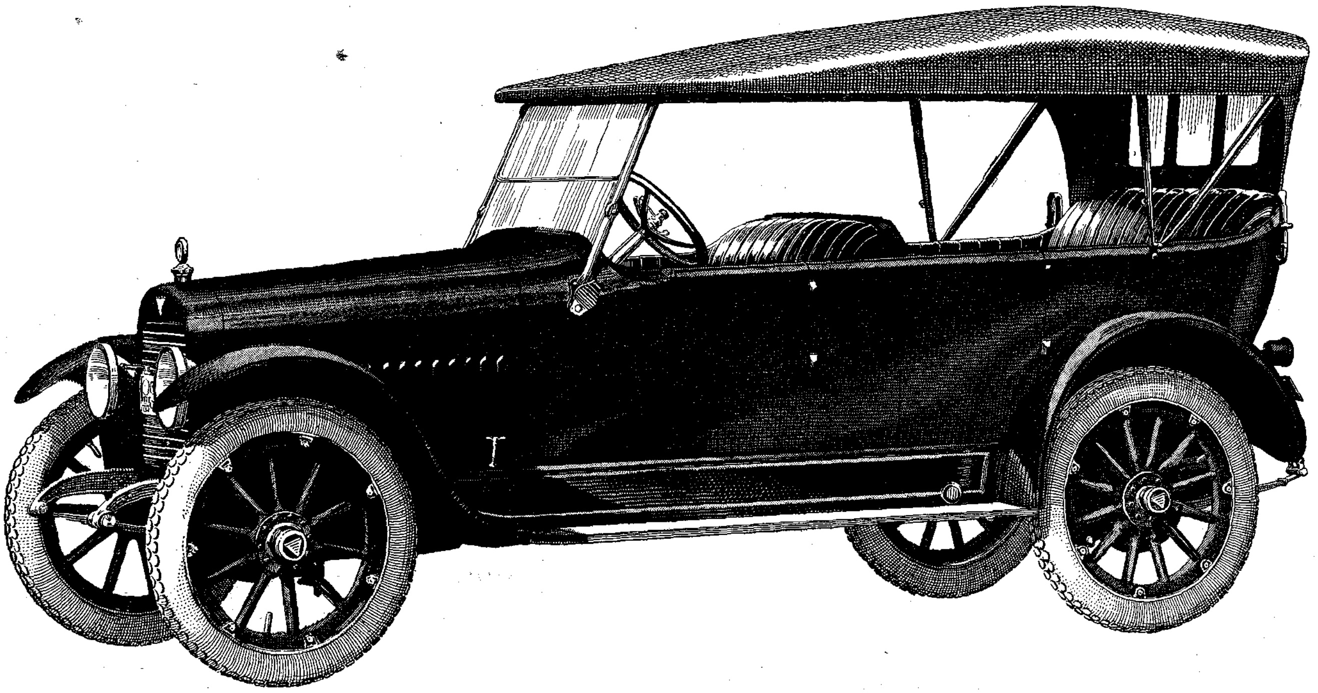
"A few days ago we made an attack and gained our objective with practically no fighting. As our lines advanced, somebody in the German lines yelled, 'Marines!' The Germans began running and for a few minutes it looked like a riot. About a week ago sixty of us were going through the woods to our positions. We got lost and before we realized that we were not in our own lines we found that we were in the very midst of a German machine-gun nest. We began firing and the Germans began surrendering. We backed out of the woods with 169 men and three officers as prisoners. Our losses were very light.

"But, God! It has been awful. Our battalion, which consisted of 1,000 men and 400 replacements, making a total of 1,400 men, came out yesterday with 270 men. The rest are casualties. It has all been open warfare, and even Dante, with his imagination, could not conceive the least part of what it has been. How I lived through it and still have my right mind I will never know. Their artillery literally poured a stream of shrapnel, high explosives, and gas-shells on us during the entire seventeen days. I saw man after man blown to fragments within a few yards of me. I was knocked down once by the concussion of a shell, but in some way was not struck by the pieces. And, 'Sis, you saved my life. I carry the toilet-case you gave me in a little bag hanging down my side. A bullet went through it, through the clothes-brush, through the back of the hair-brush, and lodged in the side next to me. The dead were all around us and their decaying bodies made such a stench that I will never forget it if I live to be a hundred years old. We never had one bite of hot food, and at times we did not have food of any kind. I went for a week without even washing my face. Sleep became a thing of the dim past.

"I wouldn't take a hundred thousand dollars for the experience of what I have been through, and if it were within my power to say, wouldn't go through it again for a million. Of course, the nightmare and horror of it will always be in my mind, but the memory of the God-given, splendid heroism of our boys is something that few men will have to look back upon. They are about all gone now, but they stopt the big German drive. The French papers give us credit for saving Paris, and I really believe the Germans would be in Paris now if we had not held.

"I take it all back about Empey and Private Peat being liars. I personally saw and went through things more harrowing than anything they write. Much of our fighting was hand-to-hand fighting. The German bellows like a cow when you run a bayonet into him. We stormed hundreds of machine guns and they would stay at their guns mowing us down like leaves until we closed with them. Then they would throw up their hands and holler "*Kamerad*" and we would promptly run a bayonet through them. You have probably read a little of what we did in the papers.

"The Germans are a bunch of swine and when we get two million Americans



Hudson Super-Six Quality Will See You Through

All purchases today should be based on known quality. It is real economy to buy a motor car that will see you through the duration of the war—a car of proven performance, and one that will stand the test of hard service.

As the war progresses motor cars of quality will be more costly to buy. Production of new cars is limited; the demand for cars that will endure is constantly increasing.

An owner of a Hudson, with the prestige of Super-Six quality, realizes its increasing value to himself.

Hudson motor cars, both new and used, are in greatest demand—a demand created by quality alone.

More than fifty thousand users are demonstrating this today.

You know—if you have watched Hudson records—that for three years Hudson engineers have been the severest judges the Super-Six has had.

They put it through every test known to motordom—and some that were not, hill climbs, speedways, record-breaking transcontinental trips.

And what experience taught them went into, not radical changes, but refinements of detail that make the Hudson a really finer Super-Six—a car that will see you through.

If you were situated as we are, could feel the pressure of demand, could note the delayed deliveries due to curtailed production, and could realize the disappointment that must come to thousands, you would place your order as far as possible in advance of your actual needs for your Super-Six.

Hudson body designers have been given full power in their efforts to match Super-Six power and endurance with body quality. The result is a full line of beautiful models—ten in all—among which you can find just the type that fits your needs. In appointments, every detail, however minor or inconspicuous, has been the subject of the most careful selection. Nothing cheap or inferior has been allowed a place in the Hudson Super-Six.

Hudson Motor Car Company **Detroit, Mich.**

HUDSON
SUPER
SIX
REG. U.S.
PATENT
OFF.

over here the war will soon be over. One of their Red-Cross men, who was armed, contrary to all laws of humanity, shot one of our Red-Cross men while he was dressing a wounded soldier. Our men bayoneted him on the spot. They also tried the old stunt of crying "*Kamerad,*" and then when they were close to us letting loose with hand-grenades. They tried that only once and not one of them lived to enjoy their little joke.

"I am now in a French town a few miles back of the lines. It was evacuated by the French people at a few hours' notice. Their cattle, dogs, horses, chickens, and personal belongings are still here. We even found half-cooked food on the stoves, showing that they left at a few moments' notice. Many such towns fell into German hands. They are nothing but a pile of bricks and stones now. One of the most pitiful sights I have ever seen was the flight of the refugees a few weeks ago. We met them as they were going to the rear and as we were advancing. Old men and women, children, babies, and all; many who had owned wonderful homes (I am now quartered in a regular mansion), and who had to leave with nothing in the world and with no idea where they would spend the night or get the next meal.

"I could write for a month, but must close. Send my letter or a copy to all the folks. Haven't time to write them. If I live through this we will spend many cozy evenings around the grate and I will be able to tell you tales as thrilling as were ever told. Lovingly,

"Brother."

Private James Y. Simpson, Jr., volunteered less than three weeks after war had been declared, selecting machine-gun work, altho he knew this detail was called "The Suicide Club," and died charging a German machine gun when the marines laid the foundation for Foch's victory by stopping the German advance near Château-Thierry.

"He was a fine boy, and died a glorious death fighting for the greatest cause the world has ever known," writes his father, "and the heart of his mother and myself are proud of having been the parents of such a son."

A letter written by Private Simpson, on the occasion of his father's birthday, breathes that spirit of American idealism upon which victory, and more than military victory, depends. We copy from the Kansas City *Star:*

My dear Father: I just wanted to write you a letter on your birthday. I don't know when I will be able to mail it, but will take a chance anyway.

I want to thank you as your son. You have always been to me the best father a man could wish. I want to thank you for the gift of a clean, strong, and vigorous body that can serve America in her need. Most of all I want to thank you for the long years of self-denial that made my education possible, for the guidance and teaching that kept me straight through the days of my youth, for the counsel ever freely given when asked, and for all the noble things in your example.

I surely hope that you will celebrate many more birthdays and that I will be home for the next one. Also may the

$2 PER PACKAGE
32¢ PER PACKAGE
QUAKER
ROLLED WHITE OATS

If It Cost $2

It Would Still Cost Less Than Meat

The large Quaker Oats package costs 30 to 32c.

Suppose you saw it marked $2—you would say, "That's extravagant food."

Yet that package contains 6221 calories in units of nutrition. And this is what you pay, at the present writing, for those same food units in other indispensable foods.

Cost of 6221 Calories

In Quaker Oats	32c	In Eggs	$2.67
In Round Steak	$2.31	In Leg of Lamb	$3.26
In Stewing Hens	$2.10	In Pork Tenderloin	$2.75

Meats, eggs and fish will average about eight times the cost of Quaker Oats per unit of nutrition. Yet these are staple, universal foods.

That's an enormous difference. It means that every package used in place of meat saves at least $2.

Quaker Oats, served liberally, will greatly reduce cost of living.

Used in bread, muffins, cookies, etc., it adds delightful flavor and saves wheat.

And it means better nutrition, both for old and young. The oat is the supreme food.

Use all you can, in every way you can.

Quaker Oats

Made from Queen Grains Only

Just the finest oats — the big, rich, flavory grains — go into Quaker Oats.

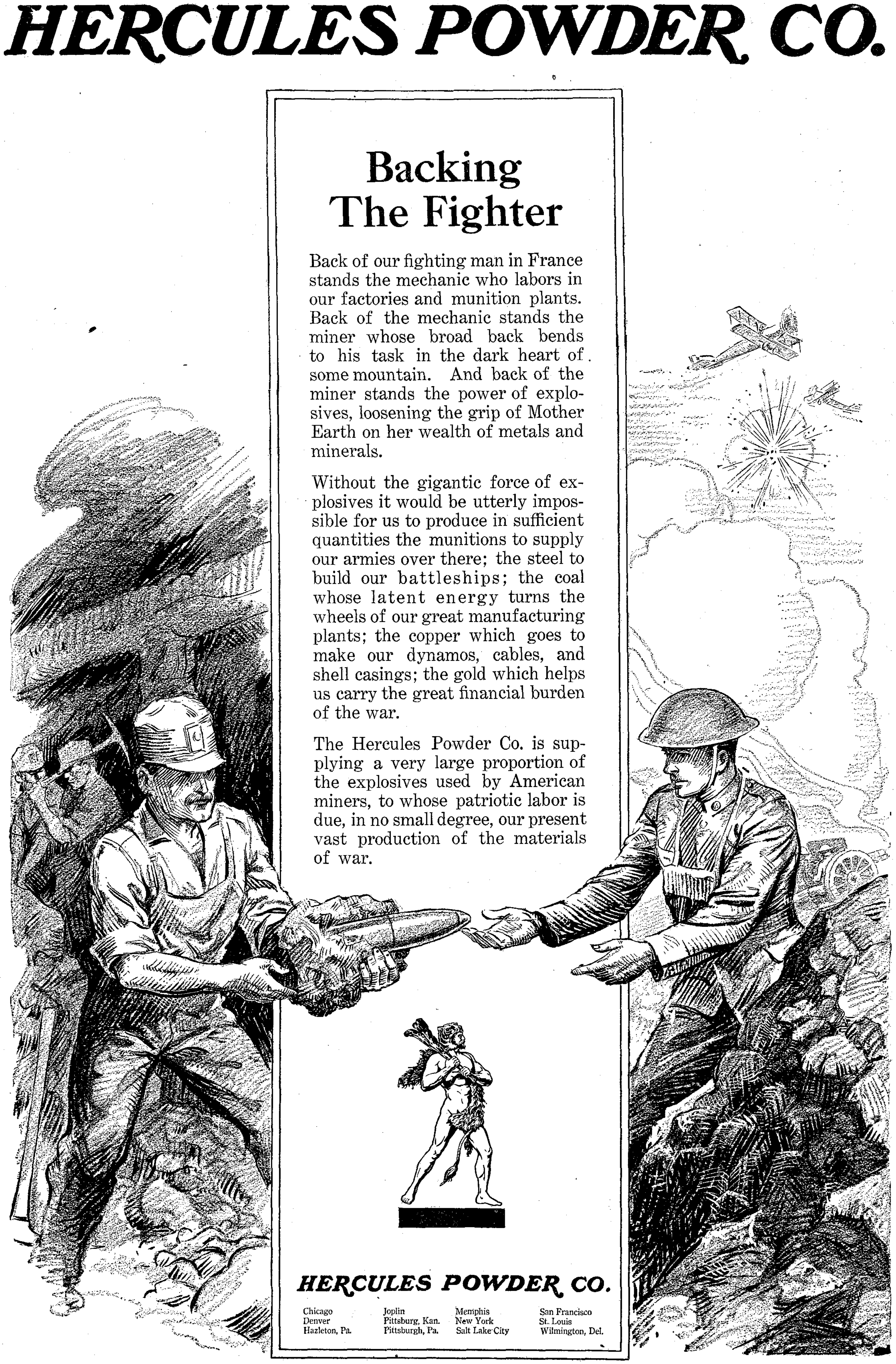
The little grains are all discarded. So we get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

The result is exquisite flavor without extra price. Be sure that you get this grade.

12 to 13c and 30 to 32c Per Package

Except in Far West and South

(1959)



HERCULES POWDER CO.

Backing The Fighter

Back of our fighting man in France stands the mechanic who labors in our factories and munition plants. Back of the mechanic stands the miner whose broad back bends to his task in the dark heart of some mountain. And back of the miner stands the power of explosives, loosening the grip of Mother Earth on her wealth of metals and minerals.

Without the gigantic force of explosives it would be utterly impossible for us to produce in sufficient quantities the munitions to supply our armies over there; the steel to build our battleships; the coal whose latent energy turns the wheels of our great manufacturing plants; the copper which goes to make our dynamos, cables, and shell casings; the gold which helps us carry the great financial burden of the war.

The Hercules Powder Co. is supplying a very large proportion of the explosives used by American miners, to whose patriotic labor is due, in no small degree, our present vast production of the materials of war.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Chicago	Joplin	Memphis	San Francisco
Denver	Pittsburg, Kan.	New York	St. Louis
Hazleton, Pa.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Salt Lake City	Wilmington, Del.

coming years bring to you wider fields of service and honor, strength to perform your work, and in the end peace, contentment, and quiet rest.

Your son, a soldier of the United States, salutes you, with love and devotion.

JIMMY.

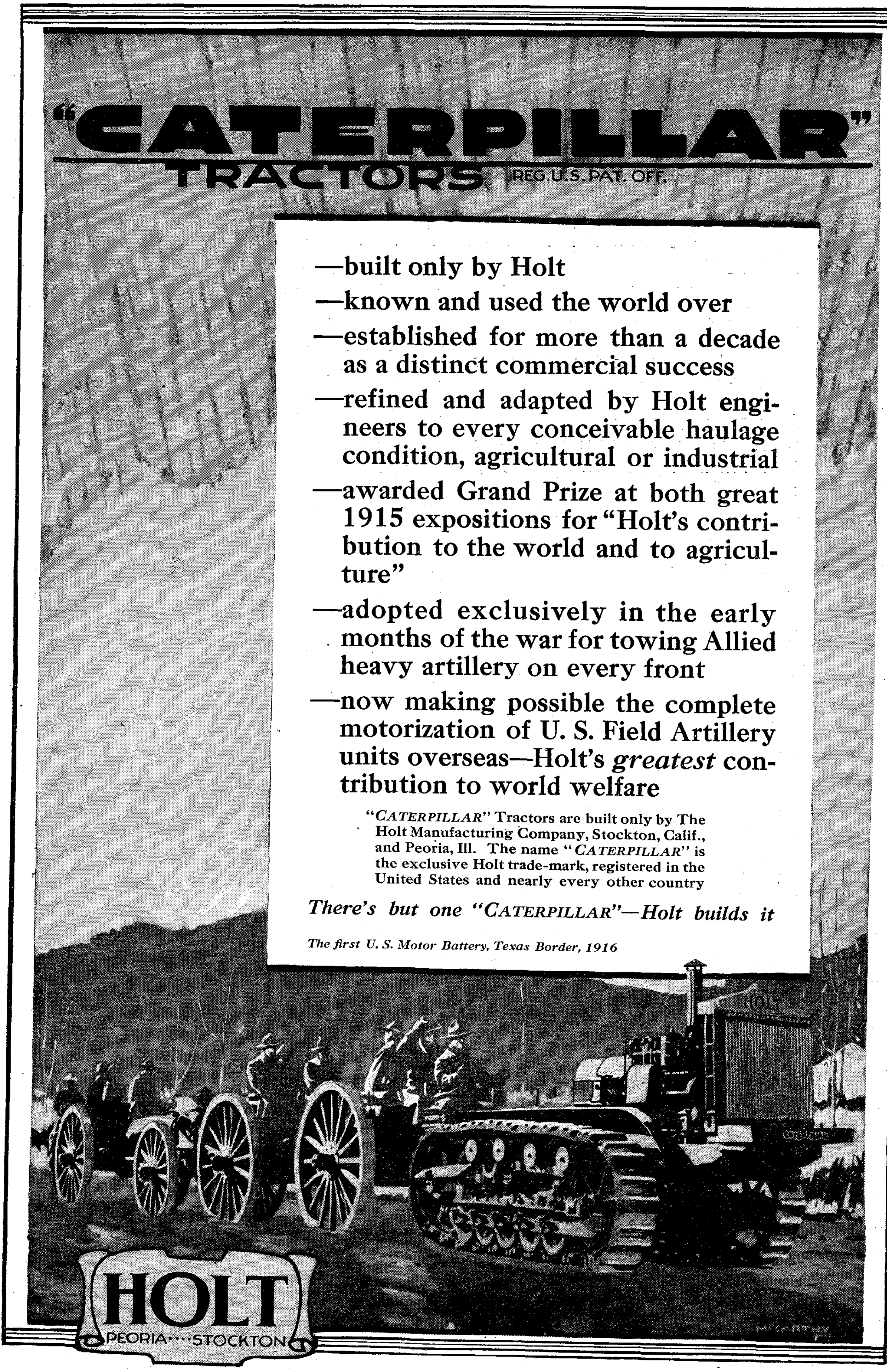
THE TRUE STORY AND SIGNIFICANCE OF THE FLAG

NOT only in the lands overseas where American troops have established it and honored it by heroic lives and deaths, but here in our own soil also, the war has brought the American flag into a new position of interest and respect.

Rear-Admiral Chester, in an article characteristic of the substantial and vigorous literary quality of *The Yale Review*—in the current number of which the article appears—calls attention to this change.

It is a matter of significance, he writes, that the same American *paterfamilias* who, a few months ago, smiled when his children sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" now sings the national anthem with a grim appreciation of a part, at least, of what that banner stands for. Rear-Admiral Chester continues:

> A national flag, next to the banner of the Cross, is the most symbolic representation of the ideals of a people that exists and is, therefore, the most sacred emblem of their possessions. In the United States of America, a nation made up of so many racial elements that have been drawn here by "the lamp of liberty enlightening the world"—people who, at the same time, hold deep reverence for the flags of their native lands—it is especially important that the history of our starry banner should be rightly understood. But several chroniclers, in the fulness of their ignorance of the causes and effects which have brought "Old Glory" into being, have filled the public press with a mass of legends having no basis for their inspiration and thus have propagated false views regarding the import of our glorious national banner.
>
> Few writers who have told the story of the flag appear to realize that the country possest a maritime force during the Revolutionary War, when the flag was born, and consequently have failed to search the only records in the archives which tell the true story. Such writers do not seem to know the fact that for every soldier who fought for independence upon the land, there were two, if not three, sailors battling for the vital interests of the embryo nation on the sea, who were inspired to victorious action by the banner which floated over their heads, and won double the number of battles successfully waged by landsmen.
>
> It was the Navy of the United States for which the American flag was established, and not the Army, as is generally supposed. The land forces belonged to the States and carried State flags into battle throughout the war, their character as belligerents being determined by the strategic position they occupied in the campaign and not by the flag. On the other hand, it was necessary from the very beginning of hostilities for the ships of the Navy to be represented on the sea by a distinguishing flag of national character, in order to exempt them from the charge of piracy. So important was this that as early as October 20, 1775, soon after Washington had established what was called the "Washington Navy," his secretary wrote to Colonel Glover and Stephen Moylan, who had been appointed to fit out the armed vessels of the fleet, as follows: "Please fix upon some particular color for a flag and a signal by which our vessels may know one another. What do you think of a flag with a white ground, a tree in the middle, the motto 'Appeal to Heaven'? This is the flag of our floating batteries." The floating batteries to which he referred were the germ of the American Navy.
>
> As the "Washington Navy" gradually gave way to a more consistent policy of fighting the enemy on the sea by a regular naval force, due to the palpable impossibility of administering a fleet from the shore, the Marine Committee in Congress, charged with the organization of a regular navy, looked to seamen for advice regarding not only the formation of a fleet, but also the design of a flag which was to distinguish that force from the enemy.
>
> Some time before the war broke out, the Union Jack of Great Britain was displayed in the Massachusetts Colony, in acknowledgment of its allegiance to Great Britain; and as there was then no disposition on the part of a majority of the people to sever connection with the British sovereign, the Union Jack was selected as the basis for the new American flag about to be established for the use of the Navy. There were coupled with the Jack thirteen red and white stripes, which, with the cross of St. George, had been used for nearly a century as the distinguishing mark for flagships of the British Fleet. Consequently, in what was known as the "Grand Union Flag" thus formed, there were represented the mother country to which the Colonies still belonged in 1775, and the "sea-power" of the budding republic.
>
> This "Flag of America," as John Paul Jones called it, was first hoisted by him at the peak of the frigate *Alfred*, of which he was the first lieutenant and temporary commander, at Philadelphia on December 3, 1775, the day on which that ship went into commission.
>
> One of the first men of the country to realize the importance of a navy to the struggling Colonies in the war for independence was John Adams, of Massachusetts. Brought up in a State where maritime affairs were paramount in its economic policy, and being a student of history, he could not fail to realize the truth of what Gibbon wrote in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" as axiomatic, that "the country which controls the sea will have dominion over the land." He was thus early engaged in the cause of establishing a navy, and may justly be called "the Founder of the American Navy." To him, Silas Deane, of Connecticut, and a few others, Congress gave the authority to construct or buy the first ships for the service.
>
> The first regular naval fleet, organized for the defense of the Colonies as a national force, was composed of the men-of-war, *Alfred*, *Columbia*, *Andrea Doria*, and *Cabot*, named after noted sailors. To these were to be added a few small vessels coming from New England ports to the Delaware with recruits to form the crews for the fleet. Most of these vessels had assembled at Philadelphia, where the flagship *Alfred* of Admiral Esek Hopkins, of Rhode Island, the first and only commander-in-chief the Navy ever had, was commissioned as before stated. In order to avoid being frozen into the harbor by the coming on of winter, the ships left Philadelphia in the latter part of December, 1775, and proceeded down the Delaware to await the arrival of the admiral and reenforcements.
>
> The sailing of the fleet is described in a contemporary paper as follows:
>
> > NEWBURN, N. C., February 9, 1776.
> >
> > They sailed from Philadelphia amidst acclamations of many thousands assembled on the joyful occasion, under the display of a Union Flag, with thirteen stripes in the field emblematical of the thirteen United Colonies.
>
> The fact that the "Grand Union Flag" was thus early recognized as the flag of the United Colonies is confirmed by a writer from the island of New Providence, which Hopkins's fleet captured on March 3, 1776, with an enormous amount of munitions of war, part of which figured in nearly every land-engagement during the war. In the London *Ladies' Magazine* under date of May 13, 1776, he wrote: "The colors of the American Fleet were striped under the Union with thirteen strokes, called the United Colonies, and their standard [Admiral's pennant] a rattlesnake; motto—'Don't Tread on me.'" On January 2, 1776, a month after the adoption of the "Grand Union Flag" by the Navy as its distinguishing mark, General Washington, at his headquarters in Cambridge, as is stated in a letter to his secretary, Colonel Reed, had "hoisted the Union flag in compliment to the United Colonies." The flag was displayed to the troops for the first time on this day "which gave being to our new army."
>
> Many writers, unaware of the previous occurrence, have ascribed the selection of this flag to General Washington, and designated it as the "Cambridge Flag." It would have been more appropriate to have called it the "Philadelphia Flag"; for it was in the Cradle of Liberty that the "Flag of America" as well as the "Star-Spangled Banner" was born. Washington's letter shows that it was not a design of his own making, and implies that it had been used before.
>
> Now we come to the birth of the flag; and James Whitcomb Riley's query as to what "the plain facts of your christening were" is best answered by the members of the country's "first line of defense," the United States Navy—who were the real sponsors for that glorious baby upon its christening. The law of Congress under which the Star-Spangled Banner was born on June 14, 1777, reads as follows:
>
> > *Resolved*, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.
> >
> > *Resolved*, That Capt. John Paul Jones be appointed to command the said ship *Ranger*.
>
> There were other resolutions included in this law of Congress, one of them stating why Paul Jones was appointed to command the *Ranger*; and as every one of the resolutions in the law related to naval affairs, it would seem, to use a paraphrase of the day, that "Congress was in session as a committee of the whole on the state of the Union," with a naval bill before it for consideration.
>
> The coincidence of the adoption of the national flag in the same Act of Congress which appointed him to command the *Ranger*, fitted out to display that flag in foreign countries, led Jones to write: "That flag and I are twins, born the same hour from the same womb of destiny. We can not be parted in life or in death. So long as we can float, we shall float



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There's but one "CATERPILLAR"—Holt builds it

The first U. S. Motor Battery, Texas Border, 1916

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Why Does Republic Build the Most Motor Trucks?

FIVE YEARS AGO the first Republic Truck was completed in a little shop where the total output for the first year was but 54 trucks.

Last year Republic produced and sold more than twice as many motor trucks as were produced and sold by the next largest maker.

How was this leadership achieved so quickly? Why does Republic build the most trucks?

Simply because the quality that has been built into all Republic trucks and the service they have given to their owners created an endless chain of demand for more trucks of the same dependable kind. And the Republic factories grew to take care of the demand.

Concentration is another reason for Republic dominance. Republic factories build nothing but trucks. Republic engineers concern themselves only with trucks and trucking problems. The whole resources and energies of the institution specialize on perfecting truck design and truck performance.

Every part that goes into a Republic Truck must be the best that experience and experiment have been able to discover. The Internal Gear Drive, used on all Republic Trucks, transmits 92% of the motor power to the wheels—from 12% to 26% more than any other form of drive.

There's a Republic Truck for every business need. Seven models in all, ranging from the ¾-ton Republic Dispatch to the big, 5-ton Model V, designed to withstand the severest strains of heaviest hauling. 1300 Republic Service Stations in over 900 principal centers of the United States keep Republic Trucks working at top notch efficiency.

Whether your truck problems are those of a merchant, manufacturer, contractor, farmer or any other line of business, the experience of the World's Largest Builders of Motor Trucks will prove of interest and value to you.

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together. If we must sink, we shall go down as one!"

There was no clause in this law of Congress reading, "The stars shall be placed in a circle," as has been erroneously stated by some so-called historians of the flag and copied by many other chroniclers. And no such flag as that called the "Betsy Ross Flag" was ever authorized, saluted, or recognized by any foreign Government. In the Betsy Ross legends the period between May 20 and June 5, 1776, is given as the time when General Washington, Robert Morris, and Colonel Ross sat over a "cup of tea" in the Ross parlor, planning the Star-Spangled Banner. No authentic records of such a committee, established by Congress, can be found anywhere in the Congressional archives. As a matter of fact, Washington wrote to General Putnam on June 6, 1776, to have the colonels of regiments "select colors for their regiments," showing that at that time there was no thought in his mind of establishing a national flag to be carried by the Army. It happens, moreover, that Colonel Ross, altho a member of Congress at a later date, was then in the Pennsylvania legislature, which did not authorize the delegates to Congress to discuss the question of separation from the mother country until June 19, 1776. Robert Morris was the secretary to the Secret War Committee of Congress; and it is interesting to note in passing that his instructions to naval commanders, written about this time, are replete with stirring words to "uphold the honor of the flag," which the Army was never called upon to do until the year 1841.

The one and only national flag ever established by Congress, with a union of checker-board design, has, from the very dawn of liberty, been carried to victory by the Navy on the seven seas of the world, without blemish and without essential change.

We have already seen whence came the stripes which adorn our national banner; but why the stars "representing a new constellation" were adopted is not quite so clear. The writer, however, strongly favors the views of the distinguished author, Schuyler Hamilton, on this subject, as published by him in one of the earliest histories of the flag. He states that the idea was taken from the constellation Lyra (or Harp), which in the hands of Orpheus represents harmony, "because the lyre is the symbol of harmony and unity among men."

In confirmation of this view Hamilton goes on to quote from a letter written in 1852 by the late Charles Francis Adams, in which he placed on record the fact that his father, John Quincy Adams, caused the lyre to be introduced as a companion-piece with the American eagle on passports issued by our Government. In this letter Adams quotes a Latin verse descriptive of the significance of Lyra as the reason for the action of his father in this matter, which Mr. Hamilton translates as follows: "Conspicuous among the stars, its horns widespread over the heavens, is the Lyra, with which Orpheus was wont to captivate everything to which he addrest his song, and even made a journey through Hades itself, and put to sleep the infernal laws. Hence, its celestial honor; and, by the same power with which it then drew rocks and trees along, it now leads the stars and whirls along the immense orb of the revolving world." "This last line," continues Hamilton, "shows that the constellation Lyra, as an emblem of union of the United States, would have been an amplification of the attribute of 'fascination' ascribed to the rattlesnake," which was advocated by many Southern statesmen of the day as the proper emblem.

John Adams was chairman of the War Board when the law establishing the Star-Spangled Banner as the national flag was passed by Congress, and he is credited with being the one who stood up in the Continental Congress that memorable day and called for the adoption of the resolution. If his son, John Quincy Adams, had in mind this beautiful conception of the import of Lyra as "a symbol of harmony among nations," when he placed the harp on the passports of the United States, it may well be conceived that his father, who so strongly advocated the adoption of stars for the union of the flag, to represent "a new constellation," was like-minded if not the originator of the idea. This interpretation gives clear meaning to the phrase, "representing a new constellation," which was entered in the law establishing the American flag.

To the astronomer of to-day there is much in the history of the constellation Lyra in favor of this view of the case; particularly so as the idea seems to have originated in the Old Bay State, the latitude of which on the earth is about the same as that of the heavenly bodies used as a prototype of the union of States on the celestial sphere—about 40 degrees north declination. Thus situated in the ecliptic of Boston, as it were, beautiful Vega, the leader of the Lyra group, is practically overhead at some period of each astronomical day, and, during its apparent rotation around the earth, is longer visible to the observer in that locality than any other star of the first magnitude in the northern heavens. It is below the horizon barely a quarter of the twenty-four hours of the day. Thus Alpha Lyræ is a veritable lodestar to cultured Bostonians; and, in fact, it is the point in the dome of heaven toward which the whole solar system is speeding at the enormous rate of thousands of miles a minute.

Moreover, the constellation Lyra possesses other features of symmetry with our "new constellation," in that Vega shows a marked bluish tint, which, together with its remarkable white rays scintillating through the ether around its golden center, forms an effulgent glow in strong affinity with the red, white, and blue of the American flag. Curiously enough, also, while to the naked eye there appear to be but ten stars in the entire celestial constellation of Lyra, a three-inch telescope, which was about the highest-powered instrument used one hundred and fifty years ago, shows Epsilon Lyræ as a double binary, thus augmenting the number of visible stars in the group under the glass by three, resulting in the magical number thirteen, the original number of the United States of North America.

This beautiful conception of using stars as a device for an American ensign was not new at the time the Stars and Stripes were born. A flag made up of the thirteen stripes and a single star had been carried by several New England ships some three years before—a fact which the New England delegates to the Continental Congress must have known when they considered the question of "a new constellation." There still exists in Boston an original copy of *The Massachusetts Spy*, dated March 10, 1774, containing a song on the anniversary of the Boston massacre with these lines:

> A ray of bright glory now gleams from afar,
> The American Ensign now sparkles a star,
> Which shall shortly flame wide thro' the skies.

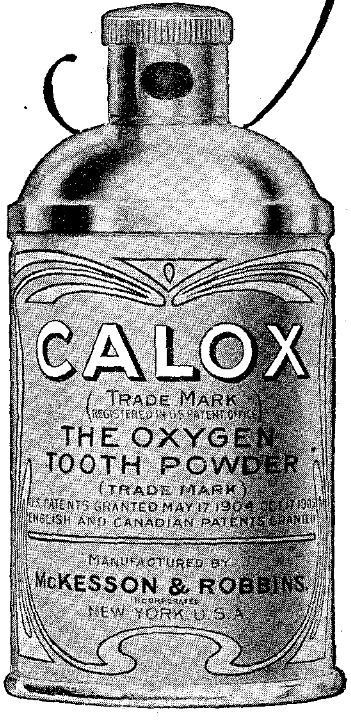
It is not difficult to conceive that a man

McK&R

8L

Letter from a prominent dentist, whose name will be given on request.

"I find that the teeth become much whiter and the gums healthy and firm with the daily use of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"Your 32 Teeth are 32 Reasons"

A package, sufficient for one week's trial, and authoritative booklet telling "Why a Powder is Better Than a Paste" will be sent free on request.

The large size contains nearly three times as much as the smaller size.

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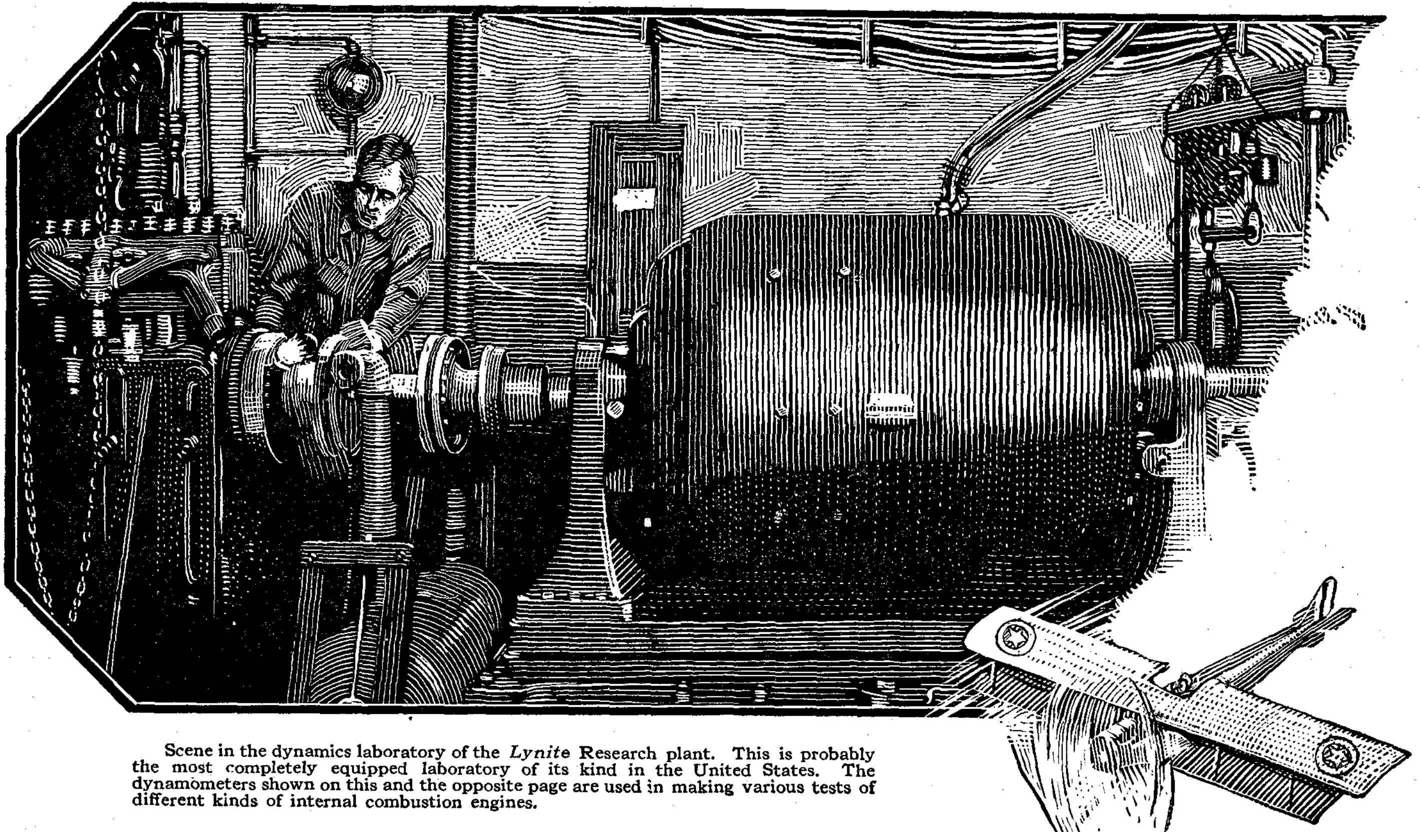


Scene in the dynamics laboratory of the *Lynite* Research plant. This is probably the most completely equipped laboratory of its kind in the United States. The dynamometers shown on this and the opposite page are used in making various tests of different kinds of internal combustion engines.

Where Today's Car and Plane are Obsolete

Before man can build, he must plan—before he can execute, he must see.

Vision is no less vital to progress than vigor.

To men of vision, the future is a vast canvas on which they paint.

Such were the men who gave to civilization those twin marvels of scientific achievement—the automobile and the airplane.

Such are the men who brought them to their present high stage of development.

Such are the men who will take them onward, nearer and nearer perfection.

Among those who are responsible for the use of *Lynite* in automobiles and airplanes, there has ever been the realization that production for today is but half their duty—that the other half lies in preparing for tomorrow's progress.

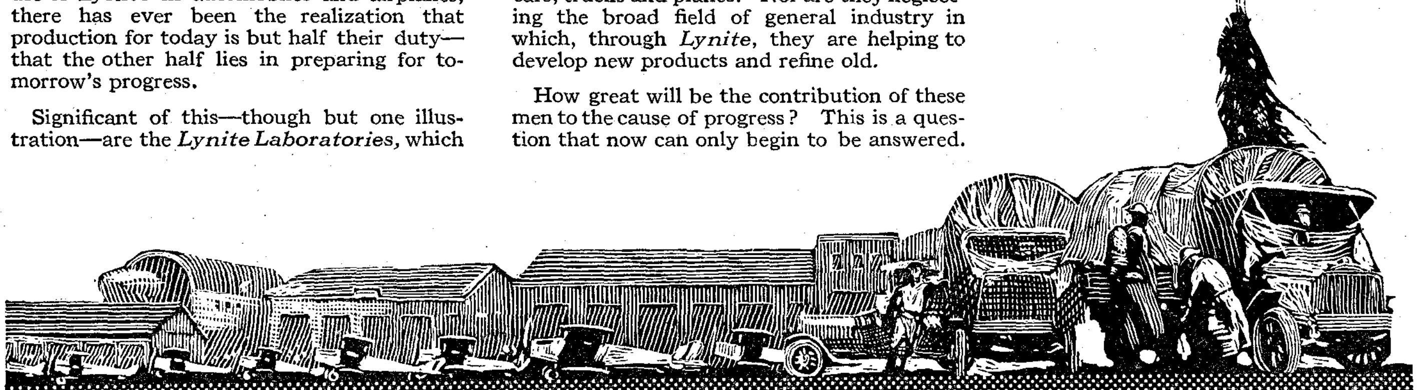
Significant of this—though but one illustration—are the *Lynite Laboratories*, which stand in the front rank of such institutions in this country.

Here, in a large, completely equipped building—entirely removed from all other *Lynite* activities and free from cares and problems of production — engineers, metallurgists, metallographers, physicists, chemists and foundry-experts are today helping to build tomorrow's car, truck, and airplane.

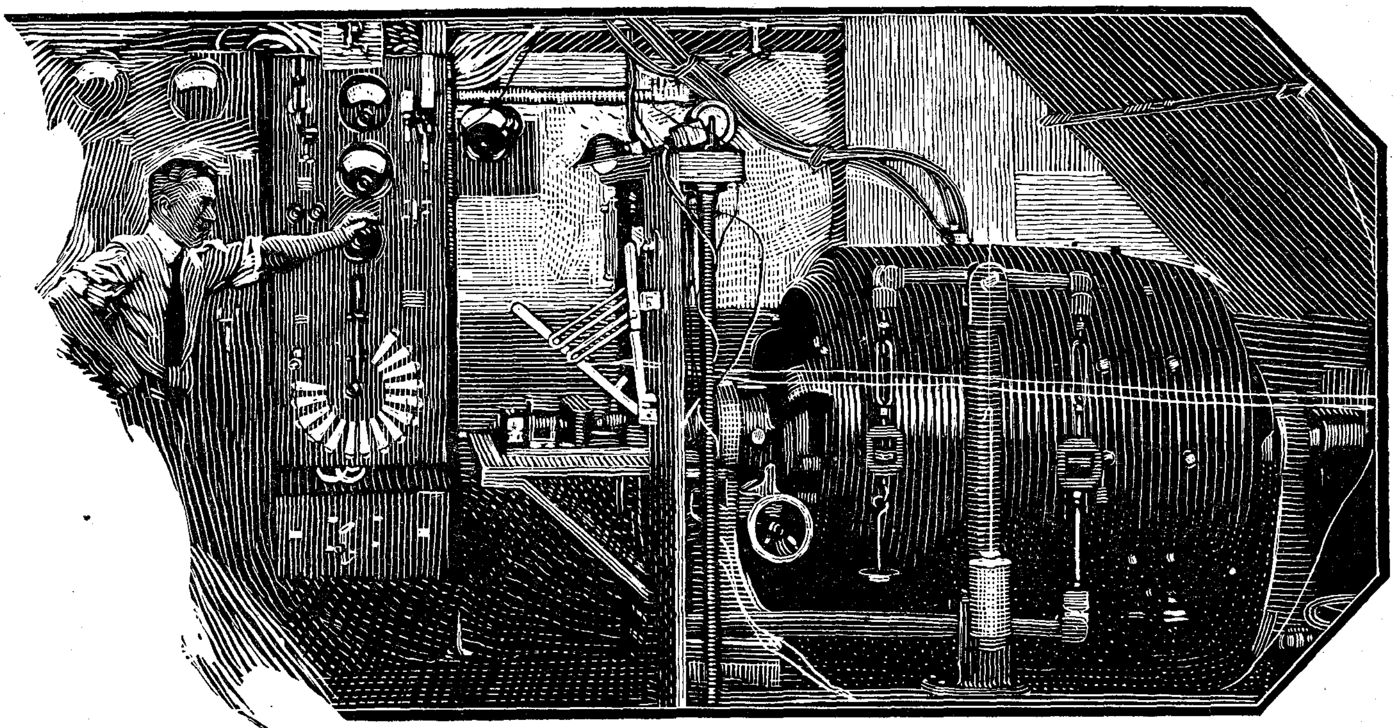
These men are concerned only in part with *Lynite* as *Lynite*—their scope is broader by far than that.

They seek to accomplish through this remarkable light, strong metal, still greater advances in the domain of the automotive vehicle—to make lighter, swifter, more efficient cars, trucks and planes. Nor are they neglecting the broad field of general industry in which, through *Lynite*, they are helping to develop new products and refine old.

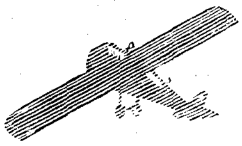
How great will be the contribution of these men to the cause of progress? This is a question that now can only begin to be answered.



LYNITE



The larger of the two dynamometers in the *Lynite* laboratories was the first to be built with sufficient capacity for an engine developing 400 horsepower at from 1400 to 2500 revolutions a minute. The capacity of the smaller is 200 horsepower at from 1350 to 3500 revolutions. The two can be coupled together.



But it is not difficult to estimate in some measure its possible extent and significance from what has already been accomplished.

A few years ago *Lynite* was used in only a few automobile and airplane parts.

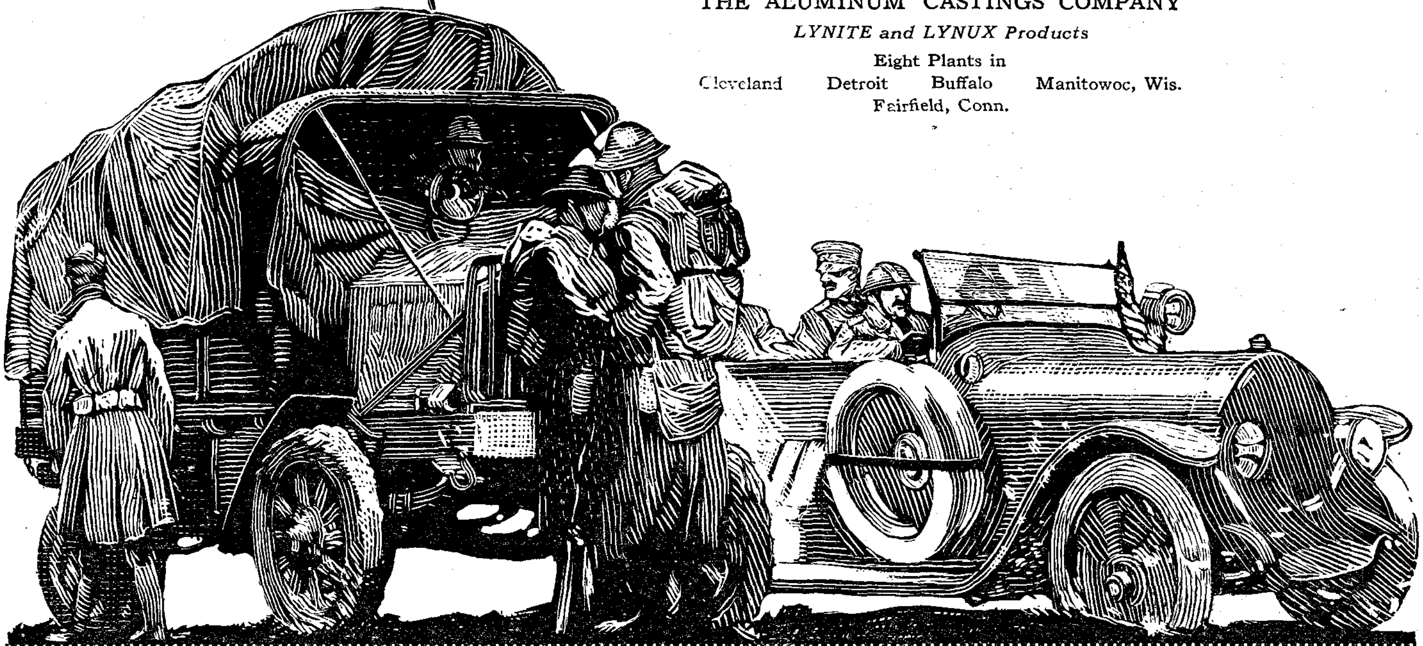
Today more than a hundred engine parts alone are made of it, including such large and important castings as cylinders and crank cases, such vital, if smaller, ones as pistons.

In a famous British airplane engine now being produced in this country—the Rolls-Royce—92 parts are of *Lynite,* saving 532 pounds in weight over cast-iron.

Moreover, where three or four years ago *Lynite* was employed by a handful of manufacturers, today it is being used in hundreds of thousands of cars and planes.

Standing on this high point of achievement, it is possible to peer into the future and to discern the outlines of still greater accomplishments—to see the *Lynite* car and the *Lynite* plane of the coming era.

THE ALUMINUM CASTINGS COMPANY
LYNITE and LYNUX Products
Eight Plants in
Cleveland Detroit Buffalo Manitowoc, Wis.
Fairfield, Conn.



LYNITE

of John Adams's disposition and learning read this little poem with deep appreciation of its prophecy, if he was not himself the author.

But whatever conclusions may be reached as to the originator of the idea of selecting stars to represent the States of the Federal Union, one thing is certain, and that is that the stars which adorn the American flag were never borrowed from the coat of arms of any American citizen, not excepting that of George Washington. In the first place, General Washington, who, as some authorities think, owned the stars selected for the purpose, was far from being the "Father of his Country" in the early part of 1777, when the Star-Spangled Banner came into being. At that time the military situation of the country was at its lowest ebb, and Washington was beset by more than one cabal of jealous rivals.

No, our forefathers who formed this Union looked higher than man for a symbol of sovereignty, and sought the heavens, which "declare the glory of God," for a sign, and selected something from the firmament, which "showeth his handiwork"; or there would have been no "In God We Trust" on our coins to-day.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.

FAITHFUL WAR-DOG FINDS HER MARINE FRIEND WOUNDED IN A HOSPITAL

When the ground trembles with the thunder of a barrage, and the ears are filled with roar of artillery, Verdun Belle never turns a hair. She is quite familiar with all the scenes of horror that go to make war to-day, and is trained in all its ways. Belle is just a common sort of setter dog with splotches of chocolate marking her trench-dinged coat, and soft, silky ears. No one among the marines knows where she came from, nor to whom she belonged previous to appearing unannounced in the trenches, where she promptly selected a tough young roughneck to mother until her own offspring arrived. *The Stars and Stripes*, the newspaper published in France by the American Expeditionary Corps, says Belle was thoroughly trench-broken, and in support of the statement declares:

> You could have put a plate of savory pork-chops on the parapet and nothing would have induced her to go after them.
>
> She actually learned to race for the spot where an improvised gas-mask, contrived by her master, could be put over her nose whenever the signal warning of a gas-attack was sounded.
>
> Before long, Belle became the mother of nine brown-and-white puppies. They had hardly opened their eyes before the marines' regiment got orders to "hike" for another sector. Some might have thought the dog and her pups would be left behind, but this never occurred to her master. He commandeered a market-basket somewhere, put the pups into it and let Verdun Belle trot behind.
>
> In spite of the fact that the amount of equipment which each marine carries on the march is supposed to be all that a man can possibly carry, this marine somehow found strength to carry the extra weight of the basket. Forty miles he carried his burden along the parched French highway. But then came an order to march even farther, and reluctantly the marine was forced to give up the basket. Mournfully he killed four of the puppies, but the other three he slipt into his shirt-front.
>
> Then he trudged on his way, carrying these three, pouched in forest green, as a kangaroo carries its young, while the mother dog trotted trustingly behind.

On the long march another of the pups died, and finally in the maze of men, trucks, and wagons Belle was lost. The marine was at his wits' end to keep the two puppies alive, but, says *The Stars and Stripes:*

> Finally he hailed the crew of an ambulance passing back from the Front, turned the pups over to them, and disappeared with his comrades. The ambulance men were unable to induce the pups to eat canned beef and they had no fresh milk. They chased a couple of cows vainly.
>
> Next morning the problem was still unsolved. But it was solved that evening. A fresh contingent of marines trooped by the farm and in their wake—tired, anxious, but undiscouraged—was Verdun Belle. Ten kilometers back, two days before, she had lost her master, and until she should find him again she evidently had thought that any marine was better than none.
>
> The troops did not halt at the farm, but Belle did. At the gates she stopt dead in her tracks, drew in her lolling tongue, sniffed inquiringly the evening air and, like a flash—a white streak along the drive—she raced to the distant tree where, on a pile of discarded dressings in the shade, the pups were sleeping.
>
> All the corps men stopt work and marveled. It was such a family reunion as warms the heart. For the worried mess sergeant it was a great relief. For the pups it was a mess-call, clear and unmistakable.
>
> So with only one worry left in her mind, Verdun Belle settled down with her puppies at this field hospital. In a day or two the wounded began coming in, a steady stream. Always a mistress of the art of keeping out from under foot, very quietly Belle hung around and investigated each ambulance that turned in from the main road and backed up with its load of pain.
>
> Then one evening they lifted out a young marine, listless in the half-stupor of shell-shock. To the busy workers he was just case number such and such, but there was no need to tell any one who saw the wild jubilance of the dog that Verdun Belle had found her own.
>
> The first consciousness he had of his new surroundings was the feel of her rough pink tongue licking the dust from his face. And those who passed that way last Sunday found two cots shoved together in the kindly shade of a spreading tree. On one the mother dog lay contented with her puppies. Fast asleep on the other, his arm thrown out so that one grimy hand could clutch one silken ear, lay the young marine.
>
> It perplexed some of the hospital workers to know what could be done when the time came to send the marine on to the base hospital. But they knew in their hearts they could safely leave the answer to some one else. They could leave it to Verdun Belle.

TRAGIC END OF NICHOLAS II., CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS

Wobbling so at the knees that he had to be propt against a post in order that the firing squad might shoot at him with some degree of accuracy, Nicholas II., former Czar of Russia, did not present a noble picture of a monarch meeting death. But there was little that was heroic in Nicholas Romanof. During his life he had been as wobbly in the head as he was in the legs when he stood before his executioners.

Perhaps the making of a contented *bourgeois* was spoiled when Nicholas was born with an imperial spoon in his mouth, for if he had any virtues worth counting, domesticity was undeniably one of them. One can not but picture Nicholas as a happy father in reading the incident which is related of the monarch as he superintended the details of the bathing of his small son, the Grand Duke Alexis, one day during the height of the North Sea excitement. An admiral is making a report. The Czar interrupts him eagerly:

"But are you aware that he weighs 14 pounds?"

"Who, your majesty?" queries the surprized admiral, his line of thought rudely halted amid a maze of battle-ships and quick-firing guns.

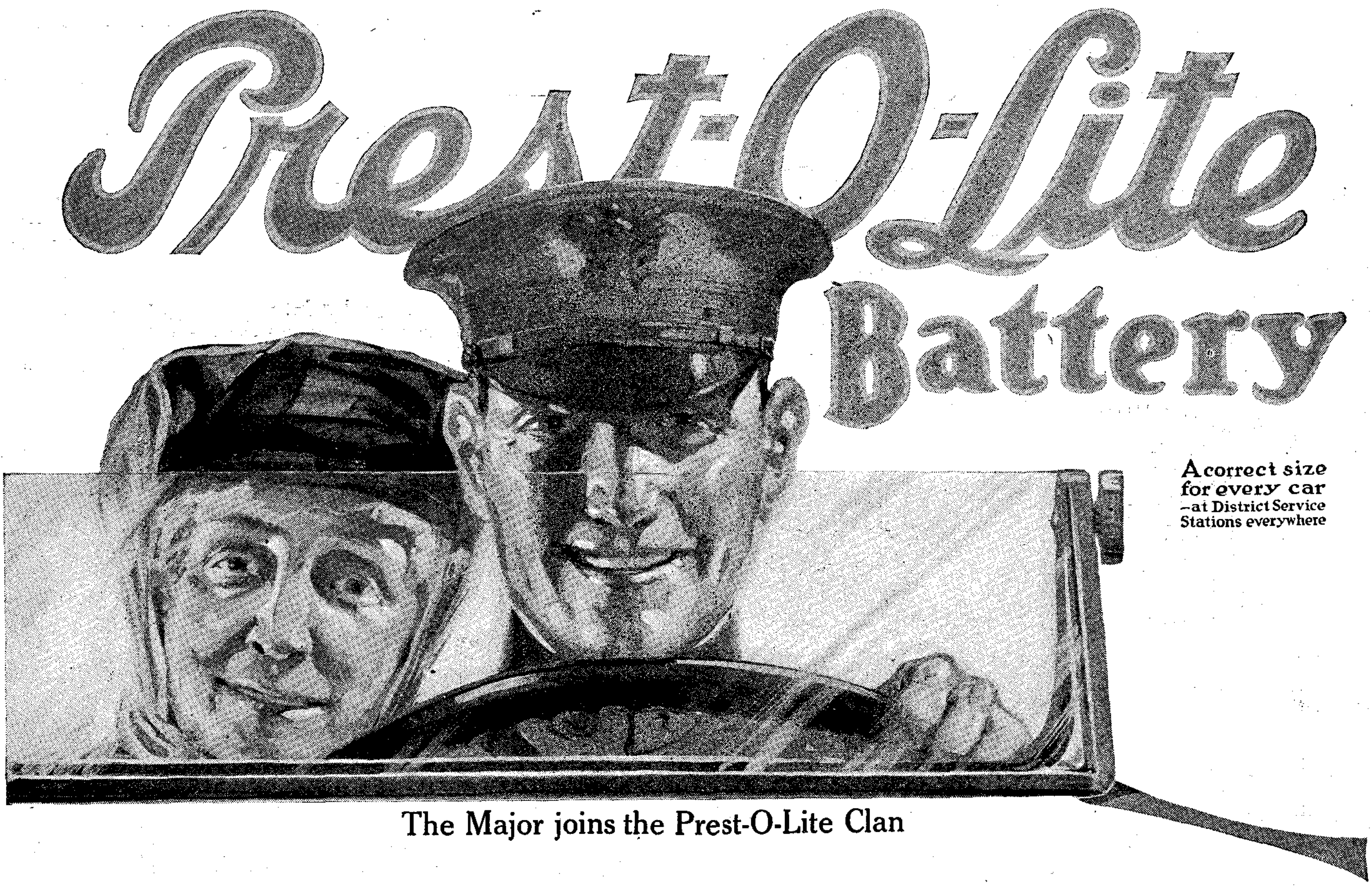
"Why the heir to the throne," is the happy father's reply.

Such a revelation of proud paternity contrasts sadly with the scenes during the monarch's last hour as told in a brief dispatch in the New York *Evening World:*

> Nicholas was awakened at five o'clock on the morning of the day of his execution by a patrol of a non-commissioned officer and six men. He was told to dress, and was then taken to a room where the decision of the *Soviet* Council was communicated to him. He was informed the execution would be carried out in two hours.
>
> The former Emperor, it is added, received the announcement of the sentence of death with great calmness. He returned to his bedroom and collapsed in a chair. After a few minutes he asked for a priest, with whom he was allowed to remain unattended. Subsequently he wrote several letters.
>
> When the escort arrived to take him to the place of execution, Nicholas attempted to rise from his chair, but was not able. The priest and a soldier were obliged to help him get to his feet. The condemned man descended the stairs with difficulty and once he fell down.
>
> As he was unable to stand without support when the place of execution was reached, he was propt against a post. He raised his hands and seemed to be trying to speak, but the rifles spoke and he fell dead.

In commenting upon the scene at the execution, *The Times* says:

> It is true that his courage was questioned when he was Crown Prince. At best, he was a neurotic quarter-wit, on the road to madness. But in that last hour courage, the elementary first virtue of kings, should not have failed him. Besides, his execution was mere murder.
>
> Let us hope that Nicholas Romanof



A correct size for every car —at District Service Stations everywhere

The Major joins the Prest-O-Lite Clan

The Maj. Knows Batteries —He Has Studied the Reports of Many Tests

AND take it from us, it's a "he" battery that stands up under some of the said tests.

For instance, note this one—devised by the Major to determine whether or not certain models were built to stand the jolting of rough roads;

—the roads in mind being the auto trails of a territory where the ordinary batteries of commerce have been meeting a junk-pile finish after short-life service.

Taking a sample battery from a lot of 3000 Prest-O-Lites ordered by a well-known big purchaser, the Major ordered it hooked up with a little trick apparatus, designed to put it through a regular 3d degree;

—at a signal this rough-house device proceeded to business—it picked up the willing Prest-O-Lite and jolted it up and down on a hard surface—*jolted it 560 times a minute* for a total of over one million *jolts*.

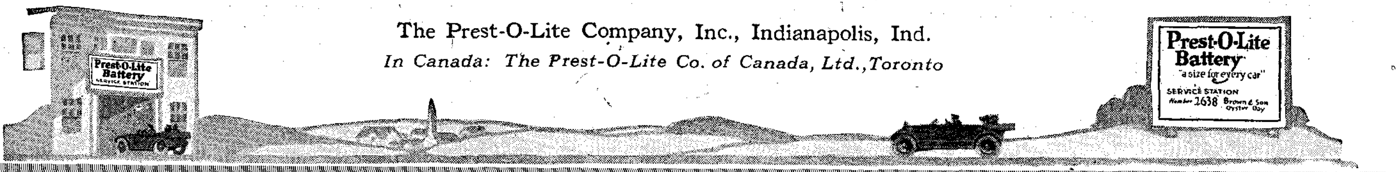
At the finish of this ordeal the battery was unhooked—critically examined for "signs of weakness"—and then re-tested to see if it had kept its full rated power.

The result was a clean score without a single demerit—so clean that the Major remarked, in signing the report, "I guess we'll have to score this Prest-O-Lite Battery 150 per cent perfect."

Do you wonder that the Major has become an enthusiastic member of the Prest-O-Lite Clan?—and that he says the Prest-O-Lite is the battery for the millions of autoists who don't know and don't want to know about volts, amperes, grids, and plates?

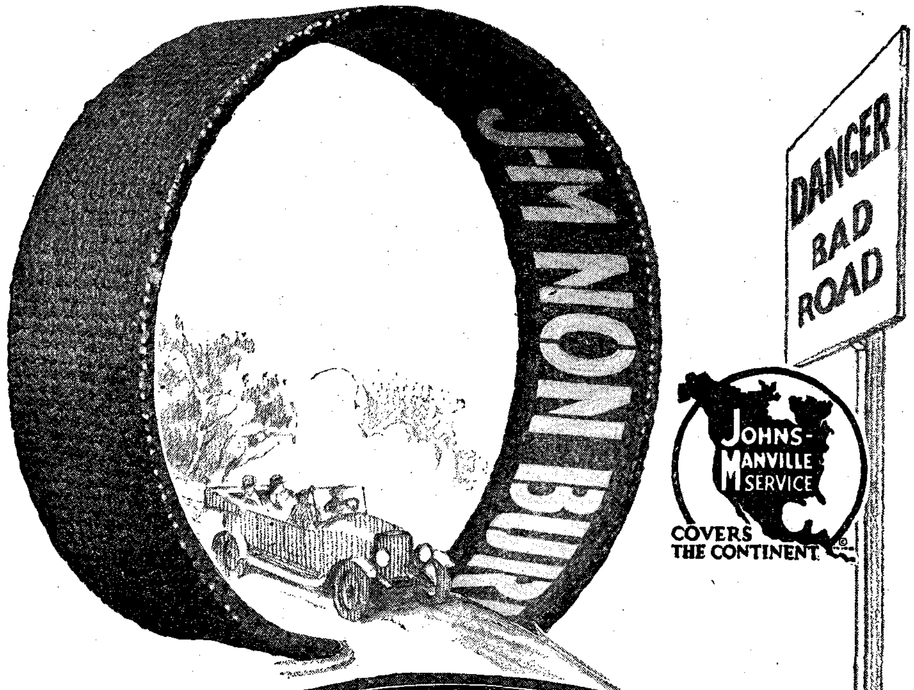
"You can leave all that to the Prest-O-Lite Service Man around the corner," says the Major—"just stop your car at that battery wizard's shop once every few weeks—let him give it the once-over and a fresh drink of distilled water—any Prest-O-Lite battery will do the rest."

Write us for the address and front name of the nearest Prest-O-Lite Service Station Man in your district.



The Prest-O-Lite Company, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind.
In Canada: The Prest-O-Lite Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

The Oldest Service to Automobile Owners in America



NON-BURN
ASBESTOS
BRAKE LINING

The safety of your driving—

the asbestos in your lining—are just two ways of saying the same thing. For braking safety and service—both depend on the asbestos fibre woven in the lining fabric.

And in Johns-Manville Non-Burn Asbestos Brake Lining you get a fabric that is built on fifty years of progress in lining manufacture. Non-Burn has the choice of fibre from the huge annual tonnage of Johns-Manville mines Then the weaving of that fibre is based on methods which experience has proven the best. This is why Non-Burn will out-wear, out-brake and out-serve all other linings. Insist on it for re-equipment for brakes or clutch facings.

TO THE TRADE: Ask for details of our Jobber-Dealer Sales Policy

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 61 Large Cities

When you think of Asbestos you think of Johns-Manville

B.&B. CO. ST. LOUIS PAT. NOV. 24 1914

Ready for the Big Pull

The time may come when your engine stalls. You're stuck. You've a big load to be towed. You need a safe, reliable Powersteel Truckline. It stands the strain on any ordinary grade because made of world-famous Yellow Strand Wire Rope. Attaches instantly, holds securely. Supplied with plain hooks or with patented snaffle hooks as illustrated at the right.

Write for literature.

B. & B. Wire Ropes provide long, satisfactory service for every industrial requirement. They are elastic, flexible, durable, carefully and correctly made from the highest quality wire. They have proved themselves on many a big job during the past forty three years.

Broderick & Bascom Rope Co.
Saint Louis : : : New York
Manufacturers of celebrated Yellow Strand Wire Rope
B9

Powersteel Truckline

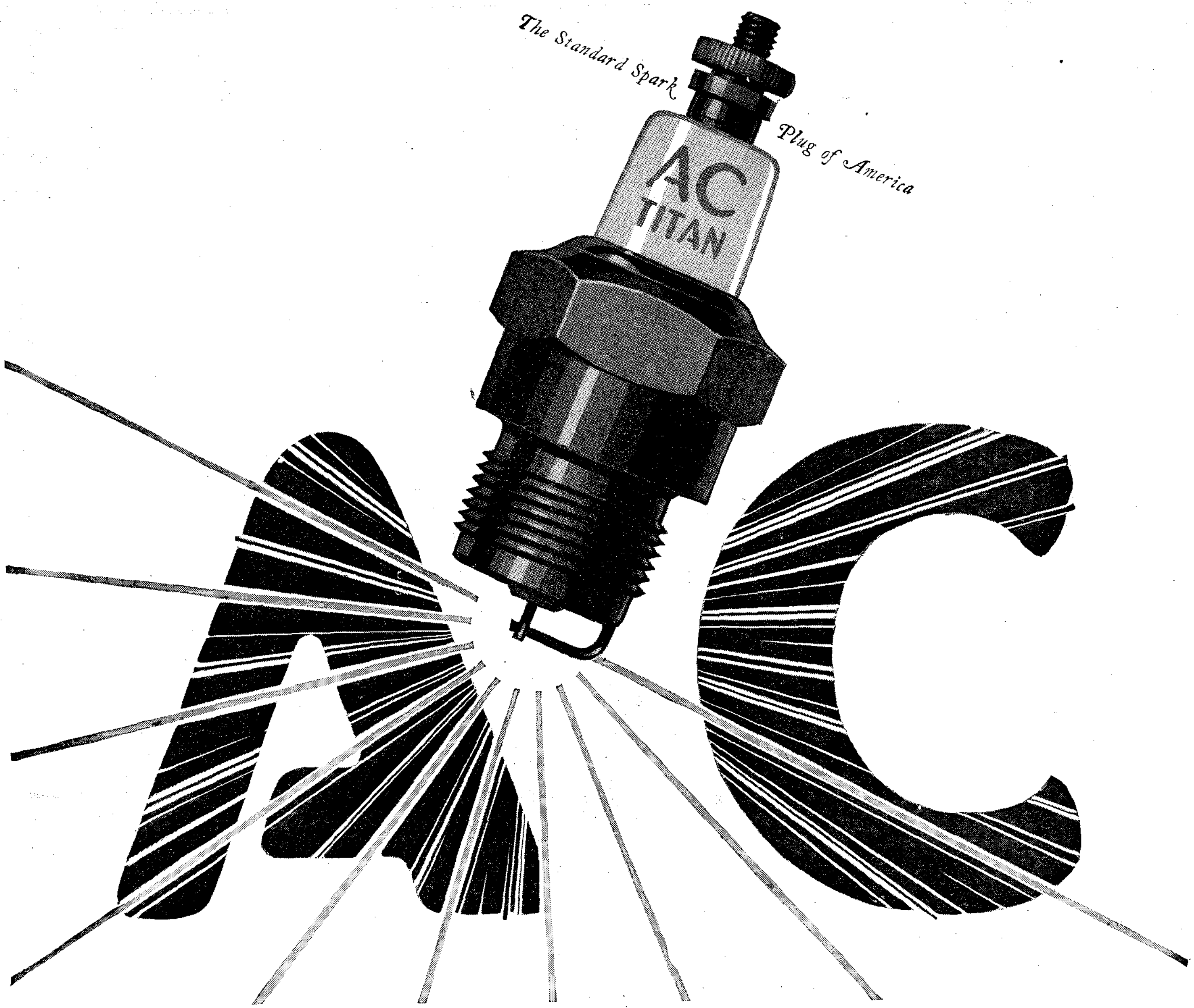
died like a man. Louis XVI. did that, and Charles I.:

> He nothing common did, or mean
> Upon that memorable scene,
> But bowed his comely head,
> Down, as upon a bed.

Or shall we say, in defense of Nicholas II., if he really did show "funk," that three generations of exposure to assassination broke down his nerves?

Nicholas II. had occupied the throne of Russia for twenty-three years when he was removed to Tobolsk, Siberia, with his family. In May, following rumors of his revolutionary activities, he was taken to Ekaterinburg, in the Ural Mountains. Of the events that led to this move *The Times* says:

> The disclosures of the contents of the imperial archives have let in much light upon his personal character and his abilities as a ruler. In March of this year Sir George Buchanan, who was British Ambassador at Petrograd before, during, and after the March revolution, said that, while Nicholas "doubtless had much to answer for," there was nothing at all in the reports that he himself was planning a betrayal of his Allies and a separate peace with Germany. He did not, however, deny that the Emperor had offered no effective opposition to the intrigues of the pro-German party at Court, of which the Czarina was one of the leaders.
>
> Most important of the evidence which has been made public during the past year, however, was the publication in September last by Vladimir Bourtseff, the Russian revolutionist, and Herman Bernstein, the American correspondent, of the famous "Willy-Nicky" telegrams that passed between the Czar and the Kaiser in 1904, 1905, 1906, and 1907. In these messages, exchanged in English between the imperial cousins, the Czar was revealed as a man whose character and abilities were extremely inadequate to the task of ruling Russia. Nicholas was represented by these messages as a man who was wholly under the influence of the Kaiser's stronger personality save for a few periods when the immediate influence of another strong personality, such as that of Count Witte, the Czar's famous Minister, counteracted it.
>
> It was made clear by these messages that the Czar had too often followed extremely bad advice given him, for no disinterested reason, by the Kaiser during the war with Japan; that the Kaiser had persuaded him into a treaty, signed at Bjorkö in the summer of 1906, by which Russia placed herself beside Germany and guaranteed to use her influence to try to bring France around to the same side—a treaty which Witte broke the minute he heard of it; and that the Kaiser had obtained the Czar's conditional approval of schemes for the seizure of Denmark by Germany in the event of a war against England. The Czar in this correspondence appears now as fearful for his crown, now as jealous of the dignity and welfare of his house, now as an abject subject for mental suggestion, but never as the independent and patriotic ruler of Russia.
>
> This evidence confirmed the general impression of the Czar's character which had been made by his conduct during his reign—the impression of a man no doubt of good intentions but weak and easily led by the nearest strong influence—impulsive


The Standard Spark Plug of America
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Weigh These Facts In The Balance

The spark plug plays too-important a rôle in the successful functioning of your car to be selected heedlessly. Make no mistake in your choice. Be guided by experts and you will buy only AC's.

Experimentation is costly. Unbased claims of superiority make no plug gas-proof. Extravagant statements will not replace perfect insulation. Twisted facts can not deceive the eye of science.

Investigate for yourself the foundation for our statement, "No matter what car you drive, the specially designed AC Spark Plug for that car will serve you best and longest."

These are the facts—weigh them in the balance against the combined claims of all other makes: most leading motor car manufacturers have for years equipped their cars with AC Spark Plugs. Glance through the list of AC users below. Here you will find practically every fine car made.

This overwhelming preference for AC's was based on the recommendation of the chief engineers of these various plants. These engineers specified AC's only after deliberate factory tests in which every spark plug made had the opportunity to qualify.

In the face of such unmistakable proof, even the owners of cars made by those few factories not yet equipping with AC Spark Plugs, are installing our plugs in their motors. For they have found in them the secret of bettered performance.

There is a specially designed AC Spark Plug for your car. Install a complete set now. Your purchase has the endorsement of the maker of practically every fine car.

Write for booklet, "The Unsuspected Source of Most Motor Ills," by Albert Champion; also for information on new AC Carbon Proof Plugs especially designed for Ford, Overland and Studebaker cars.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

All these well known manufacturers listed below use AC for standard factory equipment

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Cadillac
J. I. Case
Chalmers
Chandler
Chevrolet
Cole
Continental Motors
Crane-Simplex
Daniels
Davis
Deere Tractors
Delco-Light
Diamond T Trucks
Dodge Bros.
Dorris
Dort
Duesenberg Motors
Federal Trucks
Ford & Son Tractors
Fulton Trucks
F-W-D Trucks
Gabriel Trucks
Genco Light
G. M. C. Trucks
Gramm-Bernstein Trucks
Hall Trucks
Hatfield
Haynes
Hudson
Hupmobile
Jackson
Jordan
Jumbo Trucks
Kissel Kar
La Crosse Tractors
Liberty
Locomobile
Marmon
Maytag
McLaughlin (Canada)
Menominee Trucks
Midland Trucks
Moline-Knight
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Murray
Nash
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Oakland
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Paige
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Pierce-Arrow
Pilot
Premier
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Riker Trucks
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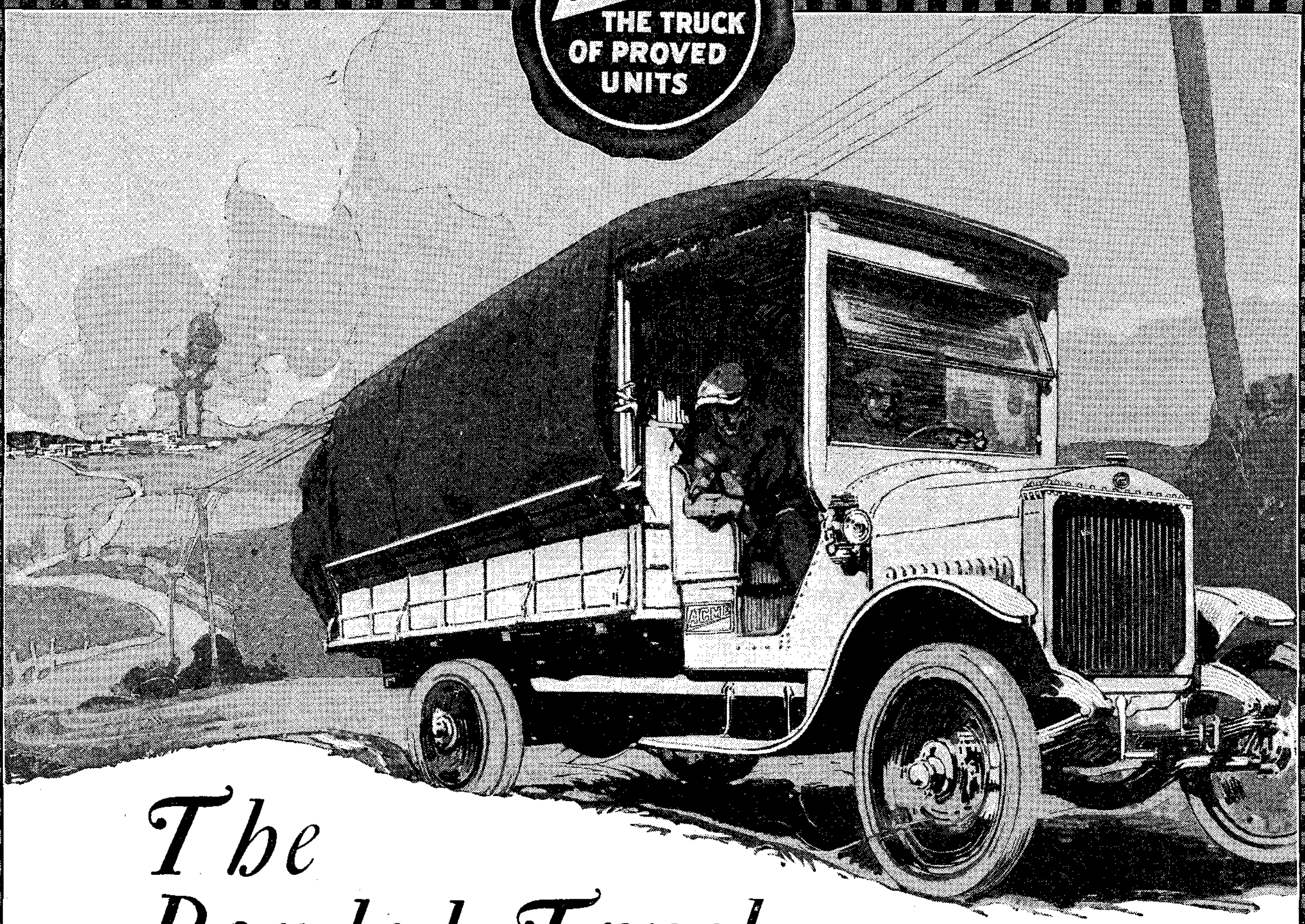
Dealers: What does all this mean to you in your aim to give your customers the best?

The Seal of Dependable Performance

ACME
THE TRUCK OF PROVED UNITS

Trade Mark Registered U. S. Patent Office



The Bonded Truck

That Acme seal on the radiator is your bond of truck performance, thus:

Without *consideration of cost*, the Acme is the *only* truck which combines *all* of those units of motor truck construction which *users' actual records* prove of top efficiency. The Acme truck is the *Truck* of *Proved Units*.

For instance, performance records point conclusively to the service-excellence of Continental Motor, Timken Axles, Timken Bearings, and the other Acme units.

Acme Proved Units are the master products of master manufacturers, each admittedly the leader in his specialized field. Acme transportation engineers build these Proved Units into the Acme truck. They build in excess dimensions and excess strength.

The Acme truck is built in four models—one ton; two ton; three and one-half ton; four ton. Each model is oversized in both capacity and dimensions. Study the list of Acme Proved Units. Know why each Acme model can be depended upon to deliver service far beyond the accepted standard.

Write for the Acme truck book, "Pointers to Profits." Address Dept. 248.

Models: 1 to 4 Tons

ACME MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, Cadillac, Michigan

PROVED UNITS

- Continental Red Seal Motor
- Timken Axles
- Timken Bearings
- Timken-David Brown Worm Drive
- Cotta Transmission
- Borg & Beck Clutch
- Ross Steering Gear
- Blood Bros. Universal Joints
- Smith Pressed Steel Frame
- Detroit Springs
- Hayes Artillery Type Wheels
- Eisemann High Tension Magneto
- Rayfield Carbureter
- Stewart Vacuum Feed
- Tubular Type Truck Radiator
- Centrifugal Type Governor

ACME
The Truck of Proved Units
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PROOF

George Ludwig, Dunkirk, New York, in a letter, says:

"If I were to buy another truck, I would not hesitate. It would be an Acme. I have owned and driven trucks for five years, and I do a lot of long distance moving and get a chance to see different makes of trucks, but I am satisfied I bought an Acme."

and easily changeable and unable to stick to good resolves when strong influences put themselves against him.

Nicholas was born in Petrograd in 1868, the son of Czarevitch Alexander—who came to the throne in 1881—and the Princess Dagmar, of Denmark, who became known as Marie Feodorovna when she was baptized into the Russian Church. She is still living in Denmark, to which country she returned some years ago. Of the early career of Nicholas *The Times* says:

> Nicholas was born at Petrograd, May 18 (new style) 1868, and was the son of the Czarevitch Alexander, who in 1881 came to the throne as Alexander III., and the Princess, who was born Dagmar of Denmark and who became known as Marie Feodorovna when she was baptized into the Russian Church. His mother is still living in Denmark, to which she returned some years ago. Nicholas received the usual education of an heir to the Russian throne, and had made but little impression on the world when the death of his father made him Czar. He had made a trip around the world in 1890-91, during which he was attacked by a Japanese fanatic in Kyoto and escaped death at the hands of the assassin only by a headlong flight into and out of shops along the street until the police stopt his assailant.
>
> Later events suggested that this might be an index to his character, but it was almost the only one available at that time. In 1894 his father, Alexander III., died after a rule of thirteen years, which had been signalized by an autocratic reaction from the liberal policies instituted by Alexander II., the Czar who was assassinated in 1881.
>
> Nicholas was in temperament more like his father than his grandfather; he appears to have been a firm believer in autocracy, but his lack of strength of character, combined with a certain mildness of disposition, made the early years of his reign much easier than that of Alexander.
>
> Again, however, there was an indication of his character which might have furnished light on the future. The coronation ceremonies in 1895 were marred by an accident and panic among the crowds which had come to view the ceremonies, leading to the loss of many hundreds of lives, and the callousness of Nicholas on this occasion rather shocked a good many foreign observers.
>
> Meanwhile the young Czar had been married on Nov. 27, 1894, a few weeks after his accession, to the Princess Alixe of Hesse, who took the name of Alexandra Feodorovna on her entry into the Russian Church. This Princess, who speedily found herself very uncomfortable in Russia, and was always of strongly pro-German sympathies, was one of the great influences in the life of Nicholas, tho their existence together was anything but happy; and much of the reaction toward a Byzantine autocracy of his later years, as well as the backing and filling in the present war, which finally led to the overthrow of the throne, was attributed to her.

Robert Crozier Long saw Nicholas II. three times, and each glimpse of the Czar was at a period that marked a turning-point in his career. The first time Nicholas was at the height of his power; the next was on the day that he surrendered unwillingly a small part of his autocratic power as the Czar of all the Russias, and the third time was the day Nicholas returned to his palace prisoner of the revolution. In an article in the New York *Evening Post* Mr. Long writes:

> The first sight was only for an instant in February, 1899. This was an ominous time for Nicholas's future, for after convincing the world a few months before of his progressive intentions by suggesting the Hague Conference, he had now got into a bitter domestic struggle by attacks on Liberalism at home which provoked a revolt in the universities and had further just made his first serious assault upon the constitution of Finland. Preceded by a detachment of the palace cavalrymen, known as the "Convoy of His Imperial Majesty"—big, black-bearded men, mostly Caucasus Moslems—he drove in an open sledge from the Morskaya Street into the Nevsky Prospect on his way to the Winter Palace. Both sides of the street were lined with soldiers, and there were the usual spies and members of the *Okhrana* (political police) whom no one familiar with Russia ever could mistake. Nicholas improved much in appearance in later life. He was then extremely thin, unrepresentative and servile in appearance, and his pale face was covered with pimples. The public paid no attention to his progress; there were no cheers and, naturally, no hoots.

In May, 1906, the writer witnessed the opening of the first Duma in the Winter Palace, a concession that had been forced out of the Czar by the general strike of the preceding October, after the ruler had tried vainly to "put over" a Consultative Duma. It was a dramatic scene as thus described in *The Post*, altho Nicholas played the distasteful part with dignity:

> The old and new Russians faced one another. To his right, stretching down the whole hall were the adherents of the old régime—several hundred courtiers, ministers and ex-ministers, councilors of state, and ladies of the court, all in gorgeous gold-braided uniforms or varicolored costumes from the "Moscow period," with the characteristic beaded head-dress; and facing them to the Czar's left were the new Duma members. A few of these, from the conservative parties, came in evening dress and a good many in morning dress; but the vast majority were in peasant *armiaks*, or blouses, with trousers tucked in high, newly oiled boots, the smell of which filled the hall. The two factions glared at one another. The Czar came into the hall long after all were assembled, read the document convoking the Duma, in which the members were described as Russia's "best people," and then with the Dowager Empress and the young Empress, each on one arm, walked between the two rows of spectators and disappeared.
>
> In reading, he spoke with a slow, very clear and agreeable, somewhat drawling voice, which reminded me of a Moscow droshky-driver's. He looked healthy and extremely young, showed no sign of the chagrin which he must have felt, and was entirely self-possessed. The significant moment of the ceremony came when the reading was finished. The Duma was in an ugly temper. The five hundred members had listened glumly and dourly, some of them demonstratively turning away; and they had kept silent when the address ended. The courtiers, with whom cheering is not etiquette, also kept silence and there was an awkward pause. It ended by the courtiers breaking out into a loud

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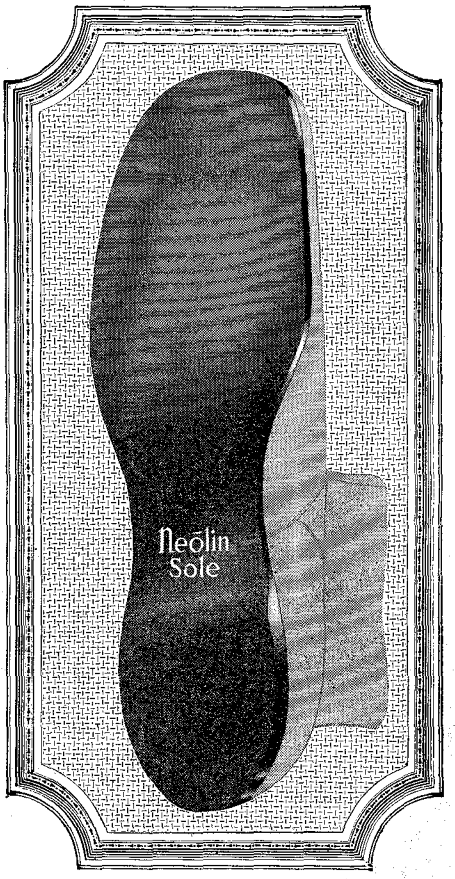

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Neōlin Soles are so flexible they permit proper growth of young feet. Moreover, they are very durable, waterproof, quiet and will not scratch fine floors or furniture.

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Created by Science—to be what soles ought to be. They come on new shoes of all styles for men, women and children, and are available everywhere for re-soling and half-soling. Always marked: Neōlin

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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

AUSTIN

$390,000,000 for New Industrial Buildings
How Much for Time?

$390,000,000 for steel, concrete, brick, stone, lumber and other materials, plus labor—this amount of money will be spent for industrial buildings during 1918.

And how much of it will be paid for that which is more valuable than all materials—the time it takes to put the buildings up?

For the longer the time, the longer that great capital will be deprived of earning power; the longer that labor will be tied to one job; the longer production will be deferred.

Austin Method Makes it Necessary to Think in Terms of Time

The Austin Method is to erect a complete, substantial, permanent factory-building in one-third to one-sixth the time it used to take.

The Austin Method is first, to assemble all the essential materials and labor in record time; second, to proceed immediately with construction; third, to have no lost motion or delays.

A concrete example—In 22 working-days from date of order the Austin Company delivered a complete building 100 feet wide, 400 feet long to the Dayton-Wright Airplane Company. This building is a substantial steel structure with brick exterior which conforms in architectural detail to its surroundings. It is the type of building that would ordinarily require three or four months for construction.

Another example—36 days ahead of a 95-working-day contract, the Austin Company delivered a complete crane-type building to the General Electric Company at West Everett, Mass.

An aeroplane plant comprising 27 acres of floor space—all under one roof—was completed and delivered in 90 working-days.

The building illustrated on these pages is of the type that is regularly built in 60 working-days.

These are examples of Austin Standard Construction. There are ten Austin Standard types ranging from light-manufacturing and storage buildings to heavy-machine and craneway shops. These standards, with their adaptations and combinations, are all subject to speedy construction. They have been found to cover most industrial needs.

Austin Book of Buildings

In the *Austin Book of Buildings* there are specific facts of interest to the man who contemplates the building of an entire plant and its equipment, or a single industrial building, whether of the light-manufacturing type or the heavy crane-equipped kind of structure. Copies of the book are gladly sent in response to requests written on business stationery.

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PITTSBURGH - - - - - - 493 Union Arcade, Grant 6071
DETROIT - - - - - - 1430 Penobscot Bldg., Cherry 4466
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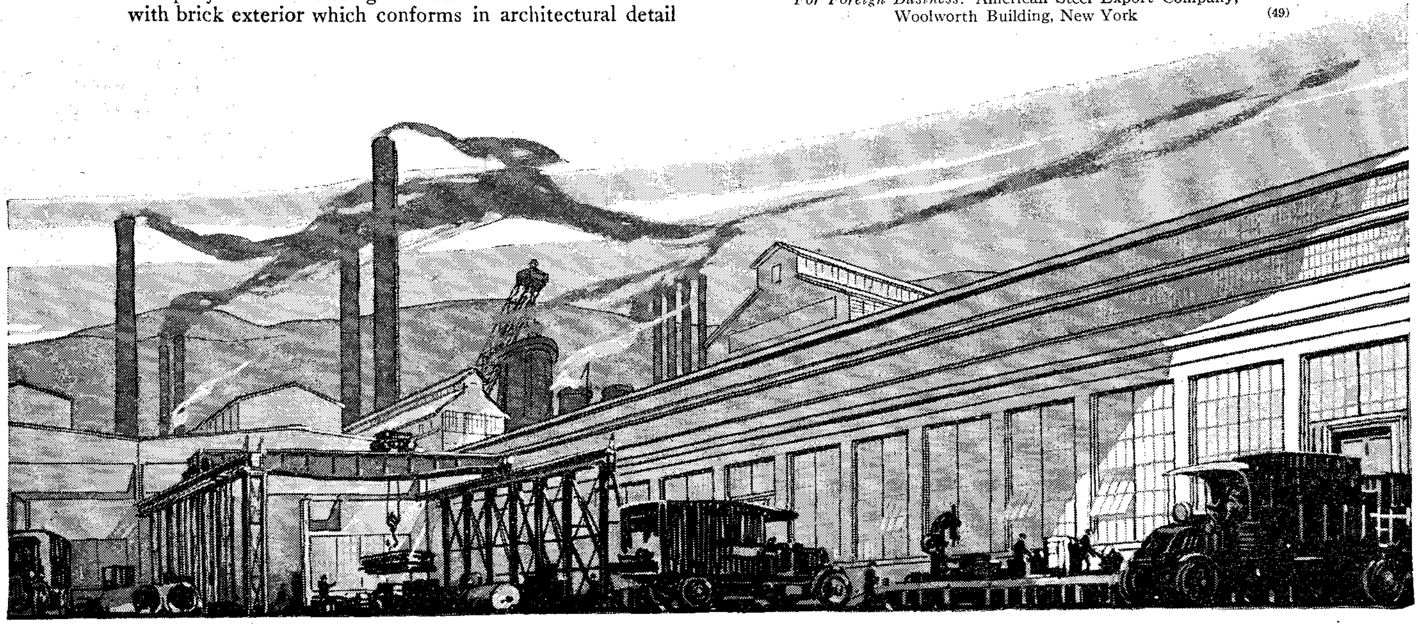
(49)

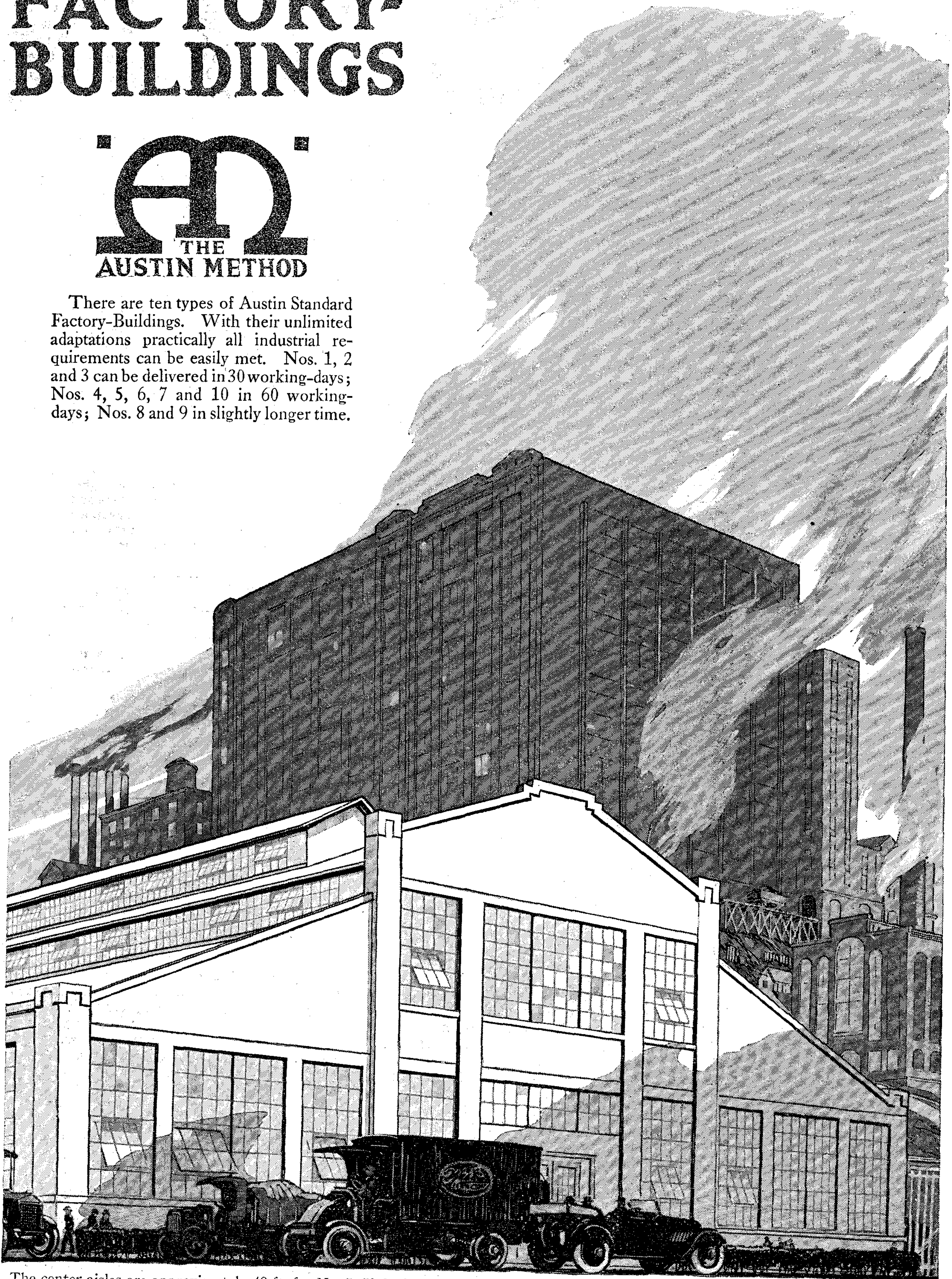


This type of building represents Austin Nos. 5, 6 and 7 Standards, built in 60 working-days for heavy crane operation.

STANDARD FACTORY-BUILDINGS

THE AUSTIN METHOD

There are ten types of Austin Standard Factory-Buildings. With their unlimited adaptations practically all industrial requirements can be easily met. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 can be delivered in 30 working-days; Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7 and 10 in 60 working-days; Nos. 8 and 9 in slightly longer time.



The center aisles are approximately 40 ft. for No. 5, 50 ft. for No. 6, 60 ft. for No. 7. The two side aisles in each standard are 30 ft. wide. These standard types can be built any length in multiples of 20 feet.

> cheer. A few Duma members, reactionaries and Octoberists, joined the cheer. The rest continued silent.

The Czar reached Tsarskoe Selo, a captive of the revolution, on March 20, and it was there the writer in *The Post* saw the former monarch for the third time. He writes of his visit:

> On the Sunday after the arrival I returned with a member of the British Legation at Stockholm to Tsarskoe Selo, the object being to inquire into reports about escape plots and to visit the grave of Rasputin. This expedition unexpectedly ended inside, or rather under, Nicholas's palace prison. On the way to Rasputin's grave, which lies on the brink of a ravine immediately outside the palace park-railing, at a spot chosen by the Empress, we were stopt by soldiers, who, as our passports lacked an imaginary "stamp of the Provisional Government," insisted on bringing us to the officer of the day, whose quarters were under the palace. All the main gates to the palace park were closed and guarded, and a so-called kitchen entrance, which is really a complex of small buildings, then occupied by the Czar's guards, was the only way in.
>
> Leaning over a rail and joking about the Czar as the "little man" with the slovenly revolutionary soldiers were court lackeys, almost hereditary servants of the dynasty, in the usual cloth-of-gold uniform with black eagles. Nobody had remained faithful to Nicholas. The soldiers announced us to an orderly as "two French gentlemen who had been asking indiscreet questions about the ex-Czar," and then brought us through a tunnel running parallel to the palace façade, lighted at first from skylights, but afterward, where it ran under the palace proper, by electricity. Here we saw something of the famous mechanical precautions for a Czar's safety which, in forms not very like the reality, play parts in so many sensational novels.
>
> The gallery, which seemed to us endless, was arched and painted a dull gray color, and was about eight feet in height. There was a transverse gallery of similar kind about every dozen yards, and we passed about four such galleries before turning to the right to reach the room of the officer of the day. Along the walls of all galleries were pipes and wires, most of which were probably water-conduits and electric wires; but in the longitudinal gallery was also a continuous brown wooden box, with glass windows, showing only brass knobs at varying distances. In all these galleries are only a few doors, mostly iron-bound and without anything to show what is inside, but one was marked "The Servants of the Most August Children," and the other "Guard Officer of the Day." On the iron-bound doors were boxes that might have contained telephone apparatus, but as there could be no meaning in so many telephones, we concluded that this was part of the general signaling and security apparatus. This, in fact, was so.
>
> From the officer of the day and from other Tsarskoe Selo experts I learned a good deal about this mechanical security system. The officer of the day declared that all the boxlike constructions and some of the wires were connected into a grandiose system, but that this system was largely sham, devised in order to run up bills and to impress the Czar with the laudable zeal of his friends in his protection. The palace commandant stated that shortly before the revolution the Czar, frightened for his safety, himself visited the tunnel, asked questions, and examined the apparatus, and that as he did not understand technical matters he was much imprest by the different costly ingenuities which in no way contributed to his safety. Here there was a close parallel with the spy system of the *Okhrana*, which was also three-fourths sham—a device for getting money into the pockets of police-agents who were themselves the worst criminals in the Empire, and for impressing the Czar with the industry of his protectors.

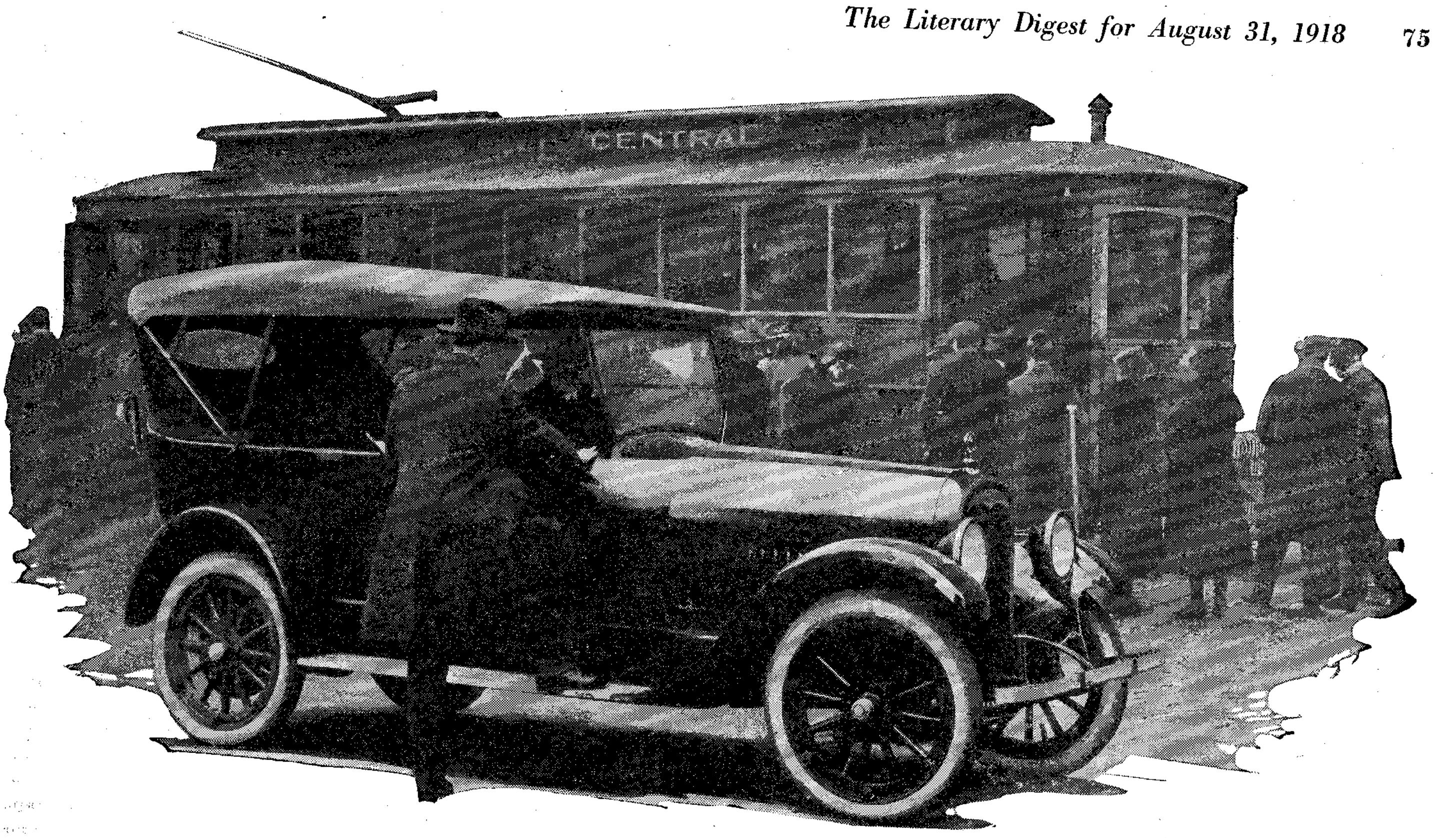
THE NEW CAVALRY OF THE SKIES

EIGHTY of them! Think of it! "Can't you picture them over the valley of the Oise coming slantwise down out of the clouds at more than a hundred miles an hour, and rushing over the heads of the German troops"—sometimes only thirty feet above them—"pouring bombs and machine-gun fire into them, killing them like rats in a trap, blocking the roads with smashed wagons, dead horses, upside-down *camions*, turning the victorious advance into a panic! And then off again, away off, at a furious speed up among the clouds, before the Germans could even get out their machine guns to fire on them." This is all the more thrilling when we remember that this "victorious advance" means that the German column was marching down the Oise Valley in the great gap between the Allied armies, "without a thing between them and Paris for a while but those hair-raising cavalrymen of the air." And the fliers alone in that marvelous charge decimated the German column and routed its march, says Cecil I. Dorrian, the staff correspondent in France of the Newark *Evening News*. This group-fighting is an important phase of the new strategy of aerial warfare which has emerged from "a whirl of possibilities and of individual exploits." The growth has been a sudden one, and Mr. Dorrian summarizes its results thus:

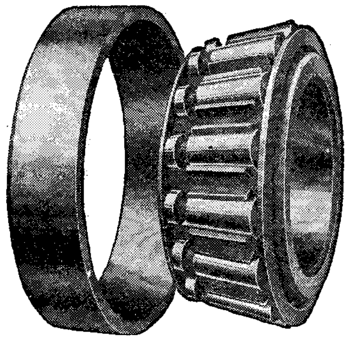
> Perhaps an outline of some of the new strategy of the air, taken from staff note-books, may now be allowed to pass the censor and go, for the first time, I think, into print.
>
> Instead of a machine of any type going up to do any kind of work according to the need of the moment or the initiative of the flier, as used to be the case, air warfare is now divided into three well-defined branches, and for each the airmen are specially trained and the machines they use are specially adapted.
>
> The three branches of air-work are: 1. Fighting. 2. Observation. 3. Bombing.
>
> The task of the fighter is to clear the skies of enemies. This is so as to achieve two things, first, so that the German can not see what is going on behind our lines, and secondly, so that he may not disturb our observation-machines from carrying on their work. The fighter uses the fastest, lightest machine that can be made for him. In the French Army this is now the famous *Spad* one-seater that flies at a speed of about 120 miles an hour. The qualities required of the fighting airman are, above all, a good eye and fearless skill in managing his machine. He must be a crack shot and an expert acrobat. Fighters now fly in companies of from seven to ten machines, grouped in a formation that might be called a "bird patrol." The leader flies in front and his men fly two abreast behind him in lines not quite parallel, but a little wider at the rear of the formation than at the head, each pair flying at a slightly higher altitude than the two in front. Other formations are used, but this is the most picturesque of them.
>
> The sky is held at three altitudes by these fighting patrols. One level of them stays at about 15,000 feet and above. A middle stratum of them stays at about 6,000 feet. The lowest stratum flies at 3,000 feet and under. The functions of these three sets of fighters are different. The task of the two upper patrols is to clean the skies of Germans. The lower patrol has as its special mission the immediate protection of our observation planes and balloons from German planes; and, as an added function, that of suddenly forming flying columns of attack and swooping down on advancing German infantry. Thus they are the air cavalry of these new days of war, and wild work they have lately been doing among the densely packed columns advancing to make Ludendorff's celebrated mass attacks on our lines.
>
> Up in the skies, the flying battles between Liberty and the great god Pan-*Boche* are now contests between opposing teams instead of single-combatant tournaments as they were until recently. A patrol of Allied fliers meeting a *Boche* patrol engages in a series of maneuvers directed by the wing signals of the patrol leader, the object of which is to detach enemy planes from the main body of their patrol so that the leader may engage and down them.

Not content with these general observations, Mr. Dorrian whisks his reader up with him right into the breathlessness of battle:

> Imagination mounts to the scene and follows the difficult maneuvers. What is it like to lead a flying party across space 15,000 feet above ground hunting enemies on whose wings you were sure you saw the sunlight flash a minute ago? You set your wings and you set them back, and your followers understand from this sign-language that you are telling them you see enemies and are going for them. They set wing and follow. You hold the course true while your eye tries to see that glinting wing again. You and your little lot plunge into a cloud in close flying order and when you emerge from it into the sun, there is the *Boche* party in full view.
>
> What time is there to think? At the same moment they see you, and they sweep around and head for you. Now, you're the captain of the team and the fliers behind are waiting for your orders. Life or death for them whether you say right or not. You flash your wings. They understand. And together you go singing across space to down Beelzebub and his angels—all of them branded with the black cross!
>
> You single out the leader for yourself, perhaps, and you "wing" your men to keep the rest from interfering. They circle around and plunge into the patrol. The roar of the planes is scattered by the crackle of machine-gun voices. *Spad* and *Albatross* circle around and over and under each other like hawks in a fury. You sweep past your *Boche* and pour shot toward him. He drops. You wheel and follow, and he swoops up at you from beneath. You climb, tip sideways, and fall. As you fall you pour bullets at him. He dives! Have you got him? You



Making Every Wheel Count



Touring car—town car—runabout—roadster. Every one has a duty to perform in keeping the wheels of industry turning.

Every passenger that *you* pick up from the corner crowd and load into the empty seats of your car means a little traffic relief—another worker to his job on time, or one more toiler home a little less tired.

Every wheel must count today, and the wheels under hundreds of thousands of motor-cars are already busy helping out the transportation problems of city and country.

They are helping to sell more goods with fewer salesmen; to take care of more patients with fewer doctors and nurses; to get workers from home to office or factory and back again more quickly and give them fresh air and recreation at the same time.

They carry the wounded from the battle-field to the hospital, they help to move troops and rush officers from headquarters to the front.

Wherever you turn at home or abroad you find the automobile listed among the time savers.

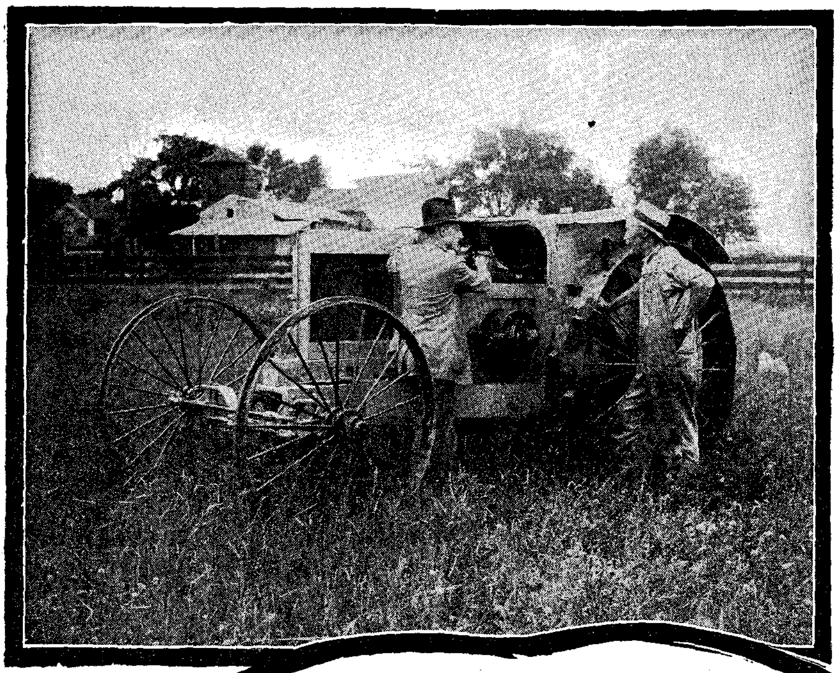
And never was time worth so much as in this present year of 1918.

See to it that your car does its part.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

TIMKEN BEARINGS

FOR MOTOR CAR, TRUCK & TRACTOR



"See How Simply It's Built"

There are no bevel gears in the Parrett Tractor. The power of this strong, sturdy Buda motor is delivered by direct drive to the belt pulley and with but one gear to the wheels whether the tractor is running on high or low gear.

This elimination of power-consuming parts spells "ECONOMY" in big letters. The maximum power of the engine is delivered to draw-bar or belt with the minimum consumption of fuel.

Furthermore, this simple gearing in the Parrett Tractor is made of heat treated, hardened, cut steel with shafts mounted on high-grade, anti-friction bearings. This still further reduces the friction loss of power.

But the cost is even further reduced by the use of a sensitive governor which makes it impossible to use more than enough fuel to accomplish the work in hand.

No wonder that for six years the Parrett has proved such a decided success with farm owners in all parts of the country.

The Parrett 12-25 Tractor pulls three plows under ordinary conditions and will accomplish belt work equal to running a 20-in. to 24-in. separator. The Parrett Booklet contains information which you ought to have. Write for it.

Parrett Tractor Co.
417 Fisher Building
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PARRETT
12-25 TRACTOR
"SPEAKS FOR ITSELF"
ONE MAN ALL PURPOSE

can't be sure. You put your nose down and dive after him. Two thousand feet you go spinning to earth in a dizzy whirl. But your hand is like steel on the "broom-stick." You think the *Boche* is trying to fool you, and you have the right hunch. Suddenly he flattens out and scuds off, disappearing in a billow of mist. But you got his direction and you bring up right over him. Passing him on an arc like the curve of Niagara just going over the ledge, you pepper him again. Flash! His tank flames. The wings catch. His machine lurches over and plunges. You circle around and watch the flames and smoke growing smaller and smaller. Finally you see them meet the ground, and when the smoke clears you see a little black heap lying still.

One more star on your score-card! You look around for your patrol and gather them together. What is left of the *Boches* is winging off. You set your course and slant down toward home.

Next day your adventure is referred to in the world's news in the following lengthy and thrilling description: "Lieutenant —— downed his sixth enemy plane yesterday." But your satisfaction is in knowing that, thanks to your afternoon's job, the observation over our lines has not been interrupted in its vital work. Everything depends on that.

The second phase of air-fighting is, we are told, varied and extremely difficult, but absorbing. The observation plane is "the eyes of the Army," and takes the place of the old-time post on a handy hill or mountain. The writer goes into interesting detail:

> The task of the second category of aeroplane, the observation plane, is varied and extremely difficult—but absorbing. The observers are the eyes of the general. In fact, they are the eyes of the whole Army. What a hill or a mountain used to be in warfare the observation plane now is. Only how much more they can do than a hill can!
>
> Observation work is divided into three different branches: One—Regulating artillery-fire. Two—Watching enemy movements and photographing over enemy lines. Three—Patroling over our own front lines and, during battles in the open, keeping the general informed as to exactly where the front line has advanced or retreated to on all points of the Front.
>
> The machines considered the best for this work in the French Army are the *Breguet* and the *Salmson* two-seaters. They carry pilot and observer and are armed for defense. Their speed is about 110 miles an hour.
>
> While the French fighting airmen are, curiously enough, largely recruited from the cavalry, the observers are for the most part ex-artillerymen. This last is a not unnatural result of the fact that the air-observer's principal work at first was the regulation of artillery-fire, and such work made the training these men had received in the artillery particularly valuable, if not indispensable.
>
> The artillery-regulator usually now circles over the batteries whose work he is directing. In the earlier days, in his over-zeal, he thought he had to fly over the country on which our shells were bursting. But he has discovered that he can see and control the situation even better from afar.
>
> His map of the enemy territory is ruled off into small-lettered and numbered squares, and as he sees where the battery's shells are falling he taps his wireless: "A point more to the right." "Falling short."
>
> Perhaps, as he sails above his battery

A WAR MESSAGE

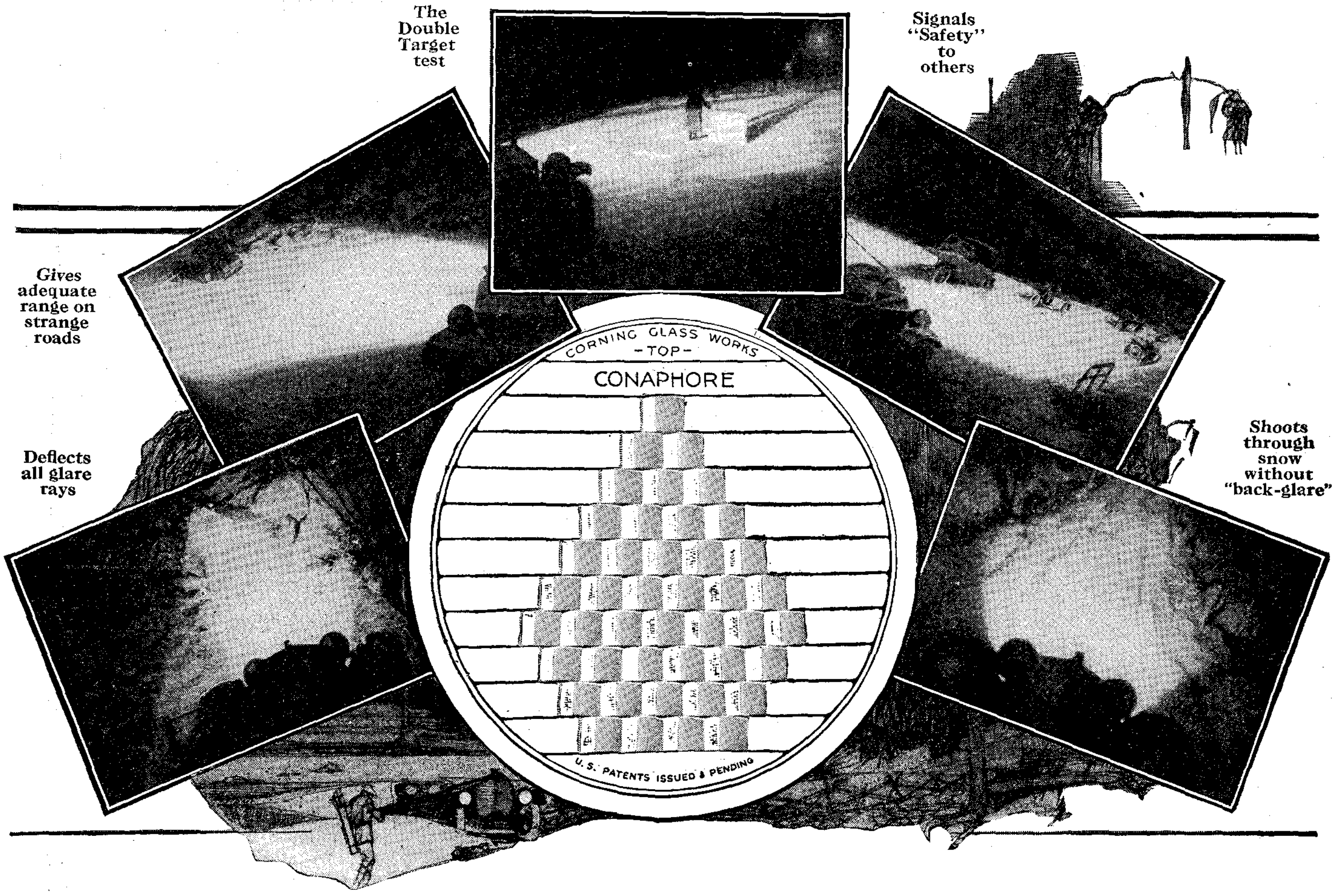
TO WHITE TRUCK OWNERS

THE use and demand for White Trucks in war service by both the United States and French armies has reached such proportions as to seriously affect deliveries of commercial units until production at the factory overtakes urgent military needs.

While this will delay the immediate filling of commercial orders, there will be no interruption in the making and distributing of parts, which will continue to be supplied as promptly and as abundantly as ever. White Service will efficiently provide for the many thousands of White Trucks operating in all parts of the country.

The company makes this public explanation for the assurance and protection of its innumerable customers and prospective customers, in the confident belief that they will recognize and approve a course of action which puts the national welfare first.

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND


The Double Target test
Signals "Safety" to others
Gives adequate range on strange roads
Shoots through snow without "back-glare"
Deflects all glare rays
CORNING GLASS WORKS
-TOP-
CONAPHORE
U.S. PATENTS ISSUED & PENDING

How efficient headlighting protects you

EFFICIENT headlighting is more than bare compliance with law — more than mere elimination of dazzling rays.

Safe night-driving requires *long range,* both on crowded highways and on strange country roads. Safe night-driving means *adequate vision* at all times of the year — on clear nights, or in snow, fog, dust or rain.

What determines efficiency

Ordinary diffusing and prismatic lenses waste the light—either by scattering it in all directions, or by dumping it directly in front of the car.

Noviol Conaphores comply with all headlight laws, but in so doing they never waste light nor sacrifice range. The broad-spreading Conaphore beams are projected far down the road, as the famous Double Target test so conclusively proves.

The same unique properties which have established Noviol as the only glass that subdues glare and gives maximum range of vision in the goggles of an aviator or of a lookout at sea, make Noviol ideal for headlight service.

Why Noviol light is necessary

If you have ever driven through fog, dust or snow with Noviol headlights, you know how the annoying "back-glare" is eliminated, and how distinctly you can see ahead in spite of the weather.

Noviol headlights, with their unique yellow-tint, flash a sure signal of safety and courtesy—more than that, the soft mellow light is always easy on your eyes, and easy for your eye to follow.

Hundreds of thousands of motorists know that Conaphores mean safety and comfort on the highways, just as Corning signal glass protects every great railroad of the country. They know that the same famous laboratories which have developed Pyrex Glass baking ware, Pyrex chemical ware, Corning thermometer tubing, Nonex lantern globes, and a long list of other technical glass products, have solved the problem of efficient headlighting.

Retail Prices (per pair) *Sizes*	**Noviol Glass**	**Clear Glass**
5 to 6⅞ inches inclusive	$2.40	$1.60
7 to 8½ inches inclusive	3.50	2.50
8⅝ to 10 inches inclusive	4.50	3.00
10⅛ to 11½ inches inclusive	6.00	4.00

Prices west of Rocky Mountains 25c more per pair
Sizes vary by steps of ⅛ inch above 6½ inch size

CONAPHORE SALES DIVISION
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., Mgrs.
276 Madison Avenue New York City

NO GLARE
RANGE 500 FT.

CONAPHORE

PIERCES FOG
AND DUST

CORNING GLASS WORKS—WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF TECHNICAL GLASS

at dawn, he sees faintly like a morning mist over a distant road a drift of dust—enemy troops on the march? or a new limber of artillery moving up? He signals below, and four or five minutes later shells are falling on that suspicious point of the road miles away.

Wireless is not the only means of communication between the plane and the ground. For great precision the airman sometimes makes a mark on a map, puts the map in a metal tube, and attaching a white kite-tail to the tube so that its fall will be seen, he lets it drop. This is called a *message leste*. The men of the battery, for their part, arrange white panels on the ground and the airman reads their design with understanding. Sun-flash signals are also used.

Much cheerful persiflage and joshing pass between the flier and his friends below by means of their various sign-languages, and in the French service—remembering human nature, as the French have a way of doing—the conviction reigns that much better work is done by a battery over whom is faithfully circling a flier whom they all know and like, whose judgment they trust, and who knows them and the guns all by their first names. In these cases they arrange special signals of their own, often of a choice and graphic brevity and significance.

We are quite ready to believe that the most difficult and delicate job of all falls to the observer who flies over enemy territory to make out what the *Boche* is up to and to record the results of his scrutiny. His duties are to photograph

the enemy's country to find out all his defensive positions and his possible offensive preparations, all his camps and concentration points, communications, storehouses, etc. Often on his judgment an enormous responsibility rests, for, as he is the one who sees the enemy, the general has to rely on his interpretation of what he sees. He must, therefore, be an all-around soldier, who understands all arms and is conversant with all the signs and meanings of modern war.

There have been times when the observer's wireless tap-tapping at headquarters—"I think an attack imminent at Point B"—has saved the day, and there have also been occasions when his decision as to whether an attack were a real one or a feint meant everything for the safety of our line.

One of the newest arts in the war, incidentally, is the reading of aerial photography. Little would the uninitiated suspect, from looking at a simple picture of the *Boche* lines, the secrets that it can now be made to give up. The discovery of the key to the Assyrian cuneiform did not open up a greater treasure of information than the slow discovery of how to read these air-photos.

When an attack is launched by our Army, the work of the third branch of observation, patrolling our own front, comes in for the most important rôle:

Are we attacking? Our general, then, wants to know how far our men have reached at each point along the battlefield. "Where are my men at Coucy?" he may wireless to the commanding plane of an observation squadron. The commander signals his squadron and together they coast up and down, over forest and stream, watching closely a group of moving specks descending the side of a ravine, another picking their way cautiously from one shell-pit to the next, perhaps toward a machine-gun emplacement that the observer knows is located in a knoll not far away. At another point he sees puffs of smoke and running figures in and near a trench that until this morning formed part of the German positions. A figure falls here and there and does not move again. The observer, as he watches, taps his wireless. "Our men descending ravine at Coucy, have entered German lines at Point C, are bombing enemy out of his dugouts; about twenty-five men crossing field by Farm A1, are now in shell-hole, leveling their machine guns at German gun emplacement 3B——"

The message suddenly breaks off and the general waits anxiously for the buzz-buzz of the wireless to begin again. The observer's finger stopt, poised over the key, as he saw a splash of earth and a column of smoke burst right near the men hiding in the shell-hole. He turns his machine and watches. In a minute another shell bursts near them, and a minute later another. "Pretty hot," he mutters to himself. The general is waiting. The observer is about to continue his message when he sees gray figures emerge from behind the German gun-knoll. At the same moment he sees a white plaque placed on the ground by our men in the shell-hole. A similar white plaque appears on the ground under the trees by the ravine. The observer sees them and understands. Instantly he taps his wireless key again, "Men in shell-hole by Farm A1 signaling me for reenforcements, also a party in Coucy Wood; Germans making counter-attacks and shelling them with exact range."

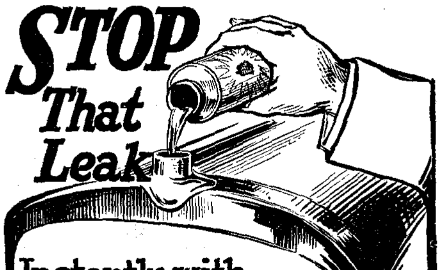
What strange feelings stir the aerial observer as he sails above the battle, watching the little groups of his comrades, often his friends, carrying through the hours of their bitter adventure below, while he sails, must sail, in the Arcadian quiet and sunlight of the upper air.

Not for long! His work is too terribly important, too wholly indispensable, to hope that he will be left long in peace to carry it out. He must watch not only the absorbing thing that is going on far beneath. He must watch the air. Presently he sees something there to concern him, too, for he has detected the glint of enemy hawks swooping on him. He signals his faithful bodyguard and they range themselves out between him and the oncoming threat. The observer can not engage in this affair unless he has to defend himself. Nothing must distract his attention from a single move on the great chessboard beneath.

Imagine the concentration it takes. Or is there any such thing as imagining it without living through it?

The enemy machines may be chased off, or one or two of them may even penetrate the protecting shield and get at the main observer. He must then swoop and dodge and play for a chance to pour the bullets of his defense guns into the disturber.

Enemies, however, are not the only hindrance to the observer's task. There are clouds and the mists. He must not let them sail between him and his view. He must outmaneuver them, sail below them, and dodge around them. Sometimes they are obviously on the side of Fritz and are obeying the celestial orders of the *Boche's Gott*, for they will bank themselves thickly, just at the wrong hour, between the airman and the army that he is benevolently protecting with his eyes. Sometimes the cloud-banks are riding



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RADIATOR NEVERLEAK

"Look for the Sunburst on the Can"

You can stop that radiator leak in five to ten minutes, without tearing down the radiator, by simply pouring Liquid Radiator Neverleak into your radiator and letting it mix with the water. It makes a repair that will stand up under all conditions, just as good and often *better* than soldering.

Radiator Neverleak automatically forms a hard, insoluble coating over the leak. It is *guaranteed* not to clog or impair the cooling system in any way. It is not a meal or cement but a *liquid* which stays in solution with the water, always ready to stop the leak.

Mends Cracked Water Jackets

Radiator Neverleak is so efficient it actually heals cracks in water jackets,—in fact, it stops leaks in any part of the water circulation system. It also tends to prevent the formation of rust and scale.

You simply can not afford to be without it. Think of the saving in time. Think of making a repair in a few minutes with a 50c or 75c can of Radiator Neverleak—a repair that would ordinarily cost you from $10 to $25! We *guarantee* satisfaction or refund your money.

Get the genuine Radiator Neverleak in the green and yellow can. Ford size 50c—large size 75c. "Look for the Sunburst on the Can."

Made by "THE LIQUID VENEER PEOPLE"—a guarantee of satisfaction.

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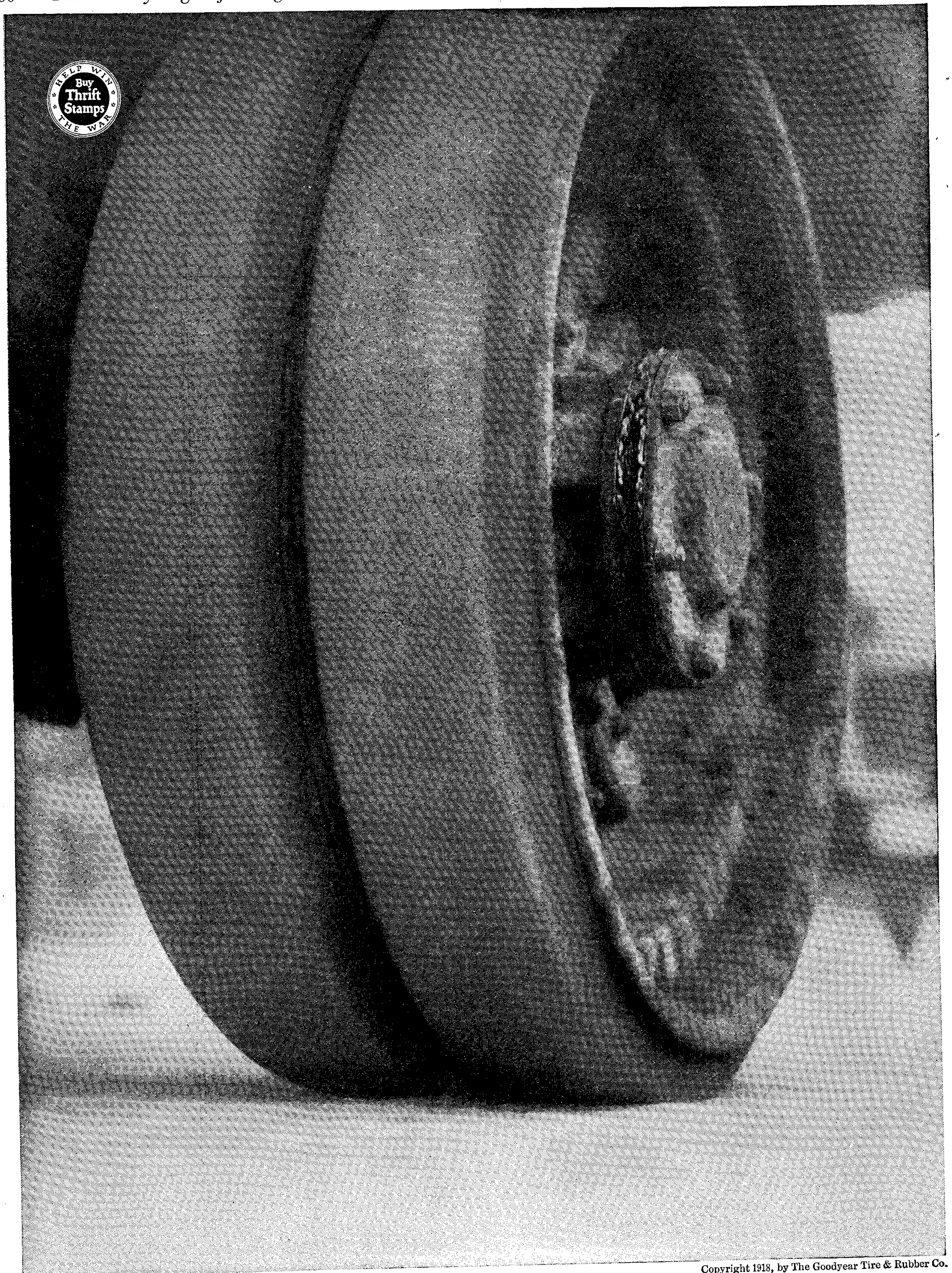
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THE WAR

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Actual photograph of dual 36x6 Goodyear S-V Tire equipment in use on truck unit of the Andrews Cartage Co., Cleveland, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

The Solid Tire's Best Field

THE two major types of Goodyear Truck Tires — Pneumatic Cords and S-V Solids—find their greatest usefulness in separate and clearly defined classes of service.

The best field for the solid tire is on trucks operating in restricted areas, carrying coal, sand, lime, cement and similar dense and heavy loads.

For short hauls, through congested traffic, where slow speeds are necessary, the solid tire unquestionably serves economically and well.

The essentials of a good truck tire employed in such service are long tread wear, freedom from chipping and cutting, and resistance to separation from the base.

The experience of users shows that Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tires embody these essentials in an extreme degree.

They wear long and persistently, defeat ordinary abrasion and damage, and by our advanced manufacturing process tire and base are fused into an almost indissoluble unit.

The best proof of their merit is their performance in actual service, where mileages up to 20,000 on country routes and 40,000 in city usage are not uncommon.

Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tires are subject to constant and intensive testing under our own auspices, that no opportunity for betterment may pass unimproved.

This affords the motor truck user yet another firm assurance of the quality and efficiency of the Goodyear Tire he buys.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SOLID TIRES

only one hundred feet above the earth, and there were times during a recent battle when the observers flew at only thirty feet from the ground. What targets for the *Boche* machine guns!

Bombing is the third branch of air-fighting — bombing the enemy's lines, camps, cantonments, his lines of communication, his munitions-factories and depots far behind the lines and even in Germany. Curiously enough, there must be a day plane for day bombing and a night plane for night bombing, we are told:

For day bombing more speed is necessary and, therefore, in the French service the *Breguet* machines are much used. They carry two men and six bombs, the bombs weighing about sixty pounds each.

Night bombing is, of course, preferred to day bombing, because it can be carried out with so much less interference from the enemy. There is no defense against the night raider except a strategically directed barrage of anti-aircraft gun-fire, and such batteries of guns are not in position in many places.

The machines used for night bombing are such as the famous *Voisin*, an old machine but lately fitted with a new engine, the *Caproni*, and the *Handley-Pagé*. The last-named, a British machine, is a giant, carrying four men and nearly a ton of bombs. It weighs five tons itself and is propelled by two 250-horse-power Rolls-Royce engines. According to the good word now passing around among the few who are in the know, we are soon to have a much bigger and faster bombing-machine, able to carry a much heavier charge of explosives.

In bombing, as in the rest of the flying warfare, a change has been taking place lately. What might be called unity of the air-front has been established. Bombing attacks on a huge scale have been carried out by squadrons of French *Breguets*, English *Handley-Pagés*, and Italian *Capronis* flying in joint maneuver.

People often ask, How can airmen hit an objective with a bomb when they fly so high above it, so fast, and in the dark? The answer is that with the new tactics of sending out some one hundred planes at a time, all letting their bombs fall on a restricted area, the whole neighborhood is laid flat. No small target need be aimed at. Everything is smashed. These are the tactics that have lately been so effectively messing up the German preparations for a new offensive. It will probably be some weeks at least before we know the full facts about the bombing air-work that our planes have lately been doing behind the German lines and its effect, but we know enough to gather a very inspiring vision of what we can do in this line. In the French air-service alone, from March 21 to April 30, 268 tons of explosives were dropt behind the German lines. On April 12, the banner day, fifty tons were dropt. A few months ago to drop a ton and a half on one day was enough to make a record.

As for the kind of men who must do this extraordinary work of air-fighting, an aviation expert of the French staff who has trained American fliers told the correspondent of the particular value of American pilots:

"Flying in war is something that every one can not do. It requires special qualities that whittle the number of eligible men down to a narrow margin. A man must be young — between eighteen and twenty-five is the best age. He should be single, as it is a well-known fact that the responsibility of having a home and family usually dulls the edge of his daring. He must be the right temperament, and with the steady eye and nerve that by no means every young man has got. Finally, and this is a delicate matter, he must be well educated and of fine stuff. You can see for yourself that an untrained mind, a clumsy physique, is not the thing for this vastly difficult business. It requires great initiative, courage, and intelligence. That is where you have the great advantage. You have tens of thousands of young men, trained university men, for instance—I have worked with them and I know them—who are exactly the right stuff. In Europe, frankly, the right material for the flying army is limited, and as the war in the air expands the difficulty here is to find the men for it.

"France has given a great many men to this service, most of them from among her best, and she has lost a long list of expert fliers. The growing needs of an aviation staff increase the difficulties.

"We need the men. You have them. We have the means of training them in the quickest possible way right here. Working with the means that we can put at your service, you could develop a great aviation program and bring it to life at the Front in six months."

WHY SOLDIERS WANT WIGS, SKIRTS, AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN FRANCE

CHIFFON skirts, yellow wigs, dress suits, and mandolins are among the supplies most in demand by the American soldiers in France just now. Since the Government is very busy along other lines, the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. is trying to satisfy the demand. It is a very important matter, insists a recent bulletin from France, for "no soldier can fight well who does not play well when he is not fighting. The boys from the United States are probably the best-entertained troops in the world just now, because they have learned how to entertain themselves."

The New York *Tribune* explains, by dramatic illustration, just where the usefulness of such supplies as dress suits, skirts, wigs, and musical instruments comes in:

Not long ago Base Hospital No. Blank decided, apropos of nothing, to go into the theater business for one night only and discovered, upon investigation, that all of the dramatic lights necessary to stage a complete show were hidden under olive drab somewhere about the premises.

The director, bred in that celebrated dramatic school, Dartmouth College, proved, with a howling success, that you have only to scratch an American soldier to find a playwright, a scene-painter, an orchestra-leader, a costume-designer, or what you will.

It was decided that there must be a play, a real play with scenery and costumes and dialog and plot and everything, for at least one part of the program. Did any one have a play in his barrack bag? A canvass was hastily held which yielded nothing but one water-soaked copy of "Macbeth," and this was rejected as being a little too elaborate and not quite so full of sure-fire laughs as the occasion seemed to require.

There could be no recourse to the familiar custom of telephoning Samuel French & Co. to send up twenty short and snappy comedies for selection. There was no way for it but to detail an enlisted man to write a piece at once, so a poor wretch who had once published an article on the decline of the drama was obliged for his sins to retire with a typewriter and, some time between retreat and taps, come forth with the Great American Play.

He did—thoughtfully making six carbon copies while he was about it so they would not compel him to type the parts for distribution among the cast. Knowing that there were many dazzling nurses in the hospital, he was free to have as many feminine figures in that cast as his heart desired. Knowing that about the hardest thing to find in France would be not a bowl of sugar but a suit of Kampurkut, we-make-clothes-for-young-men apparel, he thoughtfully made the male characters all soldiers and, just to give the story a special glow, he laid the scene back home shortly after the declaration of peace.

You could see the handsome young sergeant opening up once more the apartment he had locked behind him when he went off to war. You saw him renewing acquaintance with a pair of silk socks and watched him studying as a curiosity a copy of a New York newspaper that had been left at the door the day he shook the dust of New York from his feet.

"Why, its front page is all about the Kaiser," he mused: "I wonder whatever became of him."

The question of a star was quickly settled. One of the non-coms had played several hundred rôles as a preliminary to enlisting, and stuffing his part into his pocket he was able to memorize it as he tore about the countryside on an ambulance. But what about costumes? After a brief silence the wardmaster of the first surgical ward shyly confest what he had kept dark up to that moment—that in civil life he had been a Fifth Avenue dressmaker.

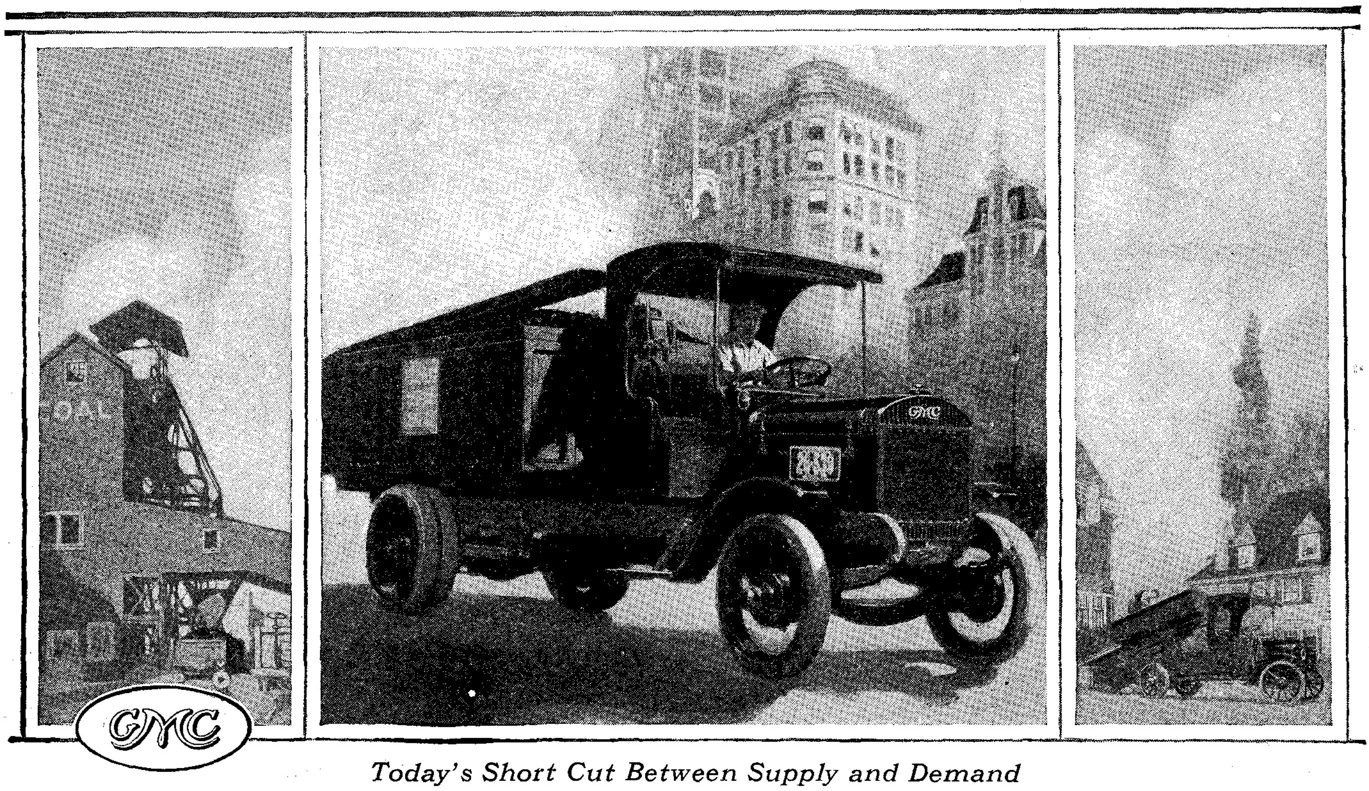
It took him no time to make the chosen nurses look like the society women in a five-reel "movie" drama. Fired by this example, a corporal of engineers, enlisted as a carpenter, admitted that he had been a stage-hand for twenty-five years and knew more about scenery than any other living man except the night watchman of Cain's storehouse in New York.

The workmanlike "center-door fancy" set he then proceeded to execute out of some wood and canvas substantiated his claim, which was proved beyond all doubt when you heard him slapping the ropes on the opening night. You had only to shut your eyes to think yourself back stage at the Grand Opera House in Chicago.

It all had to be done in a hurry. It's not safe to dally with rehearsals in the A. E. F. Select a cast for a performance two weeks later and by that time your company is all over the map of France. Select 8 P.M. as a rehearsal hour and you will find your leading heavy has been put on night duty and your *ingénue* has just been isolated in charge of a scarlet-fever shack. Rehearsals must be held when chance offers. The ambulance-driver and his orderly can go over their scene together while burning up the local highway; the nurse and the wardmaster can rehearse their song while giving an ear irrigation at night—if the patient is helpless. It had to be that way this time.

At the eleventh hour, the well-laid plans

GMC Trucks Are Helping Avert a Shortage of Fuel



Today's Short Cut Between Supply and Demand

TO avert a threatened coal shortage the Fuel Administration must keep in motion the transportation facilities between the mines and the bins of consumers.

As in so many lines of war-time industry, transportation is the "neck of the bottle" between coal production and consumption.

In this distribution scheme GMC Trucks are taking a leading part.

With the Federal zoning system in effect short haul traffic from the mines is being handled in many cases by GMC Trucks.

At the retail coal man's end of the line GMC Trucks are meeting the added delivery demand occasioned by the early-buying propaganda of the Fuel Administration.

In more than 200 lines of business GMC Trucks are helping in the conservation of man power and speeding up the transportation of the world's products.

In every kind of hauling where GMC Trucks have been put to work, the high character of GMC construction has been evident. Built in six practical sizes, there is a GMC Truck to suit every need.

Every GMC is road tested.

Let Your Next Truck Be a GMC

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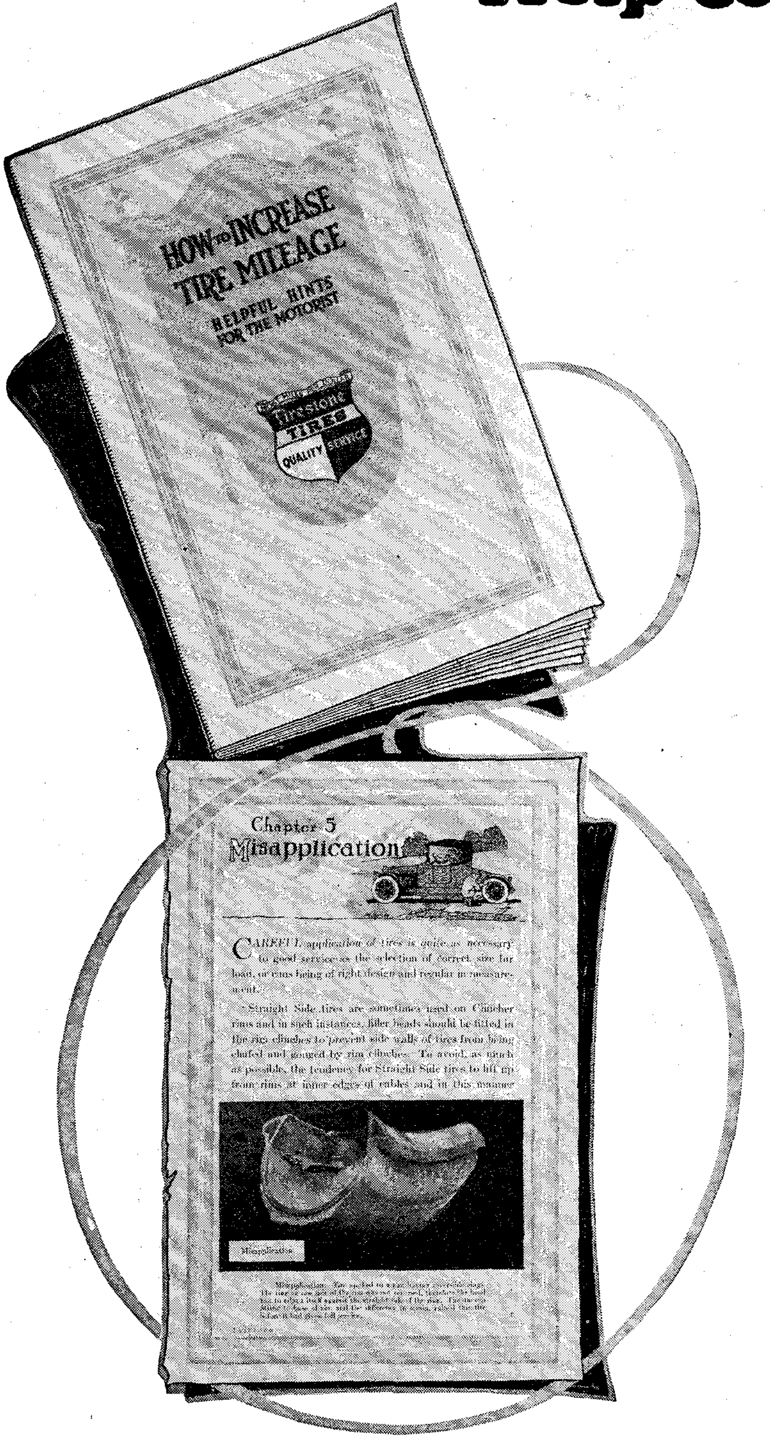
-Help Conserve Rubber



IN addition to economy reasons for care in the handling of tires the motorist today faces the problem of a shortage in rubber which may seriously handicap the running of his car.

The rubber situation in the United States is not yet acute; the seas are open to our merchant marine, but war needs must be served first. Since the war it has been necessary to divert ships from commercial activities to carry supplies and troops to Europe and the present outlook points to still further cut in supply.

This book, "How To Increase Tire Mileage," is part of the Firestone contribution toward helping car owners conserve tires. It will help you get the best tire service. It is the combined work of scientific tire-builders and practical drivers. It shows you how to get out of the tires the mileage that has been built into them.

We are not content merely to build in Most Miles per Dollar; we are helping you to get it out. This book will be of great service. There is no charge for your copy.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
FIRESTONE PARK AKRON, OHIO
BRANCHES AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Firestone

went all to pieces when it was found that neither the scenery nor the audience would fit into the mess-hall. A theater must be found in twenty-four hours. It was. A detachment of engineers found it. They pitched their tents, evacuated their own barracks, knocked out one end, put up a stage, and installed as professional a set of electric headlights, foot, and spot as any *tragédienne* could ask.

COL. WATTERSON, LAST OF THE GREAT EDITORS, LEAVES *COURIER-JOURNAL*

"ONE of the last of the journalistic Mohicans, the sturdy and invincible, the fiery and overwhelming, the caustic and the genial," declaims the Philadelphia *Press*, "the clear-thinking and strongly expressive editor for more than half a century of the Louisville newspaper that his personality made famous, has retired."

A hundred newspapers, north, south, east, and west, swell the chorus. The Florida *Times-Union* protests, in something of Colonel Watterson's own caustic vein:

> With Colonel Watterson out of the active editorial field where will we go to find a great editor? We confess that we do not know. There are quite a number of great newspaper men, but their work primarily is in furnishing the news. The editorial page still remains because there are some who still desire to read it. There are others who desire to read the sporting page, and still others wish to read about society. The newspapers continue to give their readers what interests them or even a few of them. A small number call for editorials and a very much larger number call for "Bringing Up Father." The newspapers do not seek to discriminate between tastes, but only to gratify all to a reasonable extent.
>
> But *The Courier-Journal* has made it a practise to say something worth saying and say it in its own way. Its own way has attracted attention, has arrested thought, has fastened itself in the mind, and has influenced the conduct of men, and incidentally has given Henry Watterson a reputation such as no other living newspaper man holds or approximates. For *The Courier-Journal* for fifty years has been but Henry Watterson in type.

The Baltimore *Sun* sums up the work of Colonel Watterson and his importance to the disturbed world of to-day in the following eulogy:

> He is the last representative of the great era of personal journalism in this country. As people used to think of Greeley rather than *The Tribune*, of Dana rather than *The Sun*, of Raymond rather than *The Times*, so they have always thought of Watterson rather than *The Courier-Journal*. For a half-century he has been its editor, and throughout those years he has been ever a knightly and an influential figure not only in his own section, but in the country at large.
>
> A valorous Confederate soldier, he was the first prominent Southerner to realize that the North and South must learn to live together in peace and love, and to use his pen and voice to the attainment of that end. A Democrat to whom the words "equal rights for all and special privileges for none" meant something more than a claptrap appeal for votes, he was a foremost champion during these fifty years of a tariff for revenue, of honest money, of personal liberty, and of all measures calculated to put the man above the dollar. An utterly independent soul, he alternately quarreled with and supported Cleveland and Roosevelt and Bryan and Wilson, praising when he agreed with the same vigor with which he lasht when he opposed. Always, whatever he has said or done, a chivalric gentleman, a master of the English language, a warm-blooded democrat and patriot, eloquent, impassioned, admirable, a hater of shams and a lover of truth!
>
> And never more wholly admirable than in recent days, since the Great War began and since America entered into it! Only a few weeks ago the Pulitzer trustees awarded him the prize for the best editorial written in 1918 calculated to lead intelligent public thought in the right direction. His reiterated slogan, "To Hell with the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs," is certainly not profane, but no less certainly is it not merely a superficial expression dictated by high spirits. It is rather a spontaneous and inspired utterance based upon a profound knowledge of the fundamental causes of the present conflict and an understanding of the necessary remedy. But it does furnish an illustration of the ever-youthful spirit of this man who in years is nearly an octogenarian.

WHAT THE ENGLISH "YOUNG IDEA" THINKS OF YANKEE SOLDIERS

IF the English "kid," meaning the boy who is all boy and about thirteen years old, constitutes as reliable a barometer of local public opinion as does the American "kid," there is good reason for pride in the effect produced by the Yankee soldiers who have passed through England recently on their way to France. The young Englishman has sized up the "Yank," and found him, by and large, a splendid institution.

The following expressions of opinion are found in school compositions, collected in Romsey, England, and sent over by Lieut. Morris S. Wineck, a young doctor from Hartford, Conn. We copy from the Hartford *Times* this opinion by Stanley G. Butts, a young Englishman, aged eleven years:

> "The Americans, or Yanks, as they are called, are very tall men, mostly all over five feet six inches. There are hardly any under five feet six inches except the men from Washington and about there, and they are rather small. Most of the officers have two gold teeth, one each side of their mouth, and they all have plenty of money, or seem to. They are always eating, officers and men alike, and you often see them strolling along the street eating gooseberries, strawberries, oranges, bananas, cakes, and so on. They march by our house almost all day with their towels when they go bathing, and when they go for a long march they are armed with rifles, bayonets, pistols, and a kind of wooden club. The American officers do not say left, right, left, right, when they are marching, but one, two, three, four, one, two, three, four. They are very liberal with their money, for they very often give pennies to the children.

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REFLEX SPARK PLUGS
KEEP THE CAR ON THE GO!

USE PLUGS THAT HELPED RAISE CITIES OVER NIGHT

Spark plugs were a big factor in the rush cantonment work. They helped keep truck fleets on the go. In this work, Reflex Plugs insured reliable ignition for hundreds of Whites and other makes of trucks.

Reflex equipped White Truck in day after day performance rushing materials for building "Cities over Night"

Reflex chromite porcelain and special electrode construction are, here and abroad, meeting the urgent service of today's passenger cars and trucks. A trial will convince you of their ruggedness.

Ready for free distribution—"Your Aim"—a handy reference of plug sizes for every car made. Write us direct for booklet or Reflex Plugs, if your dealer can't supply you.

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THE STANDARD DICTIONARY is needed in every American home where education and culture are truly esteemed.

NOW
Is the Time to Prevent
Hay Fever
Rose Colds
Etc.

"Hay-Fever: Its Prevention and Cure," by William C. Hollopeter, shows you how these diseases arise, how they should be treated, and what the most noted experts prescribe for them. Dr. Hollopeter is Pediatrician to the Philadelphia General Hospital, and has held high office in other branches of his profession. The President of the American Hay-Fever-Prevention Association, W. Scheppegrell, A.M., M.D., says of this book: "Doctor Hollopeter's work is to be commended as giving an interesting review of the literature of the subject, and an impartial analysis of the various treatments proposed."

The *Albany Times-Union* says of it: "He gives a history of hay-fever: a study of its periodicity, symptoms and diagnosis; accepted causes, and preventive measures; suggestions as to diet and exercise; and not only his own treatment, but the methods employed by other physicians which have afforded certain degrees of relief. He has read thousands of papers and books on the subject, and has prepared a very lengthy bibliography."

The *Philadelphia Press* says: "Dr. Hollopeter has had remarkable success with a simple treatment of hay-fever for the last twenty-five years, and has given relief to many patients in his private practice."

12mo, cloth, 344 pages, $1.50; by mail, $1.62

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From every standpoint of service and cost, *Certain-teed* has proved itself the best *type* of roofing for most buildings and the best *quality* roofing of its type.

For great structures or small outbuildings — for factories, stores, hotels, barns, sheds, garages, etc. (and in shingle form for residences), *Certain-teed* has become a world-wide standard.

Its economy is three-fold — first cost moderate, laying cost low, up-keep practically nothing.

Its efficiency embraces every important roofing quality,—weather proof, spark proof, rust proof, clean and sanitary, and very durable. *Certain-teed* is not affected by acids, fumes or smoke and does not melt under the hottest sun.

It is better economy to buy *Certain-teed* than it is to buy cheap roofing: the cost of laying is the same for both, and what you pay for laying *Certain-teed* is practically your only cost, for *Certain-teed* is guaranteed for 5, 10 or 15 years, according to thickness, and requires little or no attention during that period.

Certain-teed Products Corporation

Offices in the Principal Cities of America

Manufacturers of

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Paints
Varnishes
Roofing

View of Pier at Tacoma, roofed with Certain-teed

They like going out in the evening with young girls. They have done a lot to help us in this great war, and a lot to hinder the Germans, and with their help hope the war will be soon over, and victory for the Allies. They are over a half-million over at the Front now and the Germans now know that they can fight when they think they will."

Thomas Crew, of the tender age of twelve, has solved the problem of where the appellation of "Yank" came from. Says Thomas:

"The Yanks are so called because the French gave them that name when the War of Independence was on, but the English generally call them Yankees, but they are really Americans. The Yanks' favorite game is called baseball, and they often can be seen playing it in their spare time. The Yanks have started to go out to France, and the Germans have already found to their cost that the Yanks can fight when they want to. All Yanks are very fond of chocolates, and cookies, crackers, and pastries. England is getting much bacon from the Yanks' country now, but it is very fat. The Yanks' national flag is the stars and stripes and forty-eight stars on it, but the war-standard is an eagle with its wings spread out. The Yanks' national anthem is called the 'Stars Bangled Banner.' The Yanks have no king, but a President Wilson."

Further tribute to our skill at baseball is paid by D. McReath, who is also twelve years old. He says:

"The Yanks are American soldiers. They have only lately joined the war, and they joined in to give liberty to all the nations. Their chief game is baseball and this they can play with skill, and can catch, bat, and throw the ball quite nicely. They can also run rapidly without hurting themselves, which shows they are strong men and they are big built. They have no King, but a President, who is changed every four years. Their President at this time is called President Wilson. The first ship that sailed from America to England loaded with American troops was greeted immensely by the English, for the fear was a lot greater then, than now of *U*-boats. The Americans are doing us great service in France as well as exporting food to our country."

Finally, Thomas F. J. Moody, thirteen years old, testifies to the ties of blood and friendship joining the Yank and Briton. Here is the way he tells it:

"The name Yanks or Yankees is given to the Americans. The Yanks have come to join the Allies in the world struggle. Already there are a million in France doing their 'bit.' The Yanks are a English-speaking people and they have the spirit of their English forefathers. The English and the Yanks are often described as Jonathan and David. But the Yanks are not all of English descent, some are negroes, some are French, and in fact some of every country in the world. There are Germans, but they do not count. The majority, however, are English. In one American song they sing 'We are not coming back till it's over There,' and they mean it, too. The Yanks like to chew tobacco or Spearmint Chewing Gum. There is one day all the Yanks remember, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, July 4."

SPICE OF LIFE

Graphic.—NEGRO SERGEANT—"When I say ' 'Bout face!' you place de toe of yo' right foot six inches to de reah of de heel of yo' left foot and jus' ooze aroun'."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Apparel Doesn't Always Proclaim the Man.—FIRST OFFICER (in spasm of jealousy)—"Who's the knock-kneed chap with your sister, old man?"

SECOND OFFICER—"My other sister."—*Punch.*

Cooperation.—"Why did you put up your city hall to look like an ancient castle?"

"Well, the movie people pay a good bit of taxes here, and they said it would be a great help in filming medieval scenes."—*Pittsburg Sun.*

Poor Pete.—MRS. NURITCH—"Edith, what are you reading?"

DAUGHTER—"Petrarch's poems, ma."

MRS. NURITCH—"Edith, haven't I warned you against the vulgar habit of shortening men's names? Say Peter Rarch."—*Boston Transcript.*

New Use for an Old Evil.—BINKS—"Ah, what a loss I have suffered in the death of my mother-in-law!"

JINKS—"She meant a good deal to you?"

BINKS—"Yes; she was a vegetarian, and gave us her meat-card."—*Tit-Bits.*

A Humanitarian.—"What is your objection to children?" asked the man who was hunting a flat.

"I like 'em," replied the janitor. "I haven't the heart to ask anybody with children to move into a place that was as short of heat as this was last winter."—*Washington Star.*

Helpful Corporation.—PAT—"This is the foist time inny of these corporations hev done innything to binnefit the working-man."

MIKE—"How is that, Pat?"

PAT—"It is this siven-cint fare. I hev bin walkin' to and from me work and savin' tin cints, and now I kin save fourteen cints."—*Boston Transcript.*

Feeding the Baby.—The very prosperous-looking gentleman stopt and permitted the very pretty girl to fasten a carnation in his buttonhole. Then he handed her a quarter.

"What is this for?" he asked.

"You have fed a Belgian baby," was the reply.

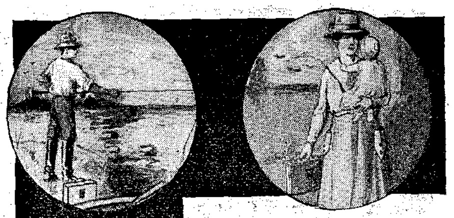
"Nonsense," said the other, adding a $5 bill to his contribution, "you can't do it. Here, take this, and buy a regular meal for the baby."—*Pittsburg Sun.*

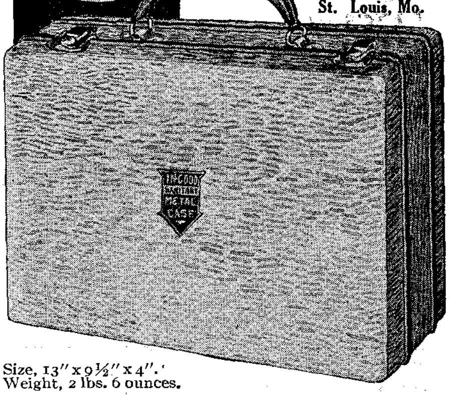
The Scotch of It.—Two old Scotsmen sat by the roadside, talking and puffing away merrily at their pipes.

"There's no muckle pleasure in smokin', Sandy," said Donald.

"Hoo dae ye mak' that oot?" questioned Sandy.

"Weel," said Donald, "ye see, if ye're smokin' yer ain bacca ye're thinkin' o' the awfu' expense, an' if ye're smokin' some ither body's, yer pipe's ramm't sae tight it winna draw."—*Tit-Bits.*





IN-GOOD
Handy Metal Case

No fisherman, bather, autoist, mechanic, mother, in fact no individual or family anywhere, should be without an Ingood Handy Metal Case.

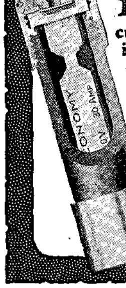
The Ingood looks like leather, but is really made of strong, rolled steel. It is absolutely sanitary, can be washed inside or out and will give a lifetime of service.

If your dealer doesn't carry, send $1.50 (regular price) and we will mail you an INGOOD by parcel post immediately.

Dealers and Jobbers: This is a big seller. Write for proposition.

St. Louis Tin & Sheet Metal Working Co.
215 S. 6th Street
St. Louis, Mo.

Size, 13"x9½"x4".
Weight, 2 lbs. 6 ounces.



ECONOMY
renewable FUSES

cut annual fuse maintenance costs 80% in many of our leading industries.

An inexpensive little "Drop Out" Renewal Link restores a blown Economy Fuse to its original efficiency. Economy Fuses protect electrical circuits of the U. S. Navy and leading powder and munitions plants. Order from your electrical dealer.

ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.
Kinzie and Orleans Sts., Chicago, U.S.A.

Sole manufacturers of "ARKLESS"—the Non-Renewable Fuse with the "100% Guaranteed Indicator."
Economy Fuses are also made in Canada at Montreal

Try a Treatment
with Cuticura
For Dandruff

All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50, Talcum 25.
Sample each free of "**Cuticura, Dept. 6B, Boston.**"

IDEAS WANTED They bring Wealth if Patented. Send postal for Needed Inventions, List of Patent Buyers and Guide Book. Tells How to Secure Patent through our Credit Plan. RANDOLPH CO., Dept. 171, Washington, D. C.

LEARN
To Speak French
In a Few Days

With one stroke of the pen President Wilson cemented the long friendship between the United States and France into a bond of common service that will bring the two countries closer together than they have ever been before. French now assumes a position of first importance among foreign languages for every American. Whatever your business or occupation it will pay you to learn it at once. When the war is over France will develop an enormous trade with us and the man who can speak French will be in big demand. *You can soon become fluent—a little spare time daily makes you so—The Rosenthal Common-Sense Method of Practical Linguistry* will teach you to read, write, and speak French readily if you will devote *ten minutes* of your leisure time each day to this wonderful system, which teaches you in the way a child learns to speak, by nature's method. Write NOW for free booklet, "Revolution in the Study and Teaching of Foreign Languages."

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY **Dept. 211** **New York**

Bone-Dry Batteries

All Ready for Immediate Delivery

(*at Any Willard Service Station*)

One of the many great advantages of Willard Batteries with Threaded Rubber Insulation is that the Service Station dealer can order enough at a time to be always ready when one is needed.

For Bone-Dry Batteries can be kept in dry condition without deterioration. They are as brand new when they come off the shelf as when they left the factory.

This is because they are not filled and charged till the Service Station makes them ready for your use. You do not run any risk, either of purchasing a battery which is not in every sense brand new, or of waiting a long time for your battery after it is ordered.

This is but one of the many reasons why your next battery should be a Willard Bone-Dry Battery with Threaded Rubber Insulation. Ask the Service Station to tell you how it increases the reliability of your starting, lighting and ignition, and write for free booklet, "196,000 Little Threads."

Willard Storage Battery Company
Cleveland, Ohio

Willard

STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

Are We Coming to This?—"I've given up smoking, and now my old cigaret-case comes in handy for carrying my lunch." —*The Passing Show.*

Convenience.—CUSTOMER—"You have placed all the large berries on top."

FRUIT PEDLER—"Yes, lady. That saves you the trouble of hunting through the box for 'em."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Crown Prince

His nose is red;
His eyes are blue;
His chin recedes;
His armies, too.—*Life.*

Cheering Him Up.—SERGEANT-INSTRUCTOR (to Cadet)—"Na, ye'll no mak' an officer. But it's just possible if the warr keeps on a while an' ye prractise harrd—verra harrd—ye micht—*micht*, mind ye—begin to hae a glimmer that ye'll never ken the r-rudiments o' the wurrk!"—*Punch.*

The Poetry of Advertising.—An advertising man who has returned recently from the Orient says the Japanese merchants and manufacturers who have occasion to make use of printer's ink are not disposed to limit themselves to dull, prosaic statements concerning the excellence of their wares. Among the entertaining bits that the traveler noticed in his study of Japanese advertising are these:

"Goods dispatched expeditiously as a cannon-ball."

"Parcels done up with such loving as a wife bestows upon her husband."

"The print of our books is clear as crystal; the matter charming as a singing girl."

"Customers are treated as politely as by rival steamship companies."

"Our silks and satins are as smooth as a lady's cheeks and colored like the rainbow."

It ought to be possible to get advertisements read in Japan without scattering them around next to "pure reading matter."—*Dayton News.*

Cheerful News from "Over There"

Bill Clarke has swapped his bicycle for a mouth-organ. Says he would rather master music than travel.

As an economy measure John W. Harris, the mail-slinging Hoosier from Indianapolis, has bought an interest in a local winery.

Mr. Charles H. Franklin, of Monte Carlo and Tennessee, wishes to convey his deep appreciation to the gents manipulating the spotted cubes for the donation of the 425-franc bicycle which he is now riding.—*Advt.* 7-11.

Charles S. Stevenson has bought himself a bike to go with his leather-lined britches.

It might be mentioned here that Private Walker has quoted Bugs Baer as having once said that the Kaiser is the only guy in the world who has bought a round-trip ticket to Paris and used the last half first and still has the first half.

When Marcel brings us our chocolate, don't we wish we were gazing into the soulful gold teeth of that waitress in Childs? Little did we dream how much better gold teeth can be than none at all!—*The Headquarters' Herald*, Published by the men at General Headquarters, A. E. F., Somewhere in France.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE WAR

THE ALLIED OFFENSIVE

August 14.—French troops capture Ribécourt, and drive back a German counter-attack to the east of Belval.

The British night report records progress near Parvillers. Following up recent withdrawals in the Hébuterne sector, the Germans evacuate their forward positions at Beaumont-Hamel, Serre, Puisieux-au-Mont, and Bucquoy.

The Berlin night report states that all Allied attacks were repulsed.

August 15.—Canadian troops take Damery and Parvillers, northwest of Roye, and the French report minor advances northwest of Ribécourt.

The total number of prisoners captured by the British Fourth Army since the morning of August 8, says a British official report, is now 21,844. In the same period the prisoners taken by the French First Army amount to 8,500, making a total of 30,344 German prisoners captured in the operations of the Allied armies on the Montdidier-Albert front.

Berlin reports the repulse of "partial attacks," and the evacuation of the salient near Puisieux and Beaumont-Hamel.

August 16.—The French and Canadians advance on an eight-mile front, wiping out the salient before Roye, now only two miles away.

The Germans launch a combined gas, artillery, and air-bombing attack upon the French and Americans along the Vesle, in retaliation for a raid by American airmen on Aisne bridges.

British report a strong counter-attack repulsed near Damery, one of the towns captured the day before. Two hundred and fifty prisoners and a number of machine guns remained in British hands.

The German report admits a slight withdrawal south of Thiescourt. Serious losses are alleged in French attacks on Lassigny.

Paris estimates German losses since Foch launched his blow on July 18 at 360,000 men killed, wounded, and prisoners. In order to make up for the recent wastage, says the report, it has been established that the Germans have practically emptied their depots in the interior, and that many thousands of youths belonging to the class of 1920, still in the training stage, have had to be drafted into garrison work.

August 17.—The French report continued progress north and south of the Avre, with the capture of 1,000 prisoners. Canny-sur-Matz is taken. An advance of 1,500 meters in the region of Autrêches nets 240 prisoners.

British troops make progress near Roye and Merris. The German official report claims the repulse of many attacks.

American troops capture the village of Frapelle, in Lorraine, east of St. Dié, and hold it against counter-attacks.

August 18.—In fighting west of Armentières, British troops force the Germans back on a four-mile front to a mean depth of a mile, capturing the village of Outtersteene, with 400 prisoners.

On the French front, 400 Germans are taken in the day's fighting. American troops at Frapelle made further gains, despite heavy shelling.

August 19.—Striking between the Aisne and the Oise on a nine-mile front, French troops advance for an average depth of two miles. Prisoners number 2,200.

The British report a further slight advance in the Merville sector, with the repulse of numerous counter-attacks on other parts of their front.

August 20.—Attacking on a fifteen-mile front between the Oise and the Aisne, French troops drive ahead two and one-half miles, capturing 8,000 prisoners and 10 towns.

The Germans continue to give ground in the Merville salient of the Lys sector, British troops having occupied L'Epinette, Vierhoek, and La Couronne since yesterday.

Berlin reports that a new breaking-through attempt by the French broke down in the German battle positions, after a bitter struggle.

A Paris dispatch states that Premier Clemenceau predicts victory for the Allied armies within a year.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

August 14.—Forty-three German airplanes are destroyed or brought down in the day's fighting by English and French pilots. Six British machines are reported missing. Ninety tons of bombs were dropt in the same period. Violent fires at Ham and Noyon are reported as the result of the French aerial bombardment.

August 15.—Several bombs are dropt on Paris during a night raid by German *Gothas.* "A few victims" are reported.

An official dispatch from Frankfort says that on last Monday the city was attacked by twelve Allied aviators, who dropt twenty-six bombs, killing twelve persons and injuring five others. Reports from Basel say that the casualties were far more numerous.

The British Air Ministry reports recent activity at Offenburg (Baden). Direct hits were obtained on the railway.

A British bombing squadron on its way to raid our home territory, says the German official report, was engaged by our chasing forces before reaching its objective, and forced to return with the loss of five airplanes.

The American ace, David E. Putnam o Newton, Mass., is decorated with th Military Medal for recent air victories James Lyons Goggins, of New Haven Conn., a naval aviator, instructin United States fliers in Italy, dies as th result of an accident.

August 16.—The War Department announces that early in August a complet squadron of eighteen De Havilan Four airplanes, equipped with Libert motors, carried out the first reconnaissance of American-built machine behind the German lines. They returned without loss.

The British drop twenty-two tons o bombs and shoot down four hostil machines and two balloons on th West Front. It is announced tha naval aviators, between August and 15, dropt sixty tons of bombs o German docks and airdromes in Belgium.

Three victories, two of them officiall confirmed, are achieved by America airmen. American bombing squadron attack Conflans and railway yards i the Metz-Verdun area.

August. 17.—Darmstadt, the capital c the Grand Duchy of Hesse, German is attacked by Allied airmen, accordin to an Exchange telegram dispatch fro Amsterdam. Four persons are kille and many injured as a result of th

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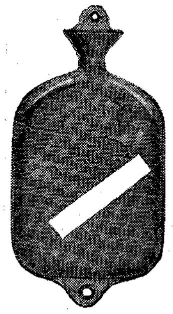
B&B Adhesive Plaster Tape

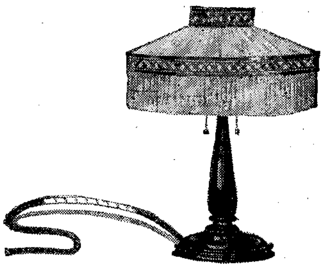
Has a Thousand Uses



Mends Rubber

A Rubber-Coated Tape

Strong and enduring. It sticks to anything that's dry and stays stuck. It mends anything, and mends it firmly, whatever the material.



Insulates Wire

Saves Countless Dollars

Think of the things you throw away when a bit of tape could mend them.

Lawn hose, for instance. You can double its life if you mend the breaks with B&B Adhesive.

Any rubber article can be mended instantly.

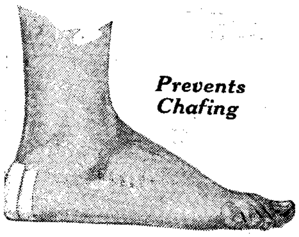
Leaks are stopped in metal pipes and in automobile inner tubes.

Clothing tears are mended so you cannot see them, by attaching B&B Adhesive on the under side.

Grips are made for golf clubs and for tennis rackets. Simply wrap them with the tape—no wetting. And it sticks like glued-on canvas.

Broken handles are repaired in a moment, and for good.

Anything broken, anything torn—whatever it is made of—can be lastingly repaired.



Prevents Chafing

Electric wire connections can be insulated with it, for the tape is rubber-coated.

Fruit jars can be sealed.

Chafing and blistering of hands and heels can be pleasantly and easily prevented.

B&B

Double-Sure Products

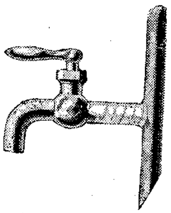
Bauer & Black has a world-wide renown for its products. These include:

B & B Absorbent Cotton
B & B Bandages and Gauze
B & B Fumigators
B & B First Aid Outfits

All made under ideal conditions. For safety sake, ask for B & B.

Ever-Sticky Rubber

This is fabric tape, one side of which is ever-sticky rubber. Surgeons use it for attaching bandages, for holding splints and strapping sprains. Millions of yards are yearly used for every day repairs.



Stops Leaks

Be sure to get the right kind — B & B Adhesive Plaster Tape. Made by experts in a special way to fit this all 'round service.

It comes on spools in various widths and lengths. But the larger spools, five or ten yards, are most economical.

Get it today, and always keep it handy. Carry a spool in your car and in your traveling bag.

Our Adhesive Book pictures 80 uses. Ask your druggist for it free—when you buy B&B Adhesive.

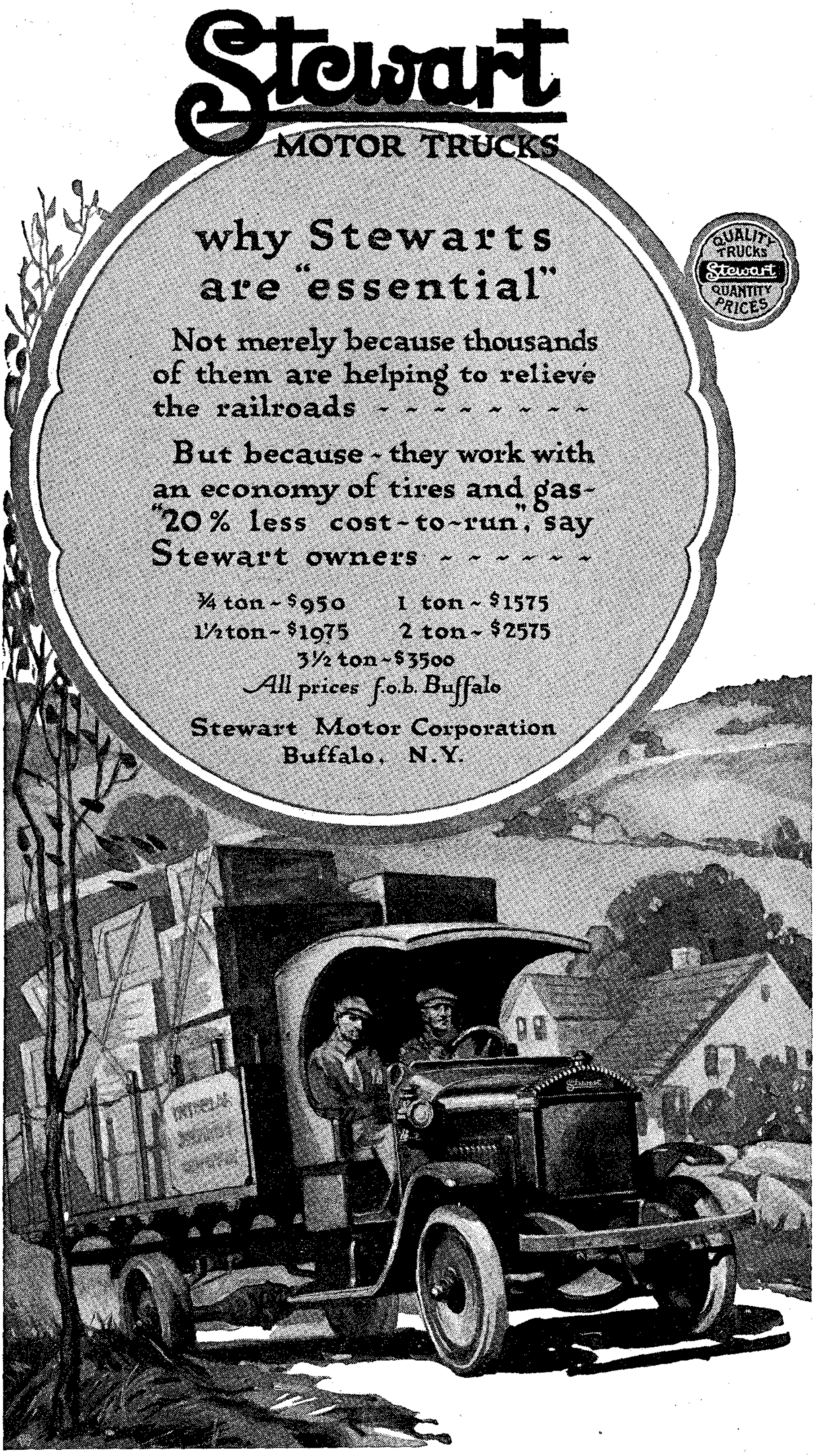
Sold by Druggists In All Sizes

Buy 5-Yard Spools For Economy

B&B Zinc Oxide Adhesive Plaster
RUBBER BASE
2 INCH WIDE
5 YARDS LONG
Prepared by Bauer & Black Chicago, U.S.A.

(951)

BAUER & BLACK, *Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.,* **Chicago, New York, Toronto**



Stewart
MOTOR TRUCKS

why Stewarts are "essential"

Not merely because thousands of them are helping to relieve the railroads

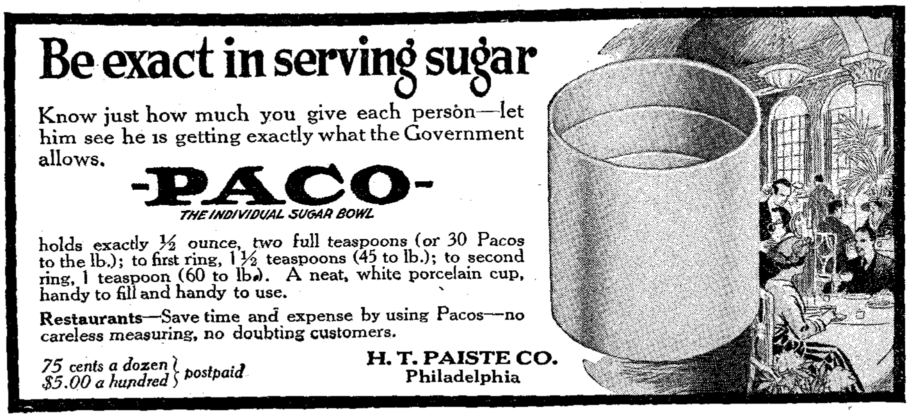
But because—they work with an economy of tires and gas—"20% less cost-to-run," say Stewart owners

¾ ton—$950 1 ton—$1575
1½ ton—$1975 2 ton—$2575
3½ ton—$3500
All prices f.o.b. Buffalo

Stewart Motor Corporation
Buffalo, N.Y.

Tennis Taught by an Expert in **Modern Tennis**, by **P. A. Vaile.** A thorough, expert description of the principles and methods used by the International champions. 48 photographs of McLoughlin, Brookes, Williams, etc., in action. *Cloth, by mail, $2.16.* **Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.**

The Cure for Every Ill your child is subject to is clearly explained in **The Health-Care of the Growing Child**, by Louis Fischer, M.D. Vital, necessary education for every Mother. *Cloth, by mail, $1.37.*
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY :: New York



Be exact in serving sugar

Know just how much you give each person—let him see he is getting exactly what the Government allows.

-PACO-
THE INDIVIDUAL SUGAR BOWL

holds exactly ½ ounce, two full teaspoons (or 30 Pacos to the lb.); to first ring, 1½ teaspoons (45 to lb.); to second ring, 1 teaspoon (60 to lb.). A neat, white porcelain cup, handy to fill and handy to use.

Restaurants—Save time and expense by using Pacos—no careless measuring, no doubting customers.

75 cents a dozen
$5.00 a hundred } *postpaid*

H. T. PAISTE CO.
Philadelphia

bombardment, and considerable property damage is reported. The Allied air-squadron lost four machines.

Amsterdam reports that a battle between Allied and German airplanes is fought around Zeebrugge, on the northern coast of West Flanders. Lieut. Regan Harris and Sergt. James Muir, Americans, are forced to descend at Koudekerk, on the Dutch Island of Zeeland, and are interned by the Dutch authorities.

August 18.—A London report states that British airplanes downed 339 German machines, and dropt 320 tons of bombs in the past week.

The Cologne *Gazette* prints a telegram sent by the direction of the Emperor to the Burgomaster of Frankfort, stating that the Emperor "deeply sympathizes in the misfortune which has befallen the open town of Frankfort as the result of an enemy attack which was contrary to international law and claimed many victims."

Paris reports that German bombing squadrons have been very active in bombarding towns behind the Front in the last two days. There were numerous raids on Rouen, where six people were killed and five wounded. The German *Gothas* flew as far as Havre, where no one was killed and no damage done. Two consecutive raids on Vernon caused only material damage.

August 19.—Statistics covering the activities of the first American pursuit group of aviators up to August 1, comprising only four of the American squadrons now in operation, show a total of 76 German planes downed. The late Raoul Lufbery leads, with 17 machines. The aviators with five victories each are Lieuts. Campbell, Rickenbacher, MacArthur and O'Neill. Those with four each are Captain Peterson and Lieutenant Meissner. Those with three each are Lieuts. Mitchel, O. P. Porter, Simonds, Jones, and Healy.

Fourteen others have two victories each, and thirty-two more, including the late Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt, are credited with one each.

These figures do not include the records of other squadrons, which have been even more successful.

London reports that the American Navy's air campaign against German submarine bases in Flanders began August 15 with the bombing of Ostend.

While details are lacking, it is said that the operations generally were successful and that the Americans are particularly good at night bombing.

A London dispatch states that news has been received to the effect that one of the American naval air-stations in Italy was recently attacked by a large force of enemy airplanes, which dropt more than a dozen heavy bombs, none of which did any damage to the station.

American airplanes and anti-aircraft guns beat off the enemy machines.

René Fonck, first of the French aces, is officially credited with shooting down three German airplanes in twenty seconds.

RUSSIA AND THE FAR EAST

August 14.—The Bolshevik Government of Russia as late as August 6 considered itself still at peace with the United States, altho at war with Great Britain and France, according to a note delivered on that date by Foreign Minister Tchitcherin to Consul-General Poole at Moscow, as quoted by the German semi-official Wolff Bureau.

August 15. Formal announcement is authorized by Secretary Baker that th

Templar

The Superfine Small Car

THAT no single producer can build motor cars to meet every requirement—that none had even attempted to supply the demand for a thoroughly high-grade small car—this was the Templar incentive.

The Sportette conforms minutely to that ideal. It is a roomy, small, four-passenger sport model. It gives each passenger generous leg room and a separate door to make it easy to get in or out without disturbance. And there is ample aisleway between the front seats. It is a car of beauty, of utmost convenience, of truest economy.

Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

Five Passenger Touring $2185 Four Passenger Victoria Elite $2285
Four Passenger Sportette $2185
Two Passenger Touring Roadster $2385
Five Passenger Sedan $3185

The Templar Motors Corporation
2400 Halstead St., Lakewood
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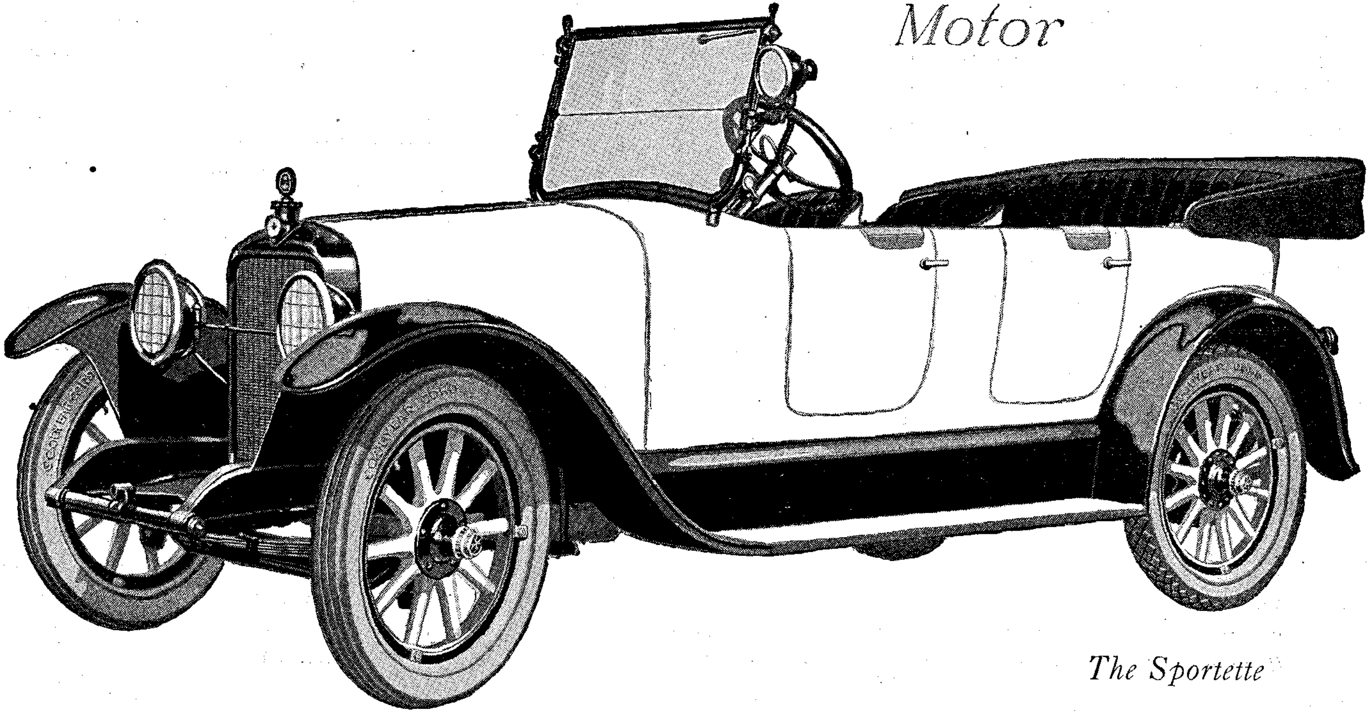
Templar
Top-Valve
Motor



The Sportette

first contingent of American troops "is now arriving at Vladivostok." The unit consists of the 27th Regular Infantry Regiment, lately stationed in the Philippines.

London reports that the Allied Archangel force has reached Pabereshskaia, 100 miles south of Archangel, on the railway toward Vologda. Another Allied detachment is pushing toward Kotlass, 260 miles south of Archangel, on the Dvina River. South of the Volga, Generals Alexieff and Denikine apparently are trying to amalgamate their anti-Bolshevik forces with the Army of the Czecho-Slovaks.

A British force from northwestern Persia has reached the Caspian Sea and taken over a part of the defenses of Baku.

Soviet troops are evacuating Moscow, reports the British Wireless Press. The gold reserves, which had been in the basement of the Kremlin, already have been removed to an unknown place.

A Vladivostok dispatch states that 84 members of the Stevens Railroad Commission, sent from the United States to Russia in May, 1917, to assist in the rehabilitation of the Russian railroads, and who have been at Nagasaki for the last eight months, have reached Vladivostok and will begin work on the Siberian railroad behind the Czecho-Slovak lines between that city and Khabarovsk.

August 16.—British troops from India have reached Turkestan. They passed through Baluchistan and eastern Persia and have joined forces with the Turcomans, Bokharans, and others who are fighting the Bolsheviki. At Baku, to the southward, the British are cooperating with the Bolsheviki and Armenians against the Turks.

Armenian forces are holding the railroad between Baku and Yelizavetpol, thus linking up the British forces with the Armenians, reports a telegram from northern Persia.

An official statement issued by the Don Cossack Staff reports an advance on Zaragin. Kief newspapers state that Cossack forces have entered the Government of Veronesh.

August 17.—Vladivostok reports the landing of Japanese troops. The Japanese Government announces that troops are being sent through Manchuria to the Chinese border.

The Czecho-Slovak troops are denounced as traitors and threatened with the treatment usually meted out to traitors in an official Austro-Hungarian statement.

August 18.—A dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph from Tientsin says that the Japanese rice riots are proving the worst outbreak against the constituted authority witnessed in many years. The rioters are resorting to acts of extreme violence, such as the use of dynamite and incendiarism.

A Copenhagen telegram reports the assassination in Petrograd of the famous lawyer, Sliosberg, leader of the Russian Jewry, who was a fearless opponent of the Bolsheviki.

August 19.—An official statement on the rice riots, issued at Tokyo, states that Tokyo, Kobe, Osaka, and Nagoya were quiet last night, but in the Yatmashina prefecture, in the city of Kofu, 4,000 persons attacked stores and burned several houses. Three policemen, one soldier, and thirteen rioters were wounded.

At Hiroshima mobs destroyed twenty houses. Mobs also damaged property in the Gifu and Fukushima prefectures and in the suburbs of Shizuoka.

Four more transports with American troops arrive at Vladivostok, Washington announces.

General Diedrichs, commander of the Czecho-Slovak forces, estimates the Bolshevik forces in Transbaikalia at 40,000, with 70 guns and 200 machine guns.

The Düsseldorf *Nachrichten* quotes the Russian *Pravda* as saying that the *Soviets* will declare war on the Allied governments.

August 20.—The program to reestablish the Eastern Front with the aid of hundreds of thousands of pro-Ally Russians is proceeding more rapidly than was expected, states a report from Washington.

Food riots and the proclamation of martial law are reported from Petrograd.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* announces that Japan is making preparations on a large scale for activity in Siberia, adding that "President Wilson will not have such an easy walk-over in Siberia as he thought." The Bolshevik forces, according to this paper, are much stronger than is commonly supposed.

Peking reports that, owing to the rice riots, the Japanese Government has approached the Chinese Government, asking it to remove the embargo on the export of rice. The Chinese Government has acceded to the request. The rice is to be exported from Kiangsu.

The disturbances over the high price of rice are reported to be subsiding, except in north Japan, where they apparently are spreading, according to advices from Tokyo.

THE SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN

August 15.—The five-masted American schooner *Dorothy Barrett*, coal-laden, is set on fire and sunk by shells from a German submarine while twenty miles from Cape May, N. J. Seaplanes and submarine-chasers dropt bombs, but there were no signs of wreckage.

The tank-steamer *Frederick R. Kellogg* is reported still afloat, sixteen miles off Barnegat, and may be brought into port. Seven men, including two naval cadets, were lost when the steamer was torpedoed yesterday, ten miles off Barnegat.

Captain Evans, of the British steamer *Penistone*, victim of a submarine attack last Sunday night 100 miles east of Nantucket, is reported a prisoner on the *U*-boat that sank his steamer.

August 16.—The American four-masted auxiliary schooner *Madrugada* is sunk by shell-fire from a *U*-boat while off the Winter Quarter Shoal in Virginia.

August 17.—A report from Beaufort, N. C., states that the British tank-steamer *Mirlo* was set afire last night, either by torpedo or mine, and that nine members of the crew were drowned.

Paris reports that the old French cruiser *Dupetit Thouars* has been sunk with the loss of thirteen of her crew. American destroyers rescued the remainder.

August 18.—The crew of a British tanker report having sunk a German submarine in a running fight about 300 miles northeast of Nantucket.

A Washington dispatch quotes an "authoritative source" to the effect that submarines have twice cut cables along the coast, and that officers and men of *U*-boats have been landed.

August 19.—The ramming and possible sinking of a German submarine off the Virginia coast on August 17 are reported to the Navy Department by the captain of an unnamed merchant steamer. The captain brought his ship into port with a badly damaged bow.

August 20.—Spain informs Germany that, because of serious inroads submarine sinkings have made into Spanish shipping, Spain hereafter will use German vessels now in Spanish ports in place of tonnage sunk. This announcement is made in an official statement issued after a meeting of the Spanish cabinet at San Sebastian.

The Spanish Government declares it will continue to maintain the strictest neutrality.

There are about ninety German steamers voluntarily interned in Spain.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

August 16.—The birth-rate in Germany for 1916 fell off 40 per cent. from the figures for the year 1913, according to Dr. Charles Greene Cumston, of the University of Geneva, writing in the current issue of the New York *Medical Journal*.

August 17.—A fine of $375,000 and six months' imprisonment is the judgment in a case involving grafting by the director of the Mannesmann Waffen und Munitions Fabriken at Remscheid, Germany. Krupps is said to be under investigation.

ENGLISH INTERNAL CONDITIONS

August 19.—London reports 14,000 omnibus-drivers out on strike.

August 20.—England's grain crop this year will be the biggest since 1868, Sir Charles Fielding, Director-General of Food Production, informs *The Daily Mail*. Several thousand soldiers are working on farms and other harvesters include schoolboys, undergraduates, boy scouts, village and college women, and girls of the land Army, Belgian and Servian refugees, and German prisoners. City clerks are spending their vacations on farms.

DOMESTIC

August 14.—President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor protests an amending clause, aimed at strikers, in the new Man-Power Bill now in the Senate.

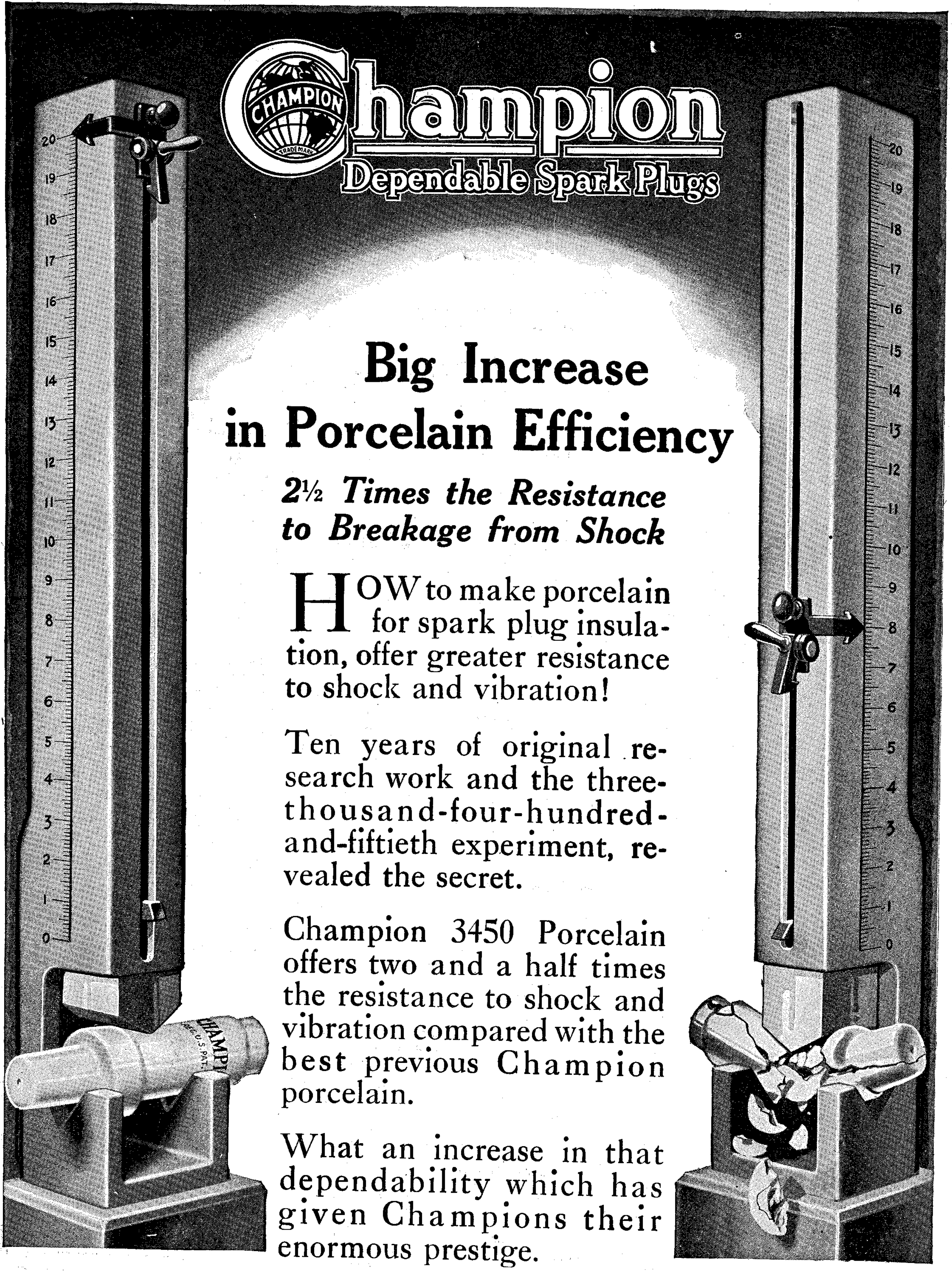
General March announces that "Yanks," not "Sammies," is the preferred common name for American soldiers in France.

President Wilson's proclamation calling for the registration of all young men who have reached the age of twenty-one since June 5, and will become twenty-one before August 24, is expected to increase the Army by 150,000 men, according to the view of the Provost Marshal-General. These men will register on August 24.

It is announced that Samuel Gompers will go to England for the British Trades Union Congress in September, to aid in holding labor to faith in the cause of the Allies and to urge a doctrine of helpfulness for Russia. His efforts will be directed against pacifism and Bolshevism.

August 15.—It is President Wilson's conviction that the war must be won on the Western Front, and 4,000,000 Americans can do it, going through the German lines whenever they please, according to Major-General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff, in testimony before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs in support of the new Man-Power Bill, extending the draft ages so as to make them from 18 to 45 inclusive.

Major-General Enoch Crowder, the Provost Marshal-General, according to a statement issued by him to-night,



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What an increase in that dependability which has given Champions their enormous prestige.

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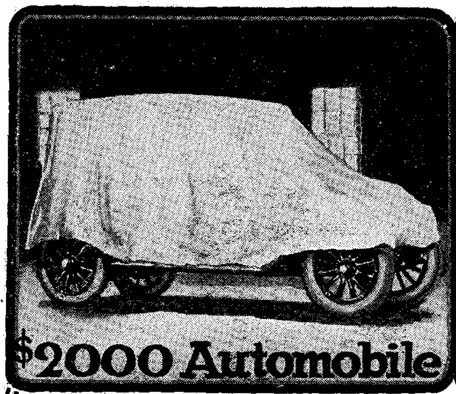

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Make your car work 365 days in the year. Make every minute count, because it rests on us "Over Here" to do more work in less time. Your car put up for the winter pays no dividends. It's good business to drive your machine all winter and install the

Any handy man can set it up in a few hours

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COAL-BURNING, SELF-REGULATING, HOT-WATER HEAT

All cast-iron garage heating system, with positive automatic temperature regulator. Keeps your car continually warm the coldest weather. Saves much time starting, saves batteries, saves engine, saves general depreciation. Insures a *quick, sure start* any time. Makes your car and garage pay dividends in winter as well as summer.

The expense of a plumber or steam fitter to install WASCO is unnecessary, as it can be set up in a few hours by any handy man.

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which illustrates and explains in detail this special garage heating system that requires little attention and saves much coal. Gives experience of many users in all parts of the country.

The self-regulating WASCO is also an ideal heating system for other one-floor buildings, such as offices, stores, etc. It uses much less coal than ordinary stoves or heating systems. WASCO is used in Government Military Hospitals.

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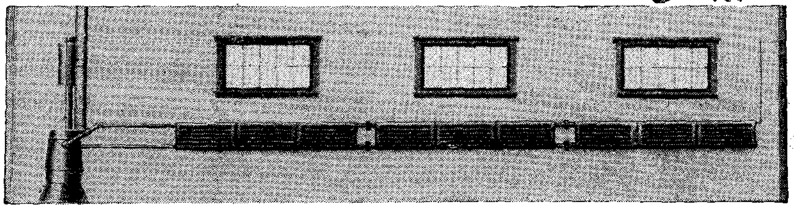
Dealers: Write for "exclusive territory" proposition and selling helps. Quick delivery from warehouses in Boston, Jersey City, Philadelphia, Chicago and Kansas City. Stocks carried by Distributors in other big cities.



A 3-car WASCO System (3 radiators). This heater and 1 radiator make a 1-car WASCO System.

"Kultur" in Belgium

Here is one of the most significant and striking books yet written on the fate of Belgium—for it is the work of a prominent Hungarian journalist, Odon Halasi, who recently spent several months in Belgium.

BELGIUM
Under the German Heel

In this remarkable book the author describes vividly the torture which "Kultur" has inflicted upon Belgium, and the hatred it has aroused. He explains the systematic means by which the Germans try to smother this hatred as well as the national spirit of the Belgians. The experience of each of the principal cities of Belgium, at the time of occupation and during the author's visit, is described. The attitude of the writer of this book illustrates the fear and hatred which the policies of the Germans have inspired in their Austro-Hungarian Allies.

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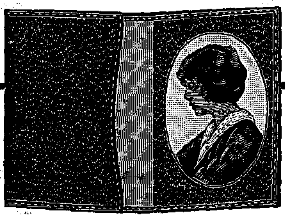

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As leather supply is uncertain, place orders promptly. Order shipped day received. Send money order, draft or stamps, today.

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has taken preliminary steps to provide for the registration of those men, expected to number 13,000,000, who will be affected by the Man-Power Bill shortly expected to be enacted into law.

August 16.—A strike of 3,500 skilled workers at the plant of Rosenwasser Brothers, Long Island City, New York, is reported to be holding up work on 1,500,000 gas-masks.

August 17.—Better war-bread and an end of rationing are promised to the Allies by the American Food Administrator, Herbert C. Hoover, according to a dispatch from London, where Mr. Hoover is now attending a Food Controllers' conference.

One hundred members of the I. W. W., who have been on trial for the past four months before Judge Landis, of Chicago, are found guilty of conspiracy to hamper the nation in the prosecution of the war and for violation of the Espionage Act.

General March, Chief of Staff, announces that the overseas shipments of men total more than 1,450,000.

A United States Treasury analysis of income-tax returns indicates huge profiteering in food, cotton, wool, coal, metals, and oil, states a Washington dispatch.

Army hospitals with a total capacity of nearly 100,000 men are ready to receive wounded and sick from overseas, according to the statement of an officer of the Medical Corps.

August 19.—The Shipping Board announces that contracts for 43 more vessels, 33 to be wooden freighters of 3,500 tons each, have been let. The Federal Employment Service issues a call for 1,000,000 more unskilled workmen needed in the war-industries of the United States.

August 20.—The House Military Affairs Committee votes 9 to 7 to amend the Man-Power Bill so as to establish three classes of registrants and provide for calling of those from 18 to 20 years of age after the eligible classes from 20 to 25 have been exhausted, the 18-year class to be called last.

Senator James K. Vardaman, called by President Wilson an enemy of the Administration, is badly defeated by Representative "Pat" Harrison in the Democratic senatorial primary in Mississippi. Harrison ran on a platform of loyalty in the war.

Ninety-four survivors, including 12 passengers, of the Morgan liner *Proteus*, sunk in collision with the Standard Oil tank steamship *Cushing* on Monday night, are landed at Norfolk, Va. One man, a member of the crew, was lost.

After six days of hunger-striking, twenty-three women suffragists, arrested last week for "picketing" the White House and sentenced to terms of from ten to fifteen days, are released from Occoquan (Washington, D. C.) jail.

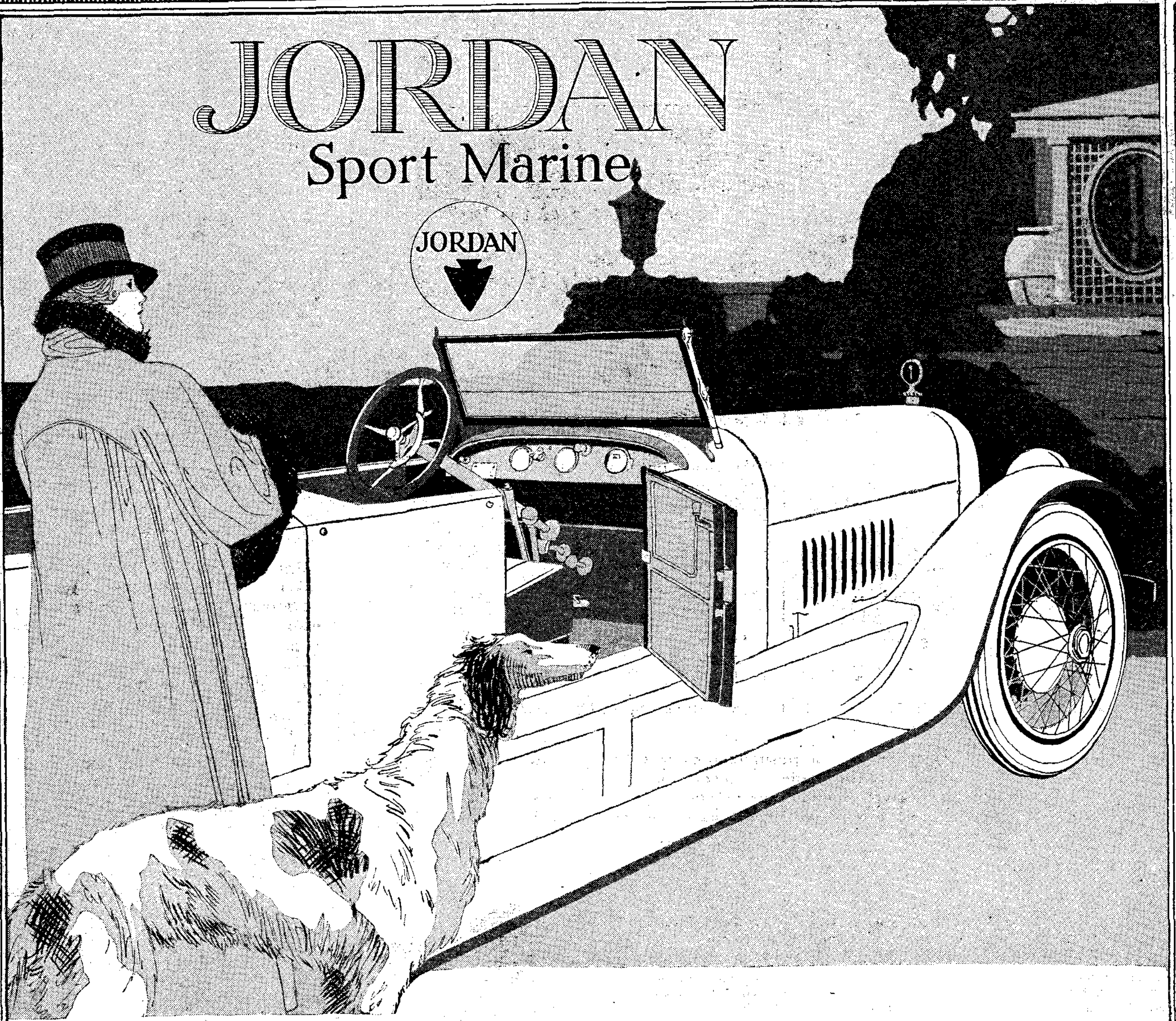
More Trouble.—"This can't be hell—there are no Germans here."

"Yes it is. But the regular people put up such a kick, we built an annex for them."—*Life.*

This Is Serious.—Now that the Government has taken over the phones, is it sedition to tell Central what you think of the service?—*Chicago News.*

Efficiency.—"Oh, Bobbie! Just look at what the puppy has done to this room!"

"Isn't it wonderful, mama! And in less than five minutes!"—*Life.*



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The Jordan Sport Marine is the first completely equipped motor car ever offered as a stock model by a manufacturer. It is a custom made car at a stock car price.

The new Continental motor, introduced by Jordan, eliminates vibration, accentuates speed, increases power and affords a degree of economy and smoothness that is far in advance of the times. The aluminum body is fifty pounds lighter, free from rumbles, ripples and rust and takes the beautiful velvety finish.

Three optional colors, Briarcliff green, Liberty blue and Ascot maroon.

Upholstered in special hand buffed, genuine leather, with velvet tonneau rug. Rim wind sport clock. Tonneau light. Empanelled in Honduras mahogany.

Because of its completeness, its ultra comfort, its smartness, the Sport Marine is essentially a woman's car.

It is fashionably low with five 32 x 4 wire wheels and five Silvertown Cord Tires, special speed gear ratio, sport windshield, tailored top, traffic bumper, motometer, Macbeth green visor lenses and Lin-Rhubber on running boards as standard equipment. Curtains that open with the doors.

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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

COSTS OF THE WAR IN MONEY, PROPERTY, LIVES, AND MORALE

WITH the end on July 31 of the fourth year of the war, R. E. Whittlesey, the chief statistician of the bond department of the Guaranty Trust Company, undertakes to set forth in some detail the costs of the war, not only in money actually expended, but in property destroyed, lives lost, health impaired, and reduced morale. Such an effort was seriously hampered by the fact that important data, particularly those pertaining to the Central Powers, had been withheld under the censorship, while as to smaller nations information was almost entirely lacking. Scarcely more was here attempted by Mr. Whittlesey than to give "a bird's-eye view of the effects, both negative and positive, brought about by the war, basing such a view on figures and information from the best available sources." Following are striking points from his summary:

"Out of the total area over which the flag of war is flying and which covers the greater part of the habitable globe, about 96 per cent. is under the dominance of the Allies and only 4 per cent. belongs to the Central Powers. The number of nations actively engaged in the war is 22, with a total of 31,357,383 square miles and a population of 1,349,561,000. Of these, 30,163,783 square miles, with a population of 1,207,870,000, belong to the Allies, and only 1,203,800 square miles, with a population of 143,721,000, belong to the Central Powers.

"In national wealth, the five main Allies possest before the war $406,000,000,000, a sum nearly four times as great as the national wealth of the two Central Powers, the latter being $105,000,000,000. In considering this preponderance of national wealth in favor of the Allies, it must be borne in mind that, viewed from the standpoint of effectiveness for war-purposes, the character of the wealth is perhaps more important than its quantity. The developed wealth of Russia was mainly agricultural, and, due to her isolated position, it was difficult to get adequate munition-supplies to her armies in order to equip them fully. As the national economist has pointed out, diversity of wealth and industry approaching self-sufficiency gives the real material basis upon which the staying powers of a nation are determined when engaged in a life-struggle. The Allies within themselves have that diversity of wealth, but it is scattered and the difficulties of transportation hinder its complete mobilization when needed for war-purposes. When full allowances are made it is probably true that so far as effectiveness for war-purposes is concerned the Central Powers outweighed the Allies up to the present period of the war. In order to correct this fully, it will be necessary for the ship-building program of this country to be carried to fruition. As to man-power, the Allies could command on the battle-field 88,000,000 effectives as against 26,000,000 of the Central Powers, a proportion of about 3 to 1.

"The money expended by the seven leading belligerents for purely war-purposes during the four years has been estimated at about $134,000,000,000. The enormous magnitude of this sum is beyond all comprehension and can be grasped only in terms of comparison with other wars. It has been said that this sum is greater than all combined money expenditures for all other wars since the beginning of recorded history. The total cost of all the wars fought since the American Revolution, the aggregate fighting period covering sixty years, was only $23,000,000,000, making the expenditures of the present war for only four years six times greater. It is about one-third of the total national wealth of the chief belligerents. The combined average daily war-cost, computed on a four-year basis, is about $107,500,000, or $4,479,000 each hour of the day.

"These astounding expenditures have already entailed a debt for these nations six times greater than was their total debt prior to the war, representing the enormous sum of $129,000,000,000. It took the belligerent nations a hundred years to accumulate a debt of $23,560,000,000, which only four years of war have multiplied by six.

"Taking an average of 5 per cent. interest, this debt involves an interest charge obligation of the chief belligerents of about $6,500,000,000 annually. Assuming that this war will last another year, the total debt at the present rate of borrowing will amount to about $190,000,000,000 and interest charges at the above rate to about $9,500,000,000.

"Besides these staggering costs, there have been appalling military destructions in the invaded areas, from which it will require enormous efforts of human energy to recuperate, and some of which are irreparable. The total area of the war-zone is 174,000 square miles, of which the Western theater of the war, in France and Belgium, stretches over an area of 19,500 square miles, and it contains over 3,000 cities, villages, and hamlets, great manufacturing and agricultural districts, of which some have been totally annihilated and some heavily affected. The estimate by the National Foreign Trade Council of the war-losses, which unfortunately does not go beyond 1916, is as follows:

"'Destruction of buildings and industrial machinery in Belgium, $1,000,000,000, and in France $700,000,000. The destruction of agricultural buildings and implements, of raw materials, of crops and live stock, has been estimated at a sum of $780,000,000 in Belgium and $680,000,000 in France. Roads were destroyed frequently by the retiring troops and have been seriously damaged by heavy gun-fire and excessive use. The losses from destruction of railway bridges, etc., have been estimated in Belgium at $275,000,000 and in France at $300,000,000.

"'In the Eastern theater of the war Germany has been invaded only in eastern Prussia, where the agricultural population has been seriously impaired. Heavy damage was inflicted upon bridges, roads, and governmental property, including railroads. The direct cost to Germany through the loss of agricultural products, of manufacturing products, as well as in interest on investments abroad, of earnings from shipping and banking houses, and profits of insurance and mercantile houses engaged in business abroad has been enormous.

"'In the movements of Russian, German, Austrian, and Italian armies, havoc has been worked over a widely extended area. In the large parts of Austria-Hungary that have been occupied by Russia are mines of coal, iron, lead, and zinc, which suffered heavily. Villages were leveled; agricultural property and machinery, oil-fields, mines, railways, rolling stock, etc., were destroyed, but no official estimate has been made of these losses.

"'The losses sustained in Russian Poland and the occupied Russian provinces of Courland, Kovno, Vilna, and Grodno, covering approximately an area of 98,000 square miles, consist of private dwellings, agricultural buildings and machinery, industrial buildings and machinery, industrial raw material and stock, railroads, government and public property, and are estimated at $875,000,000.

"'The area of destruction in the Balkan States runs through Servia, Montenegro, and Albania. It is mostly an agricultural

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Here you see clearly the basic design of Torbensen Drive. It is elementally like this in all sizes, though, of course, individual parts in each size are designed specifically for the work they are intended to do.

Look particularly at the design of the I-Beam — the patented construction that has given Torbensen Drive its leadership. See the very small gear reduction at the differential, and the very large one where the jack-shaft pinions mesh with the internal gears. This accounts in part for the light weight of Torbensen Drive.

Close examination of this rear axle shows how carefully excess weight has been eliminated without in any way affecting strength.

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We will gladly supply blueprints of any size axle from ¾-ton to five tons, free and without obligation. Kindly request them on your letterhead.

TORBENSEN Drive is made to last. Every owner gets a GOLD BOND GUARANTEE that the I-Beam axle and spindles will last as long as the truck, and the internal gears at least two years.

To Motor Truck Users:—

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In every way, Torbensen Drive has proved itself the essence of economy and reliability—and the evidence lies in its very extensive use. There are now fifty thousand Torbensen Drive axles in Service.

The iron-clad Torbensen Gold Bond Guarantee makes unfailing rear-axle service certain. Torbensen Drive is the only rear-axle drive that is definitely guaranteed.

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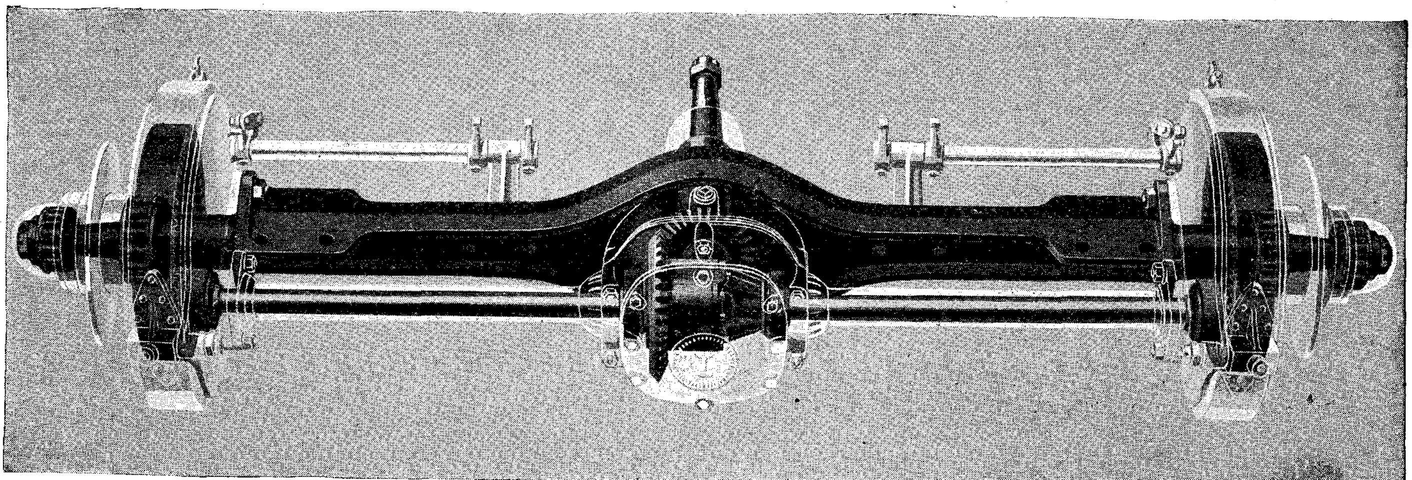

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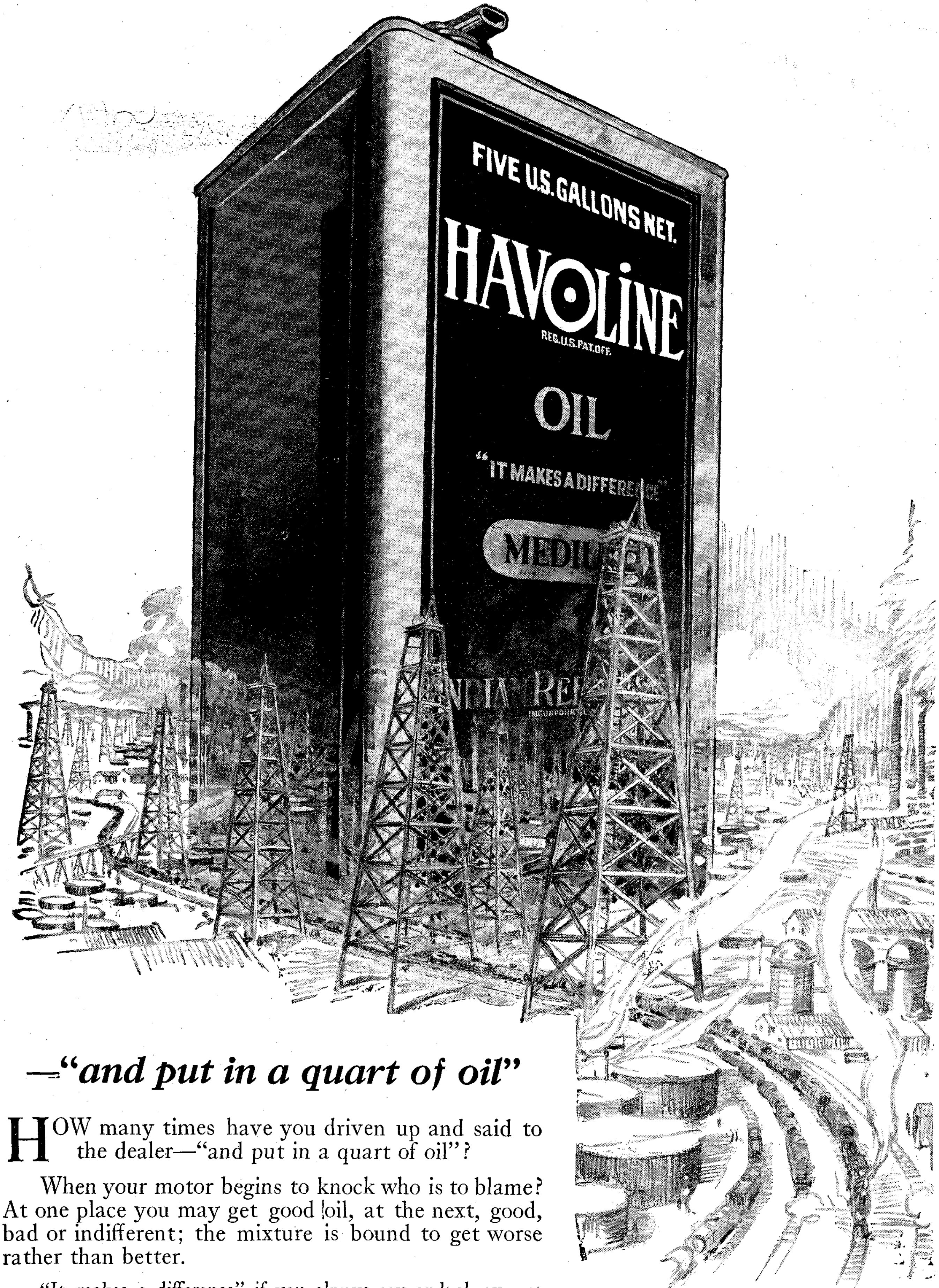
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HOW many times have you driven up and said to the dealer—"and put in a quart of oil"?

When your motor begins to knock who is to blame? At one place you may get good oil, at the next, good, bad or indifferent; the mixture is bound to get worse rather than better.

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The sealed can with the blue label is a positive guarantee of uniform quality, no waste, no impurities and all Havoline.

Clean out your crankcase. Fill it up again with Havoline and the next time you go for supplies say

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HAVOLINE GREASES are compounded of Havoline Oil and pure sweet tallow. Clean to handle and correct in body.

section and the losses sustained there are estimated at about $200,000,000.'

"One of the most important sources of loss in the present war is shipping, of which more or less accurate figures are obtainable. The total losses in shipping to the Allies and neutrals up to August 1, 1918, are estimated at 15,000,000 tons. This is about one-third of the world's 48,500,000 tons of prewar shipping. The cost of the lost tonnage at prewar value is estimated at $1,050,000,000."

"But the greatest and most irreparable loss entailed by the war is, of course, the loss of human life. It is the greatest because life is a priceless thing, and no value can be set upon it. Still in economics, as in all other sciences, in treating of man, emotional considerations are set aside, and a purely economic value, in terms of money, has been placed upon the individual, based upon his potential productive power. Thus Mr. M. Barriol, the celebrated actuary, gives the following figures as the capital value of man: in the United States, $4,100; in Great Britain, $4,140; in Germany, $3,380; in France, $2,900; in Russia, $2,020; in Austria-Hungary, $2,020, or an average capital value for the five foreign nations of $2,892.

"The number of men already lost is 8,509,000 killed and 7,175,000 permanently wounded, or a total of 15,684,000. Thus society has been impoverished through the death and permanent disability of a part of its productive manpower to the extent of $45,000,000,000.

"The loss of men, measured in terms of the capital value of the workers withdrawn from industry, is offset in some degree by the enhancement of the capital value of the remaining producers. . . . This loss of man-power is also partly offset by the large contingents of women drawn into industries. In England, out of a female population of 23,000,000, about 6,000,000 were engaged before the outbreak of the war in gainful occupations. Since the war broke out no less than 1,500,000 women have been added to the ranks of wage-earners, an increase of fully 25 per cent. Moreover, about 400,000 women have shifted from non-essential occupations to men's work. In the United States, approximately 1,266,000 women are now engaged in industrial work, either directly or indirectly necessary to carry on the war.

"When we come to the consideration of the physical and moral effects of the war, the moral strain to which the nations have been subjected, the 'shell-shock' which has reacted upon the population at home as well as upon the soldiers on the battle-field, the undernourishment and starvation of children as well as adults, have resulted in a lowered vitality, the ill effects of which, especially in the countries of the Central Powers, are already seen in an increase of the death-rate, in a spread of epidemics and diseases that have taxed the medical resources of all countries.

"The lowered vitality of the race, which is still further aggravated by the millions of incapacitated soldiers and the premature and excessive employment of children and women in the industries, will eventually make for a lower standard of efficiency in all human activities, or a retardation of human progress. Authoritative statements are to the effect that in Belgium, in the earlier period of the war, the deaths of women and children far outnumbered those of men. Annual deaths among the German civilian population have increased by a million above the normal.

"Besides the loss in actual population there is a loss of potential population. Carefully compiled figures show that by 1919 the population of Germany will be 7,500,000 less than it would have been under ordinary circumstances. The people in Austria in 1919 will be 8 per cent. less in numbers than in the year before the war. Hungary will be still worse off; it will have a population of 9 per cent. lower than in prewar days."

RATE INCREASES ALLOWED ON MANY CITY RAILWAYS

Statistics collected by the American Electric Railway Association, giving the financial transactions of electric railways for the first quarter of 1918, as compared with the same period of 1917, show that operating revenues increased 2.54 per cent., and operating expenses 11.17 per cent., while net incomes decreased 13.79 per cent. The operating ratio for the country increased from 65.68 per cent. of gross in 1917 to 71.20 per cent. of gross in 1918. Under pressure from these conditions, it appears from data presented in the New York *Evening Post* that cities under the jurisdiction of the Second District, New York Public Service Commission, are fast recognizing the necessity for higher fares. Twelve communities have agreed to waive franchise rights, should the Public Service Commission declare the need. Two others are making examination of the books of their street-railways, with an idea of granting increases, should examination prove the need.

Out of seventy-six cities in the United States having more than 100,000 population, a six-cent fare is already in effect in thirteen, while three have increased fares through the zone system, four have abolished reduced-rate tickets, four have asked for a seven-cent fare with additional charges for transfers, twelve have asked for a six-cent fare, two for permission to charge for transfers, and thirteen for relief in other forms. Other items bearing on this subject are presented in *The Post:*

"The War Finance Corporation has announced that it will refuse loans to public utilities, unless their rates are sufficient to insure the integrity of their securities.

"It is the desire of the National Railroad Administration that fares on interurban roads be increased to three cents a mile to put them on a parity with those of the steam roads, and the interurbans will receive assistance in their application for such an increase.

"A seven-cent fare has been authorized in Wilmington, Del., which is the first city in the country of more than 100,000 inhabitants to permit the two-cent addition.

"By a referendum vote, the people of Sioux Falls, S. D., have authorized the local company to charge a six-cent fare.

"The city of Kenosha, Wis., is without street-car service, the local railway having refused to continue operation at a loss and unless it was guaranteed a 6 per cent. return on invested capital.

"There are sixty-seven cities in the United States having a population of 100,000 or more. In fifty-seven of them street-car fares have either been increased, or applications for increases are pending.

"Thirteen among the sixty-seven are either charging or have been authorized to charge six-cent fares. In three the zone system, whereby the length of ride for a single fare has been decreased, is in effect.

"In Cleveland, often called the 'low-fare city,' the highest rate permitted under the present agreement with the city is in effect, and steps are contemplated to amend the agreement to permit of higher fares. In four other cities revenue has been increased by the abolition of reduced-rate tickets. In thirty-two cities fare increases in one form or another are pending; in four an increase to a seven-cent fare with a charge of two cents for the first transfer issued and one cent additional if a second transfer is issued; in thirteen cities a six-cent fare has been asked for, while in two cities such an application is in immediate prospect. Two other cities are asking for permission to impose an extra charge when a transfer is issued and thirteen cities are asking for increased revenue in other forms."

Municipal Bonds
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During the war period only such new financing will be permitted as in the judgment of the Government is necessary.

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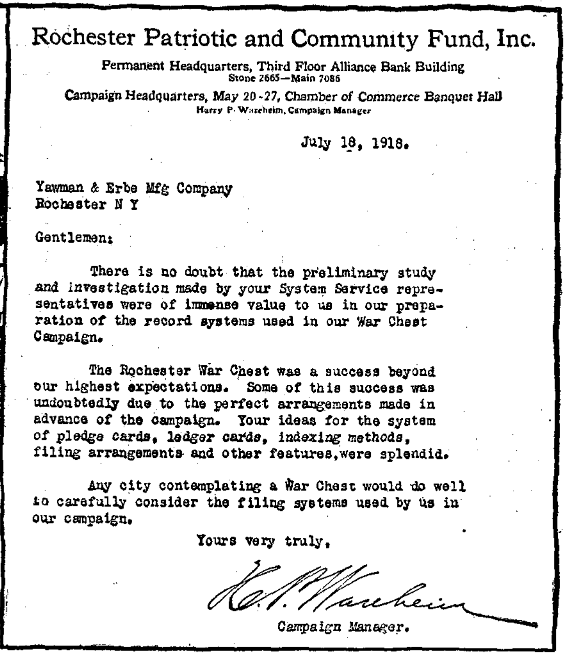

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Harry P. Wareheim, Campaign Manager

July 18, 1918.

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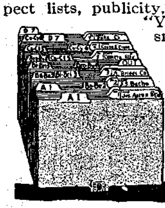

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"J. W. A.," Seattle, Wash.—"Is not Paul Du Chaillu the author of the poem, 'The Bedouin Love-Song,' commencing: 'I love thee, with a love which shall never die'?"

Bayard Taylor wrote the "Bedouin Love-Song," see the "Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics," by F. L. Knowles, published by Messrs. L. C. Page & Co., for $1.50.

"S. E.," Plains, Mont.—"(1) Which is our national anthem, 'America' or 'The Star-Spangled Banner'? (2) Should an audience rise if seated when either of these songs is sung or played? (3) If 'The Star-Spangled Banner' ranks as a national anthem, when was such a recognition made of it?"

The Adjutant-General of the War Department has issued the following: "No anthem, hymn, or musical air has been recognized by any Federal law as the national anthem, hymn, or air, but Army and Navy regulations provide that the musical composition familiarly known as the 'Star-Spangled Banner' shall be designated as the national air of the United States of America. It should be stated, however, that these regulations are binding only upon the personnel of the military and naval service. Whenever the national air is played at any place where persons belonging to the military or naval service are present, all officers and enlisted men not in formation are required to stand at attention, facing toward the music, excepting when the flag is being lowered at sunset, on which occasion they are required to face toward the flag. If in civilian dress and uncovered, they are required to stand and salute at the first note of the air, retaining the position of salute until the last note of the air is played. If in civilian dress and covered, they are required to stand and uncover at the first note of the air, holding the head-dress opposite the left shoulder until the last note is played, excepting in inclement weather, when the head-dress may be held slightly raised. The custom of rising and remaining standing and uncovered while the 'Star-Spangled Banner' is being played is growing in favor among civilians." And the LEXICOGRAPHER hopes it will be encouraged.

"P. T. C.," Westfield, Mass.—"Is the use of 'none' with a plural verb ever correct? In a recent book from a noted writer the following sentence occurs: '*None* of man's ways *throw* light on Nature's ways.'"

The NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY says: "*None* is construed in the singular or plural as the sense, or the best expression of the meaning intended, may require. 'Did you buy melons?' 'There *were none* in market.' 'Have you brought me a letter?' 'There *was none* in your letter-box.' When the singular or plural equally well expresses the sense, the plural is commonly used. '*None* of these words *are* now current.'"

"F. J. A.," New York, N. Y.—"Years ago it was the custom of writers and speakers to use the term 'people' where now it seems to be considered indispensable to use 'persons,' as 'Many persons do this,' etc. Please explain."

In general practise *people* is used of a large number of persons and *persons* is used of a few people. Dr. Vizetelly in his "Desk-Book of Errors in English" says: "*People:* Where individual persons, or a number of such, are intended, this word should be discarded in favor of *persons;* as, 'most *persons* are of this opinion.' People means *persons* collectively; as, '*People* say.'"

"E. H. D.," Carrington, N. Dak.—"Kindly give me your opinion on the usage of the word *forwardance* in the following sentence: 'We thank you for the early *forwardance* of these instruments.'"

The correct verbal substantive for the action of the verb *forward* is *forwarding* and not *forwardance.* There is no such word as *forwardance* —"We thank you for the early *forwarding* of these instruments."

"J. E. B.," Beaumont, Texas.—"Is it ever considered good English to use the term 'grammatical error'? If so, in what case?"

"An error in grammar," is to be preferred as avoiding what is sometimes considered a violation of grammatical precision.